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THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1853.

[NO. V.]

A SPEECH ON THE INDIA QUESTION.

REPORTED BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MR. CICERO SPOONBILL rose (to a House comprizing two elderly Tories, and a blue-bottle fly) deeply impressed with the responsibility of legislating for a population of fellow-subjects numbering, he believed, either one or two hundred millions. Perhaps he might be permitted to split the difference, and say 150,000,000 (Hear.) Now, how had that densely-peopled country been administered by the execrable monopoly of Leadenhall Street? Let them look at the army (Snore.) The regimental officers were Havildars, Jemmydars, and Subalterns. Many of these were natives, especially the Jemmydars or Zemindars, who were chosen (as their name imported,) from the landed aristocracy. These gallant gentlemen received 20 or 30 Rupees a month! while the European Ensign of inferior rank, (the Jemmydar being equivalent to our "Captain,") drew upwards of 190 odd. But he might be told that a Rupee went as far as our Sovereign, and that a native officer on 360 Rupees a year was actually in a corresponding position to a person in England who had a pound a day to live upon. Be it so; then what would they say of a system under which a Subaltern got £2,000 per annum? Let them turn to the Police (Renewed snoring.) Each division (or Thanah) was under an officer called Darogah, from a native word signifying falsehood, (so convinced was that Government of the hopelessness of attempting to blink at the real state of things.) This officer, for the better preservation of the peace of his district, was allowed to keep a set of Roznamchees, who were sent in from time to time to report to the Magistrate. What was the treatment experienced by those unhappy men? Would the House, (here the Hon. Member bowed to the fly, who seemed to be regarding him with profound attention,) would the House believe that they were sent into the Serishta, and there confined, often without tukheehat, tujweez, or any of those little comforts so essential in that pestilential climate! And what were the Magistrates themselves? The well-known and eloquent language of Burke must be familiar to his hearers; let them follow that inspired man, and view the insolent boy, prematurely bloated with luxury and plunder, "surrounded by his chillums and his chillumchees; his punkahwallah in one hand, and

his peene-ka-panee in the other." That this was no exaggerated picture he could assure them from his own personal experience—(Hear from one of the Tories whose nose had come into smart collision with the table.) For he had lately seen a letter from a person who had proceeded recently to India in the subordinate capacity of a writer, and who mentioned that he had twelve servants. As it must be impossible on the pay of a Clerk to support an establishment of this sort, it would have been nearer the mark to give them their real name of SLAVES. And now could they wonder if the population resented this course of oppression and spoliation? He knew that it would be said that the petitioners whose prayer he was about to present, did not in fact represent the natives of India. All he could say was that it was signed by the tradespeople and "others," residents of Calcutta; and if Calcutta was not in India, he begged to know where it was? (Cheers.) Nay more, he was informed that the Chuckerbutties of Peshawur, and the Baboos of Hyderabad and Cossitollah were now on the point of holding a gigantic meeting, and petitioning the House on a still larger scale—(Here the member who had awoke left the house with a scared expression of countenance.) That meeting would, he trusted resolutely, but respectfully, insist on the restoration of their venerable institutions; he trusted they might yet witness the time, when Pindarries, Infanticide, Suttee, and the Lex Loci, having resumed their sway so dear to the people, every man might have (in the language of the Great Henry the 4th) "a heavy purse and a light pair of breeches."

The Hon. Member resumed his seat amidst violent nose-blowing from the remaining Derby-Disraelite. We have given the speech as far as we could make head or tail of it; but the Hon. Member was three hours on his legs.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH, &c.

THE Military Board is said to be in a dying state—indeed we believe arrangements are already in progress for its funeral. It will be interred with Military Honors, and one of the points in dispute is whether the Band in leaving the burying ground should, as usual, play some lively measure—it might be thought a sarcasm on the lively measures the deceased perpetrated in its life-time. If it is decided that the Band do play a lively measure, would it not be appropriate to play—"The gull we've left behind us?"

## LIEUTENANT LUMKIN'S LAMENT.

IN AN EPISTLE TO HIS MAMMA.

DEAR MOTHER,

I've reason to fear, oh,  
 You'll ne'er be Mamma to a Hero,  
 A point which is perfectly clear, oh,  
     From what I'm about to confess ;  
 It isn't for want of the will,  
 Any number of niggers to kill,  
     But the prospect is scarcely inviting,  
 Of becoming a subject for writing,  
 With a foe doing nothing like fighting.  
     And a General doing still less ! !

One day we were ordered to Burmah,  
 But scarce had I left terra firma,  
 When I found myself tempted to murmur,  
     At the style that they packed us away ;  
 We were stowed in the steamer so thick,  
 We had really no room to be sick ! !  
     Such collision of elbows and shoulders,  
 'Twould have made your heart sad to behold us,  
 Above all the unfortunate soldiers,  
     A top of each other who lay ! !

I'd a shocking misfortune at starting,  
 With my trunk unexpectedly parting,  
 For getting, by chance, the wrong cart in,  
     To a different ship it was sent.  
 Thus, alas ! I had only one shirt  
 All the voyage, just fancy the dirt ! !  
     Then we'd only salt water to lave in ;  
 And of course as to bathing and shaving,  
 He would have been looked on as raving  
     Who even conceived the intent ! !

As soon as in Burmah we landed,  
 We found that the foe had disbanded ;  
 So there we to halt were commanded,  
     While waiting for something to do.  
 The enemy, prudent no doubt,  
 Determined on tiring us out ;  
     So they neither would fight nor palaver,  
 And we, not permitted to carve a  
 Victorious passage to Ava,  
     Sat looking remarkably blue ! !

There we stuck by that blessed old river,  
 (The thought of it still makes me shiver ! )  
 One half of us laid up with liver ;  
     The rest with rheumatics and blues.  
 We were terribly hard up for prog,  
 Salt provisions as tough as a log !  
     Huge mosquitoes prevented us sleeping,  
 The mud was our tents ankle deep in—  
 Our knees through our trowsers were peeping,  
     And our toes through the ends of our shoes.  
 We had nothing to moisten our throttle,  
 Of sherry the chief had one bottle,  
 And that was the positive tottle,  
     Of all the good liquor in Camp ! !

A fellow who'd got a Cigar  
 Was richer than Croesus by far ! !  
     Commissariat rum was the swizzle,  
 They gave us for wetting our whistle,  
 'Mid alternating deluge and drizzle,  
     In that most pestiferous swamp ! !

And now with my head neatly shaven,  
 Having been very nearly my grave in,  
 Like a storm-battered bark to its haven,  
     I'm hastening homewards to you.  
 I've gained neither glory nor tin,  
 In fact there was neither to win ;  
     I've only been uselessly staying,  
 A grave farce of soldiership playing,  
 In a country where, truth to be saying,  
 By rights we had nothing to do ! !—KARNOS.

## MUSICAL DOINGS.

At a Meeting of the Philharmonic Society, Professor Bassoon, (Chairman,) professed that they should petition School Mistresses and others entrusted with the education of the rising young ladies of this generation and those that may follow them, that before endeavouring to cram their pupils with "In a cottage near a Wood," &c. they first ascertain whether the young ladies have any natural taste for, or love of, Music ; and if they have not, then for goodness' sake to turn their attention to something else, if it be only even the manufacture of Roly Polies. The learned Professor said he was aware that some parents insisted on what they called taking the full worth of their money out of the teachers, and declared their children's education incomplete if they could not play the Piano. The consequence was that the unfortunate young ladies were *made* to learn, whether they liked it or not ; that is to say, they were set down to a *piano* which was not at all their *forte*, and got rapped over the *knuckles*, pinched in the *arms*, and punched on the *head* by way of improving their *ears*.

In process of time by this process they became beautifully stupid, and quite incapable of learning Music or anything else, and hence were a nuisance and a curse, instead of a blessing and ornament to society. The proposition was unanimously carried—

Mr. Pullet Outanin, the great concertino player, said he had just got up a new instrument from Calcutta, but that "he could not get hold of its flats and sharps, what was he to do with it ?"

Mr. Cutim Upp thought the fault lay with Mr. P. O. himself. He was either such a flat he couldn't get hold of the sharps, or he wasn't sharp enough to get hold of the flats. "That's very flat," said he.

Mr. Pullet Outanin said, "You flat-ter me."

Mr. Peter Piper said it was most likely spoiled by the heat, which was a pity for such a (n) ice instrument.

Mr. Fiddle Head said he would make a *note* of it.

Mr. P. O. observed that was more than he could do.



**PLEASURES OF ENGINEERING IN THE DEYRAHJAT.**  
INSPECTING A BUND.





## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL TIFFIN.



*The Colonel invites the Adjutant (who calls for orders) to a quiet Cheroot. Lieut. Brown is a secret, but warm admirer of Eliza Jane, favoured by the Colonel, but Mrs. T. declares, no Regimental officer shall marry her daughter. The Colonel is very jovial until informed that the inspecting General intends putting all officers through the sword drill;—his feelings may be imagined. It only wants ten days to the Inspection!*

## RETURNED KILLED.

## A GHOST STORY.

WHEN I was in England the year before last, after having exhausted all the pleasures of London, (I may mention by the way that I was at home on Medical Certificate,) I found it desirable, with reference both to health and pocket, to rusticate for a short time. The attentions paid me by some of my friends, especially by one or two gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, were so very overpowering, that I, who always hated ceremony, and only desired (at least as far as they were concerned) to be let alone, resolved on taking a short pedestrian tour in North Wales. Having dispensed with the tiresome formalities of leave-taking, I found myself one fine day at the village of Llnbaggwddllwdry delightfully situated on the western slope of Pwllmllgm-wlln, with a distant view of the changing sea, and perhaps the sweetest little church that was ever seen nestling among some yew trees in a quiet glen. Now I have always had a great love for the outside of churches, as being picturesque objects of interest, when one has nothing better to do; therefore after a frugal dinner and

a refreshing glass of mild ale, I lit my cigar and strolled down in the direction of the hallowed edifice. It was in the dusk of the evening, and as I wandered among the tombstones in the little churchyard, moralizing of course, and smoking my weed with calm complacency, I was startled at perceiving a figure suddenly arise from a grassy mound, and after one glance at me, glide rapidly away. I had no power to follow it; in fact I was quite overcome; you might have knocked me down with a feather, for in the face for one instant distinctly visible in the moonlight I had recognized a quondam comrade whom my own hands had helped to lay in a bloody grave after the decisive action at Slashembad: I rallied my courage, however, and persuading myself that I had been misled by some casual resemblance, I returned to my little inn. I got however but little sleep that night, and what I did was disturbed by disagreeable dreams. I was again transported to the scene of that desperate struggle, and to the mournful solemnity of the subsequent day, where we had laid the disfigured remains of my poor friend, hacked almost to pieces by Afghan sabres, in an untimely grave!

A day or two afterwards I was taking a constitutional walk along a lovely path on the mountain when I again

beheld the same figure, uncommonly distinct and solid looking for a ghost, advancing to meet me; as it was broad daylight, and I had a thick stick in my hand, I felt much less nervous than on the previous occasion. I looked at the figure, it looked at me, suddenly it started, and turning about, appeared to wish to shun me; I sprung forward.

"For God's sake, McSquinney," cried I, "is that you?" The figure fled hastily, but my blood was up, and I gave chase. I gained rapidly upon the fugitive, "McSquinney," roared I, "stop."

"D—n it, man," said the figure turning round, "don't bawl so loud, I'm dead!"

"I know that," said I, "at least I think I do."

"Then do hold your noisy tongue, you fool," said the spectre, "and let me rest in peace."

"Well," said I, "if you are a ghost you might as well be civil; I'll be shot if I do leave you in peace till I have found out whether you are tangible at any rate."

"By Heaven, Sellerton," cried the ghost, "I'll knock you down if you touch me."

"Fiddle de dee, man," said I. "You know I could always thrash you at any time, since I used to do it at Harrow; to say nothing of this stick. Come, you had best be reasonable. I see there's some mystery; explain it, and mum's the word. Honour bright, you know you may trust me; if not, I will publish this ghost-story in the papers, with critical remarks attested and authenticated by Robert Sellerton, Captain in the Honorable E. I. C. S."

"I suppose," said McSquinney, "I must trust you."

"No help for it," said I.

"You would not betray an old friend I think," said he.

"Friend or no friend," returned I, "I have given my promise, that's enough for you."

"Well, sir," said he, "I am at your mercy, and must do as I am bid."

"Very good, fire away."

"You remember the battle of Slashembad?"

"I should think so."

"Well, sir, I cannot tell you how it was, but I felt dreadfully ill on that occasion. I had been in the enjoyment of pretty good health previously, but no sooner did the cannonade begin, than I found myself very poorly indeed. You will not, I am sure, put a harsh construction on a gentleman's conduct under such distressing circumstances. I am really ignorant of what I did on the occasion, but I remember finding myself that night, after the firing was over, uncommonly snug in a deep nullah about three miles from the field of battle. It struck me that I had rather been and done it, people are so uncharitable, they make no allowances. I was convinced that it was all up with me as an officer;

that in fact I was safe to be cashiered; ruin stared me in the face. I thought of my angel wife and small family; there was agony in that!! all at once an idea flashed upon me like a sunbeam. I sprung to my feet, hastily under cover of the darkness; I ran to the field of battle, it was not long before I discovered the body of a young European about my own size and complexion. I stripped it carefully, dressed it in my own clothes, put my card case into the pocket, and smashed its face past all chance of recognition; I then put on its old uniform myself and hurried away. Before day-break I found myself on the banks of a river. I made up the soldier's uniform into a bundle, tied a stone to it, and sunk it in the stream. I discoloured my skin with the juice of some berries I found in the jungle, and with the aid of a little chunam and cowdung, metamorphosed myself into a Fakcer, in which guise I travelled unsuspected down to Bombay, and even collected sufficient pice to rig myself out as a Lascar, in which capacity I worked my passage to England; such is my tale. I was returned "killed" of course, the papers teemed with accounts of my bravery, and the thrilling particulars of my heroic death. Ever since I have been living very comfortably upon my widow's pension. This is my tale; you now know all; for goodness sake be discreet." I promised everlasting secrecy: I have kept that promise until now.

KAPNOS.

#### A FEW QUESTIONS, BY AN EDUCATED HINDOO.

Whether the English water (Belattee Panee) fizzes and pops in its natural state, as it does when it is bottled and exported?

Whether Iron-e-stew (Irish stew) is the form in which Ostriches digest door nails?

Whether the Company Bahadoor is really the old woman she is represented to be?

Whether Mac-Castor-ile is made from the true shrub?

Whether the Sahib lok would have been black if they had been born in India?

Whether a dark skin is really the passport to the best society in England?

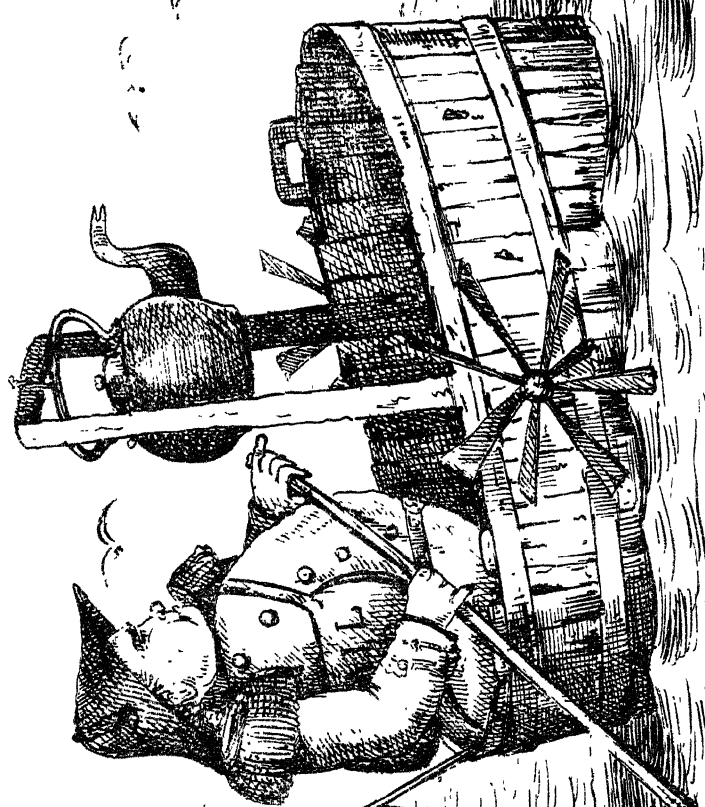
Whether the Sahib lok walk for pleasure in England: and whether the ladies dance for amusement?

Whether the Mem lok sweep stairs and steps and scrub the *asbab* in England?

Whether it is as difficult as it is represented, to obtain a good curry in England?

A Simla Correspondent of the *Agra Messenger*, mentioning the first appearance of a paper entitled "*The East Indian Army Herald*," says—"It remains to be seen whether the Army will support an *organ* of their own." We think not. The Band question caused a deal of discussion, and many were dissatisfied with the result. From all we can learn, however, the *organ* is intended for the Simla Church and not for the Army.

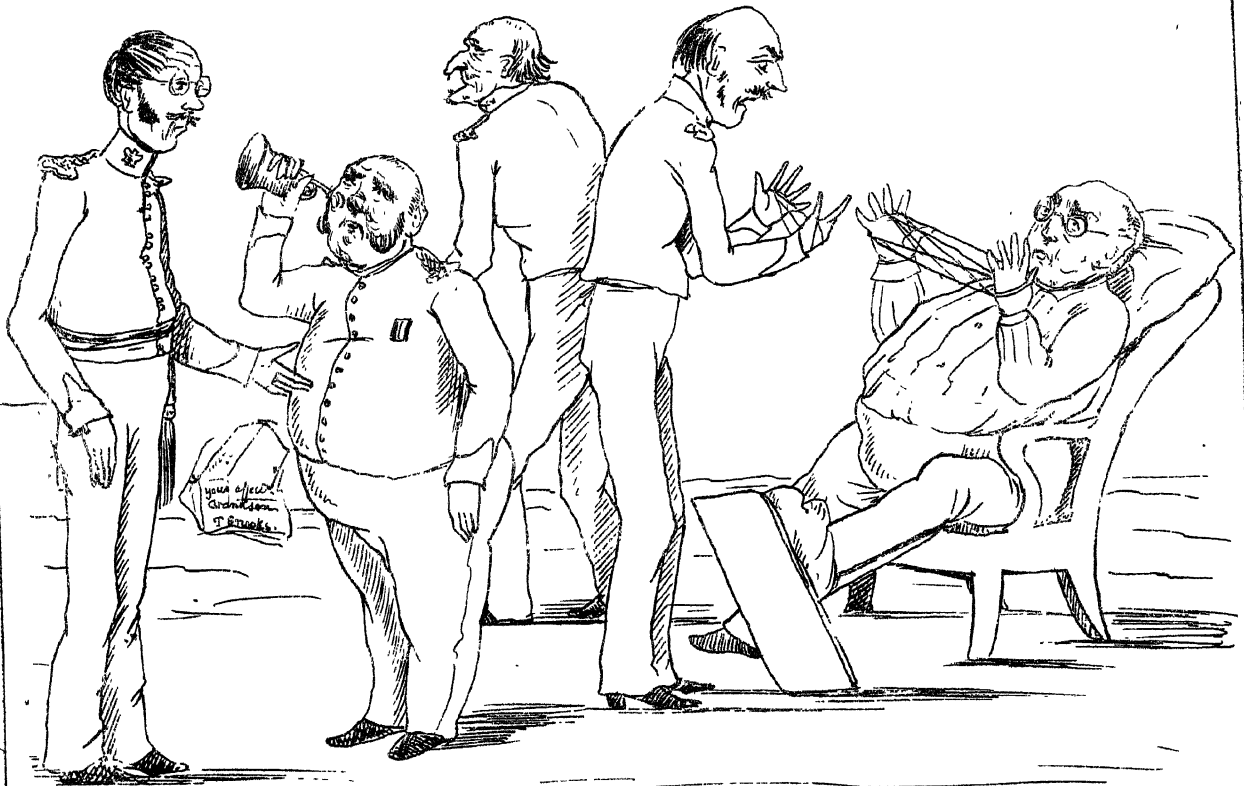
Why is a ship-wrecked fisherman like a parallelogram?  
Because he's wrecked angler, (rectang'lar.)



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE NEXT MAIL APPROACHING BOMBAY.



## THE STRULDBRUGS, OR WHAT WE SHALL ALL COME TO AT THIS RATE.

CAP. & BT.-COL.  
SMITH.LIEUT. AND BT.  
LT.-COL. BROWN.MAJOR  
AND BT.-GENL. AND MAJ.-GENL.  
ROBINSON. NOKES.ENSIGN AND BT.-COL.  
STYLES.THE SULTAN'S EYES.  
AN ORIENTAL TALE.

In the name of Allah—Amen. Oh friend, how wonderful and excellent were the corduroys of that prophet who rode a bare-backed donkey from Mecca to Fiddler's Green and back again, without losing leather. This humble historian, slave of the right hand of the peerless foot of that Lion of war, provider of the poor, outshiner of the sun, bestower of the cotton pocket handkerchiefs on learned astrologers Haramzada Kumbuckt Cawn, (who causes the moon to be jealous ;) thus repeats this delicious honey-drop from the flower garden of history.

In the kingdom of Ahmuckistan, in the days before Solomon, the son of David, (keeper under seal of the accursed Genii,) invented spectacles! there reigned a King, by name Hallal Khor-ool Moolk; he was more liberal than ten Hatim Tyes, more valorous than a dozen Roostums, more just than a score of Noushirwans. he was the terror of all the enemies who feared him, and

the wretched, when tired of life, took shelter under the shadow of the hem of his dressing gown.

Who can resist Fate? What is written will be; the Sultan had, ever since he began to reign, been most unfortunate; he got defeated in every battle, and found his sole consolation in witnessing every day the execution of a thousand of his devoted subjects, taken by lot from all classes of the population. In this manner he continued to pass his days in pious resignation to the will of Providence, and weeping most bitterly over his unfortunate stars, until the showers of tears had well nigh washed his eyes out, the ceaseless fall of water having produced a cataract.

One day as he was trampling the thorns of despondency under the foot of despair, unprotected by the sandal of patience, he overheard two Tomtits in earnest conversation: the King immediately called together his viziers, ministers, pillars of the State, court-jesters, astrologers, eunuchs, dwarfs, fiddlers, and other learned men, and ordered them, on pain of death, to explain the language of the birds. Being in a frightful state of funk, their

inventive faculties were paralysed, and they all failed most ridiculously in the attempt; but as they were about to be led off to instant execution, a young physician, who had been gifted with the knowledge of the speech of birds by the Queen of the Fairies as a grateful reward for his having successfully operated upon her corns, exclaimed—"Oh King, live for ever; on the head and eyes of your slave be it, if he fails to explain this mystery." The King replied—"Speak, and thy reward shall be one half of the contents of my treasury, (which by the way had been empty for some time,) and exemption from the scragging lottery for a whole week." "Then," replied the sage, "may the shadow of the protector of the universe ever increase; the speech of the first Tomtit was in this wise: 'how sad is the state of this mighty King, of whom, whenever he walks abroad, all nature exclaims, 'There he goes with his eye out;' the other replied, would that the King might profit by the science of the sage of Franguestan, who would soon restore to him the power to behold no end of executions.'"

The Sultan having relieved his feelings by ordering the vizier to be instantly beheaded, despatched his hundred sons all over the world in search of the sage of Franguestan. After a series of the most frightful adventures, ninety-nine of the Princes perished in the attempt, but the youngest, by virtue of a talisman which he carried in his pocket book, consisting of a square inch of the tail of the shirt in which Moolla Gullgram Seedy Beg had sat down on the sacred stone when at

Mecca, was more successful, and returned in safety, bearing with him the talisman in a small box, which immediately restored the Sultan's eyesight.

The flowery historian, in whose mouth is the bit of conscience, is guided by the reins of justice to declare, that the name of the sage of Franguestan was Shekh Grimstone, and the talisman no other than his celebrated eye-snuff.

#### A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT is it that signifies something hot in Hindustani, and somewhat cold in English.

Chilly.

THE *Illustrated London News* informs us that Colonel Beamish had presented the King of Hanover with a walking stick made of Bog Oak. "The King," continues our contemporary—"said that he should consider the stick as 'a real shillelagh:' and being about to proceed on a round of farewell visits, put the article into immediate requisition."

Now a shillelagh is always associated in our mind with breaking heads and such like Irish eccentricities. Does our contemporary mean to tell us that His Majesty is capable of such unroyal enormities. We certainly imagine from the above that as the King was going out visiting, by way of shortening the interview with the Colonel, he gave him "one for his nob," or, as he was making his P. P. C. calls, that he put his shillelagh into immediate requisition, and gave his friends a "remembrancer."

#### SHOCKING.

WHEN is a little boy like a horse?

When he's well reared.



A BIVOUAC IN BURMAH—NO JOKE.

## ON THE UNDUE ESTIMATION OF BACON.

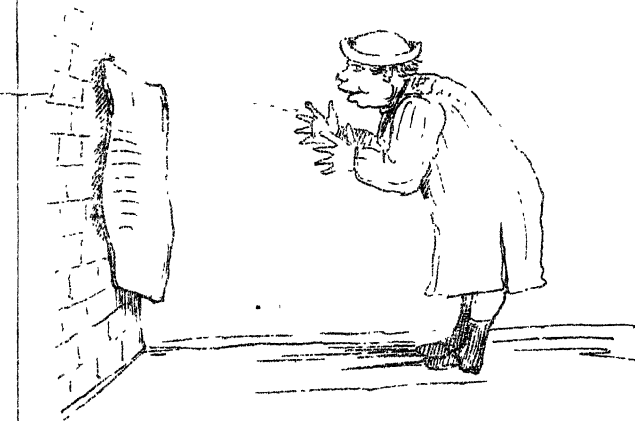
Porker Verba.

It may be attributed to the spread of the new philosophy, or to the continuance of the old appetite for "bits of fat," but it will scarcely be denied that there exists among the human ruminants of the present day, an extraordinary partiality for Bacon, especially with eggs, whereof we beg to furnish an eggs-ample.



YE DISCUSSION OF BACON.

Now if we consider that the entire value of Bacon may be said to be embodied in a system of *Gammon*; that his superficialities are often glaringly *rusty*; that it is impossible to receive the smallest fragment of him, except *cum grano salis*, it will not seem astonishing that he should have been long ago *smoked*. And if we appear to cut him up in a *rasher* manner than usual, it must be remembered that such is the only way in which his tit-bits can be made digestible to the public.



LORD!!!! BEEHAACON!!!!

I will not deny his many merits; his style substantially combines the oily lubricity of *Greece* with the solid meat of the Forum *Boarii*, betraying what may be called

an infatuated *leaning* towards streakiness. Happy results, not of Bacon's own free will, but of the hallowed influences handed down to him from his ancestors. Evil indeed have those meritorious ancestors been treated: true they were great *bore*s, but *bristling* all over with acute provision for many a *brush* in the days to come.

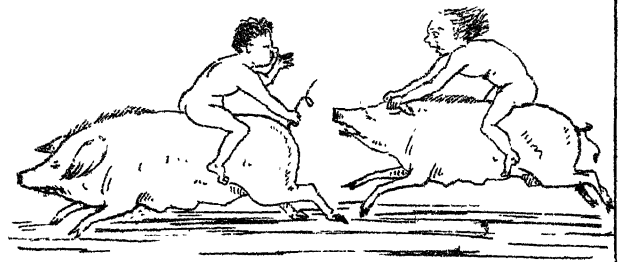
The poor pigs truly may be called the race of *Ham*, ever made subservient to their more fortunate brethren the "Audax Japeti genus," Aldermen and the like, constantly sharing the fate of the victims of their *fowl* murders, or ministering in chains (of sausages) to the luxury of *Turkey*. Negroes and pigs are but the opposite sides of the same great circle, approximating both at *sow* west and at *sow* east, and if we cannot actually make both ends meet, it will at any rate be conceded that *nigger-head* is not so very far from *pig-tail*.



NIGGER-HEAD AND PIG-TAIL.

The haughty Romans affected to despise the pig; they employed his name to express contemptible ideas; thus *piger* signifies indolent or pig-y, and *impiger* not-indolent, or un-pig-y; but the epithet is misapplied, for in patience and perseverance in doing nothing, that hardest and most fatiguing of Herculean tasks, the pig is without a rival, except perhaps here and there, a Reverend Dean.

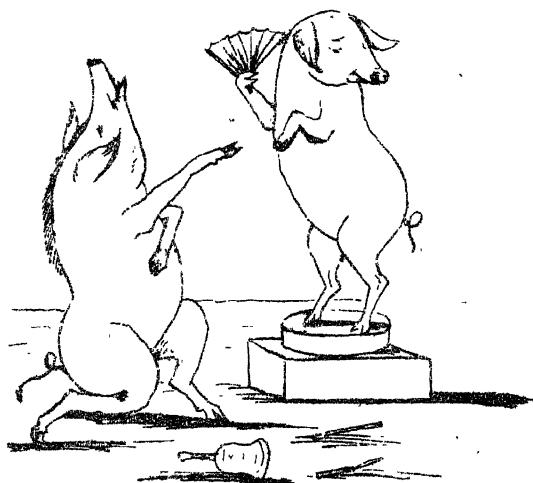
And the world respects the pig accordingly; wherever you go, you find honor paid to his name. In India, on the *Bore* ghaut, among *sowcars* and *sowdagirs*, and in every Rajah's *sowarrie*.



A SOWARRIE.

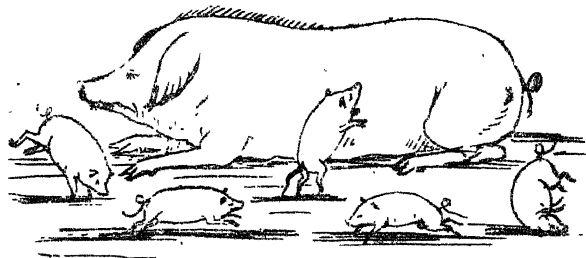


In the *Bores* of rivers, and the far worse *Bores* of elderly civilians who smoke *good-hog* and spit in pig-dans ; in short, from China, where their little eyes and trotters are imitated by the ladies ; to Ireland where, as paying the rint, they form the most respectable portion of the population, pigs are most important members of society ; they are in fact unpaid professors of the sciences ; they instruct our aldermen in temperance, our clerical dignitaries in industry, our lawyers in politeness, our exquisites in sentiment, our sanitary commissioners in cleanliness, and our legislators in amenableness to reason ! Even the fine arts are not exempt from their influence, for from *Pygmalion* down to *Pigault Le Brun*, no artist has ever been able to use his brightest colour, except as a *pig-meant* !



PYGMALION.

There has been a poetic *Hogg* in Ettrick Forest, and a didactic *Hogg* in Leadenhall Street ; there has been a *Sowthey* and a *Haslitt*, a *Hammond* and a *Lardner*, and though the natural insouciance of authors may seem at first sight to sever them from the swinish multitude, it will scarcely be denied that, after all, their only claim to notice is in virtue of their *litterary* productions.



LITTERARIE PRODUCTIONS.

KAP.

## DEDICATED TO T. B. MACAULAY.

AN ORIGINAL LAY OF BRITISH INDIA.

## THE BOLD BABOO.

1.

HARK ! a jingling—in a '*Yekah*'  
Comes a Baboo mild and stout,  
In his hand a bunch of papers,  
Which he flourisheth about.

2.

At a portal now he standeth,  
And with gentle violence raps—  
Comes he on some secret business,  
Of the State's ? who knows—perhaps !

3.

Lo ! appearing at the threshold,  
Peers a Sirdar Bearer gaunt,  
And he looketh at the stranger,  
'Calmly saying—"What d'ye want."'

4.

"Tell your master, that the Baboo  
Will his conduct soon report—  
If his bill *he* will not settle,  
Soon shall settle it, "the Court !"

5.

Then the lord of that fair castle,  
Waking after *nightly* revel—  
Cries aloud in voice impatient,  
"Send the rascal to the—Devil !"

6.

And the Baboo—fierce—indignant—  
Jumpeth quickly on his car,  
And with voice portentous sounding,  
Voweth *there* eternal war !

7.

"Me no *rascal*—rascal you Sir,"  
Cries the sable hero back,  
Taking *care* that *he* applieth,  
Whip to Tattoo—crack ! crack ! crack !

WE make the following odd extract from the shipping report of the Calcutta *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th August.

## GOODS RELANDED.

"From Sir Wm. Gomm, 250 bags rice ; 500 maunds—Smile Moosah."

Smile Moosah indeed ! who can avoid smiling when the Commander-in-Chief is made to disgorge so much paddy. Had Lord Gough been the Chief operated upon, no Irishman would have wondered.

## THE MAIL.

THINGS have arrived at such a *pitch* that the next mail is to be despatched from Aden to Bombay on board a sailing vessel called the *British Tar*. As the mail is now more than due, we can only say *oakum* (oh come) British Tar.

## AERIAL.

Mr. Fitzherbert Kight has made so many failures as an aeronaut that a friend suggests that it would be only fair were he to change his name to something more terrestrial.

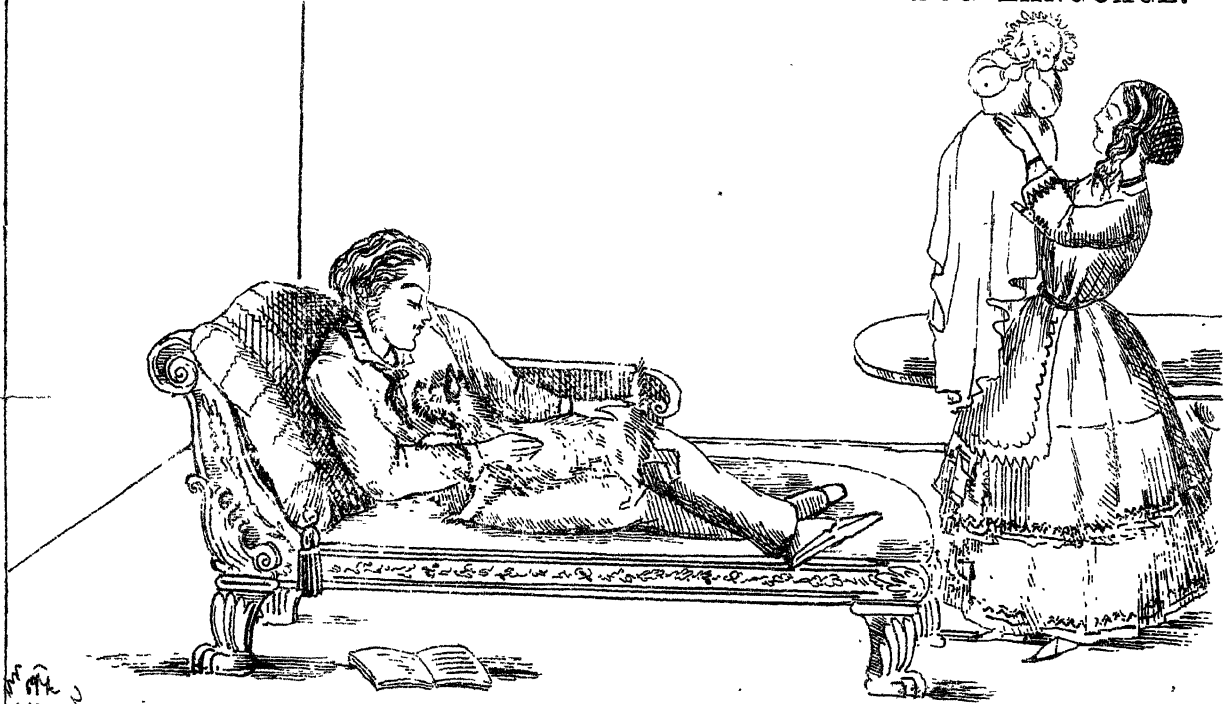
\* In Hindoostanee of course.





YE TABLES TURNED.

## STRIKING RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN BABY AND DOG LANGUAGE.



*Affectionate Mamma.*—"AND WASN'T IT A DEAR LITTLE WILLY ILLIE, AND DIDN'T IT LIKE A DARLING LITTLE PET OF A BOY, LIE AND SUCK ITS LITTLE THUMBS, ALL OF ITS OWN ACCORD!"

*Affectionate Papa.*—"AND WASN'T IT A DEAR LITTLE BILLY WILLIE, AND DIDN'T IT ALL OF ITS OWN ACCORD KILL ALL THE RATS," &c. &c.

## MR. PIPS—HIS DIARY.

TUESDAY, YE XXVI.—To mess with my friende Jones, whereatte a large and goodlie companie, all agog to try ye newe tricke of rotatinge of furniture by arte magicke, or, as some doe conceive, by magnetisme similar to ye mesmerizer hys dodge, whereof sooth to speke we have as yette but scant knowledge in respecte of-causation. My olde friende Chappelle, with Maister Snooks hys chumme, didde first spinne hattés with marvellous success, after which to ye table. Trulie a merrie partie, and for ye most parte sorelie skeptical, and over much given to laughinge. Odde to beholde alle sitting round ye table for well nighe an houre, theire armes and hands akeing with ye cramped position. I did much pitie one stoute ladye, who didde perspire in ye cause of science most perseveringlie. At laste ye table didde move, whether or no ye gents didde playe bootie and shove it rounde, I cannot tell, but it didde seeme to me that they didde meane to play faire. Ye mocyon slowe at ye first, eftsoons speedier. and finallie ye thinge didde fly round so faste, that sundrie of ye performers didde tumble downe. One serious gende did say, "Ye world cometh to itte's ende," and declare

that ye Devyll was ye cause of ye mocyon. Trulie I deeme not ye Devyll hath aught to do therewith, and ye turning of tables be no such marvel to me who have seene one faire damselle turne a dozen men with ease round her lytel finger, which do seeme to me matter of more wondermente by farre.

KAPNOS.

## CAT'S MEAT.

WHY is a dealer in dead horses like a celebrated Fancy stationer in London.

Because he's an Ackerman, (a knacker man!)

## PHRENOLOGICAL.

THE best way to ascertain whether a man has the organ of "combativeness" is to feel the end of his nose.

QUERY. When Macbeth said that his way of life was fallen into the *sere* (seer) and *yellow leaf*, did he mean to announce that he had taken up with the saffron trade?

## FACT.

A person travelling from Kurrachee to Baroda in a straight line is sure to go down by the Runn.

## A LITTLE 'UN.

WHY is General Tom Thumb not a man?

Because he's a pig my (pigmy) dear Sir.

## THE MONSTER MEETING.

Mount Menu was merry, \*Kuvera director was,  
 Gunesh at the Gunduwas winked with his eye;  
 Lingams and death's heads, and such pretty ornaments  
 Made it a mixture of charnel and sty,  
 Jugganath hadn't got legs fit to stand upon,  
 Therefore they voted him into the chair;  
 Doorga stood by him as black as a thunderbolt,  
 Happy the meeting smiled on by the fair!  
 The †Lord of destruction, as drunk as a drummer boy,  
 Loudly complained of the loss of his feasts,  
 "Nice roasted widows, before the Feringhee's time,  
 Served up *au naturel* by his good priests."  
 Cried o'er her peripatetic philosophers  
 ‡Kalee, the goddess of Infantry stocks,  
 "Nor was the Thuggee the only sad loss of her's,  
 Now, they were trying to stop the small-pox!"  
 Jugganath, rolling about on his pedestal,  
 "Begged to remind them that something remained,  
 The §Mlechas had dared to give conscience its liberty,  
 No more, for base life, false convictions were feigned."

\* The Indian Mammon.

† Seeva.

‡ Seeva's wife; patroness of small-pox and strangling.

§ Barbarians.

Scarce had the last and most terrible words been heard,  
 When there arose such a hullabaloo,  
 Nothing was done, for the members all spoke at once,  
 And roared in the sky, till it all became blue!

\*The. Dickens was pleased, and a pinch of hot brimstone took,  
 As the report he read in the "H—I Mail"  
 Off he departed to influence Parliament,  
 Where he was still when they told me the tale.

## FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES REWARD;

AND A

## FREE PARDON,

TO ANY BUT THE ACTUAL PERPETRATOR, TO ANY  
 ONE WHO WILL MAKE A WORSE

## CONTRIBUTUM

THAN THE FOLLOWING.

WHEN is a young Lady fitter for Gods than Men?  
 (A pause of half an hour for refreshment.)

When she's (oh dear!) when she's a (take breath,) when she's  
 a tgal awry.

## QUERIES.

WHAT English Poet was much addicted to laughing?

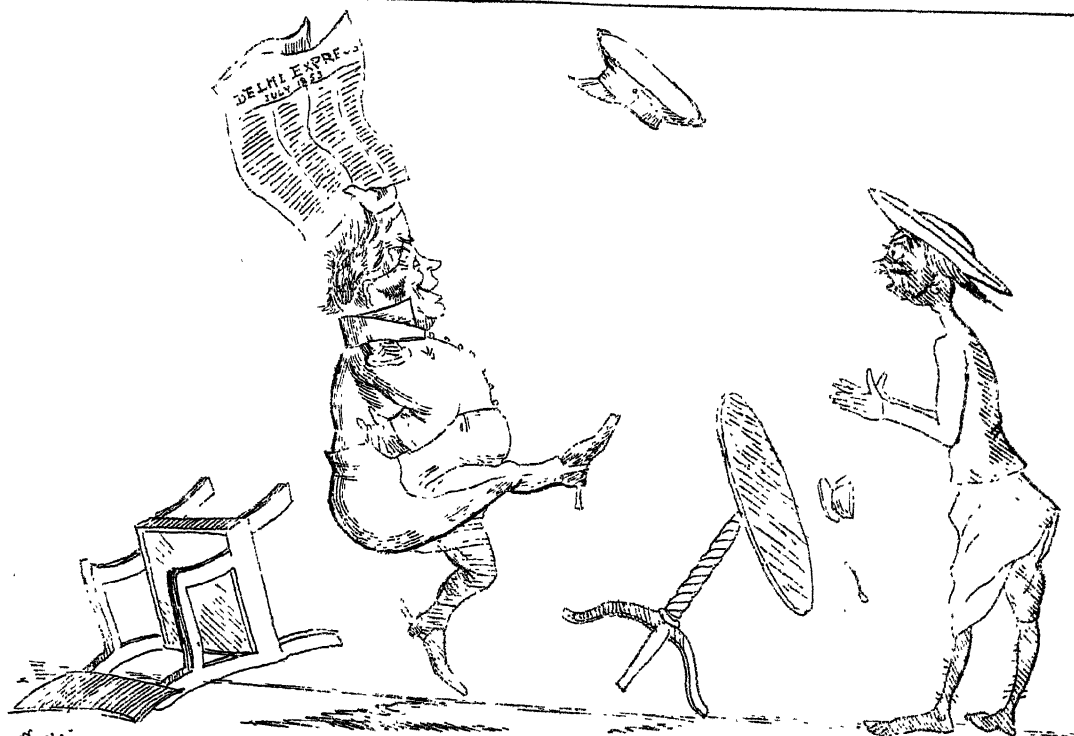
*Akenside!*

Which was most addicted to Squibs?

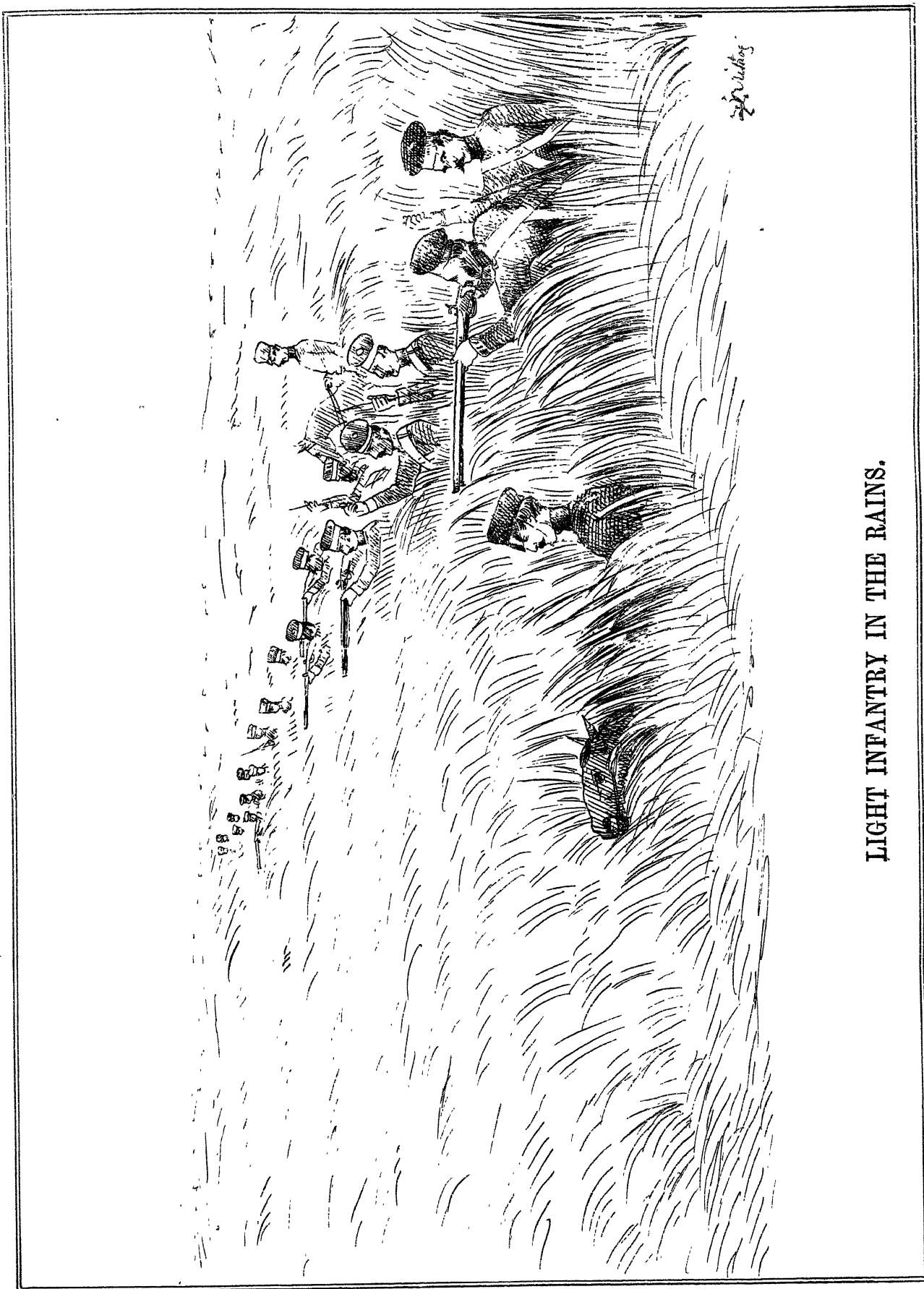
*Congreve.*

\* Not Theo. Dickens, but *the* old original.

† Gallery?—P. D.



**HURRAH! ANOTHER LINE STEP BY JOVE! QUI HIE, NAM KA  
 KETAB—WE'LL CHALK HIM OUT.**



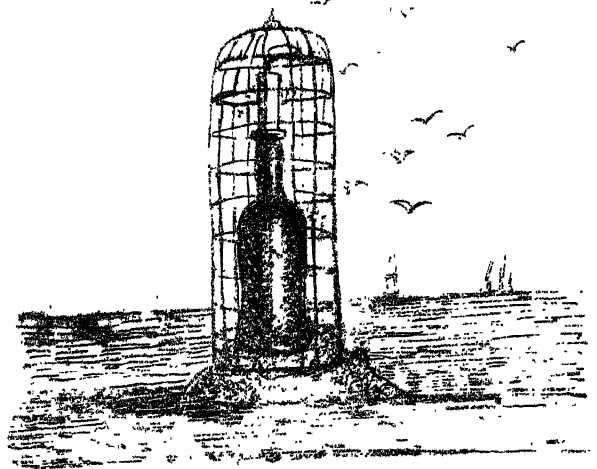
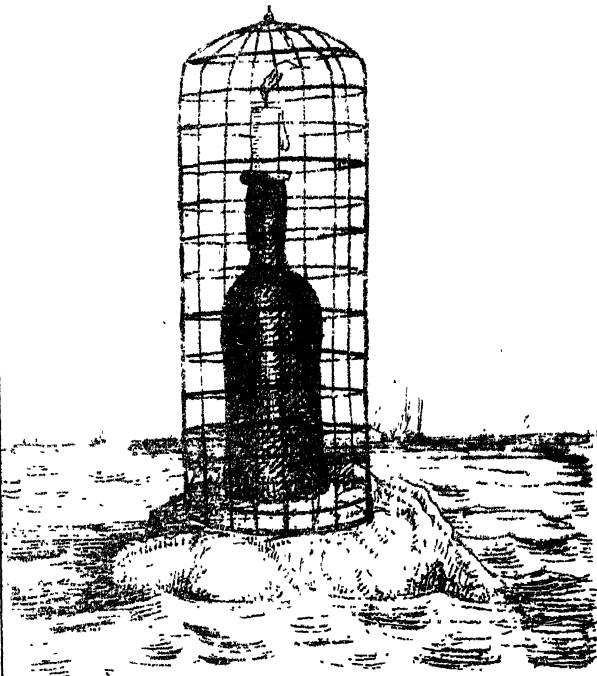
LIGHT INFANTRY IN THE RAINS.



### • A DOUBLE BASS GROWL.

THERE is at present a wonderful fuss being made at Madras about the erection of lights on the "great and little Basses." One cannot open a Madras paper without seeing a letter or a leading article on the importance of erecting lights on "the great and little Basses." There is a Captain Biden in those parts who, when he dies, will be found to have the "great and little Basses" written on his heart. This Captain Biden is probably a very excellent person, but we for one can't abide 'un, so addicted is he to these "great and little Basses." To us it is a perfect mystery what these great and little

Basses may be, or where they are, unless it be somewhere near Beering's Straits or Hodgson's Bay. As to the propriety of lighting them, why no one doubts the propriety of lighting up *any* part of the Benighted Presidency. Why the great and little Basses should have the preference we do not know, unless it be that they can't hold a candle to any other part of the country. But since they must be lighted, let us light them and have done with it. So while Captain Biden is writing letters to the *Madras Athenæum*, we, our mind having a practical bent, beg to suggest that the illumination be carried out on the following plan:—



It will be here observed that we have taken it for granted that the great Basses consist of quartz, and that the little Basses are pints, both projecting into the sea somewhere along the Madras Coast. It has been suggested to us that the great Basses are in reality Magnums, but in that case we think Captain Biden would have long ago made up his mind to Bone 'em.

We have not yet heard of any proposal to put lights on the great Allsops, but we do not doubt that Captain Biden having got his Basses lighted, will next talk of illuminating the great Bar-clay which impedes the entrance of the Cochin river. Whether he will find Tenants for all his lighthouses is more than doubtful.

We hear that Binocular lenses are to be used to make the lights appear double. As if the Basses themselves did not afford the means of seeing double, and of seeing the lights revolve too. We observe also that there are "breakers" in the neighbourhood of the Basses. Breakers of gin we suppose.

#### CLERICAL.

IN the event of an attack on Windsor, why would the clergy be of great use?

Because they are the only *canons* at present there.

#### TO BIRD FANCIERS.

WHAT foreign birds may be found in the hedgerows all the year round?

*Kennarree*, (Canary) birds!

#### HORRID.

WHY should the Mannings never have been hung for murder? Because there was a flaw (floor) in the evidence.

#### DANGEROUS.

WHY is a cook's tray a dangerous thing to eat off? Because it is always taking *pics on*.

#### A QUESTION FOR LORD F. FITZCLARENCE.

WHAT rations are best for dissipated troops in India? Alterations.



## POOR BIDDY.

SINCE the publication of our last, the unhappy BRIDGET has continued to beguile her melancholy confinement by indulging her "ruling passion" for nonsense verses. The following have been handed to us by the Head of the Institution, who thinks "they may be in our way,"—an impeachment which we take this public method of repudiating, and beg to announce that we shall not give insertion to any more effusions of the sort. Our cotemporary in the Punjaub is the person to whom the unhappy female would doubtless wish them addressed, were she in a state to be consulted, and to him we think they should be forwarded.

I.—ON HEARING THAT THE DUKE OF N—WC—STL WAS APPOINTED G—V—RN—R G—N—R—L OF INDIA.

Deucalion, by the slow-subsiding sea,  
Turned stones to men, and thus escaped a fix;  
But under our Duke, alien though he be,  
Men shall be changed, not into stones, but bricks  
A sad specimen! But her Muse flies high.

## II.—ON THE NEW POSTAL REGULATIONS.

Yes! It comes at last,  
And from its dreary sleep awaking,  
The act will soon be past,  
Postal alterations making.  
Hark! I hear D—lh—s—c say to me,  
Soon thou shalt be free,  
To write as pleaseth thee,  
Two pice a clit the charge will be."

These lines the patient is in the habit of scratching on the mortar with a nail, and then singing them to the well-known air of "Pestal."

## SPORTING.

A GENTLEMAN on his return from Hunting was asked what he had got? He said—

Fox et præterea nihil.

## PAY YOUR DENTS.

You owe me a chick, as the hen said to the addled egg.

WHAT is the principal emblem of Office in the Spice Islands?  
The Mace.

## THE MORALITY OF VOTING.



"I CALI, YOU SPIN; TAILS!!!"

"TAILS IT IS; PUT US ALL DOWN 'CON.'"

"I SAY, OLD FELLOWS, WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?"

"OH! I DON'T KNOW; SOME *rot* ABOUT THE MILITARY FUND!!!"



THE NEW GENERAL POSTMAN FOR INDIA.



THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. IV.]

OCTOBER 1, 1853.

[NO. VI.]

To Correspondents.

ZETA—Next number.

W. M. G. SIMLA.—We do not think your poetry quite up to our mark. Try again.

A FAST MAN—Should apply to the *Lahore Chronicle*. We have not the pleasure of Madame Vestris's acquaintance, and therefore never had an opportunity of asking her age.

AN EAST INDIAN.—We believe the opponents of Sir C. Wood's Bill intend to propose that every country born gentleman of mixed parentage shall have a sinecure under Government of not less than one thousand Rupees a month. The present civilians will be offered the option of remaining in the service as Section writers.

HERSCHELL.—We do not think the tail of the comet reaches below zero.

ENQUIRER—Should not be inquisitive, the *Delhi Sketch Book* may be seen on every drawing-room table, the best proof in the world that its contributors are numerous.

A SIGH FROM THE DESERTED S—E COURT,  
MADRAS.

Canto I.

On how I loath, detest, that Small Cause Court,  
It is the very bane of our existence !  
We are now turned into Civilian sport !  
Now we are deprived of our subsistence.  
Maty Boy bring another drop of short !  
I'll drink to drown unpleasant reminiscence,  
Of loss of fees ? champagne, and claret,  
I feel so savage, but I'll grin and bear it,

These Company's Courts are the very Devil !  
They do us out of all those pleasant fees ;  
Civilian-Judges are so very civil !  
That natives swarm to Sudder Courts like bees ;  
This I conceive to be a crying evil,  
Of course we Lawyers ought to hold the keys  
Of justice, likewise of native's coffers,  
To get rupees from them, in spite of scoffers !

That horrid Small Cause Court, it is so cheap !  
They can get justice there for a small figure,  
It's done me up ! struck me all of a heap,  
It is so popular with every nigger !  
They flock to Petty Court like scurvy sheep,  
To seek for justice there, they are so eager ;  
And this has placed the Bar in such a fix,  
Alas ! another glass of grog I'll mix.

The Iron-Duke once at the Council table,—  
The members of his Government not there,—

Sat there and slept as long as he was able,  
Unmoved by such a fix ! devoid of care !  
But our *Big Court* is like deserted stable,  
Our witness loose-box empty you're aware,  
The ermined Judges now afford good sport !  
Making fine speeches to an empty Court !

Of civil suits now there are few or none—  
At least I know I never get a brief !  
But at last Criminal Session there I shone  
Defending manfully an arrant thief !  
I swore I knew him honest to the bone ;  
That of all upright men he was the chief !  
Of course I told a lot of legal fibs !  
And will again for bright retaining dibs.

Oh bright retaining fees ! where are you now ?  
They're now a matter of ancient history !  
In those primeval days, how they did flow  
Into our pockets, it was quite a mystery !  
How the retainers came from high and low,  
Tho' fate of suits was then a lottery,  
Our clients now I fear are all cleaned out !  
Their goods and chattels now are up the spout !

Confusion to Honorable John's Court  
Where there is no demurrer ! don't say " humbug,"  
Where stupid natives ever will resort,  
And not unto Queen's Court, that place so snug ;  
There they would hear—such eloquence ; retort !  
From hungry Counsel with lugubrious mug ;  
But there without bright shiners, and a lot  
Of them, the client's suit might go to pot !

" O ever thus from childhood's pudding hour !"  
(Is that a true quotation ? I forget)  
Forensic skies are darker now and lower !  
More so than when I was the darling Pet  
Of my fair mother, sitting in her bower,  
Or rather lodging house that she did let  
To the young Lawyers eating Term dinners !  
O what a queer and slangy set of sinners !

I wish to Heaven I had never seen them,  
For a dark visaged one adopted me,  
Was so well bred, he called my Mother " Mum !"  
And often dandled me upon his knee ;  
He educated me in a back slum,  
Where light of day—or truth ! I ne'er did see,  
There I was bred as an enlightened Lawyer,  
Here I am Barrister : and Top Sawyer !

But what's the use of being Counsel here ?  
With no retaining shiners to be had !  
We've cleaned the natives out, been too severe,  
I think so now—at least that it was bad

Policy, in being so hard,—oh dear !  
I feel so choused—so done—so very sad,  
O Lord I ne'er shall do the like again,  
For the bright gold is gone—The Goose is slain !

I think it rather late—to make this vow !  
It is a work of supererogation,  
But my friend Jack\* is kicking up a row,  
Showing up John's Judge's Justice administration,  
(That line's too long—I only see it now !  
But I won't change it—'twould be botheration,)  
O Jack ! show John, what jolly Jack could do,  
In Supreme Shop, suitors their suits should sue.

Praise up the Attorneys—but have a care !  
(Esquires they are by Law—as well as Counsel),  
The Attorney is Procurer—or Purveyor  
Of suits which to 'cute Barristers they sell.  
Espouse this crimping system which is fair !  
(" Attornies among Jackals bear the bell !")  
This was the way by which we made our money,  
Alas now legal drones—we get no honey !

Justice ! O Jack ! be careful, don't make sport  
By dwelling on Queen's Judge's just decision !  
For every appeal from our unlucky Court,  
Pray keep it dark ? has suffered a revision !  
Lord Brougham and Vaux did cut these matters short,  
Treating the Judges here with sneers ! derision !  
Oh my dear fellow, show a little tact !  
By keeping close as wax this awkward fact.

### Canto II.

HERE I'm again with grey goose quill in hand,  
With a deliberate determination,  
To fight the battles of once brilliant band  
Of Barristers now doomed to spoliation;  
Their fees were once like countless grains of sand,  
But now condemned to scorn and desolation,  
The Counsel now sunk deep into the mire !  
They're not considered worthy of their hire.

Last term I had such a glorious chance !  
I actually secured a blessed brief !  
I got it in bed—jumped up to dance  
With joy ! but soon alas was brought to grief;  
I found I could not couch forensic lance  
That day to rush to client's sure relief,  
My 'tother shirt alas ! was out at wash,  
This came like clap of thunder—hopes to dash !

When cursing fate—and Dhoby—Jack walked in,  
Laughed at my fix ! and called me " Muff,"  
He swore " sooner than lose retaining tin"  
That he would plead most manfully in buff !  
Being rather confused with grief—and gin !  
I thought that legal robe was bygone stuff,  
I therefore donned a Wig ! and Kamar-bund,†  
Walked into Court ! the awful Bench was stunned ! !

Yes they were stunned ! as by Tornado !  
But rallied soon, called " order," " silence."

Sir Barrister, said Judge ! is this bravado ?  
Is this precursor of atrocious violence ?  
If so you'll be condemned to dire strappado,  
Contempt of Court so frightfully immense !  
Sir—the beauty of this our Court you mar,  
You show a vile example to the Bar !

The Bar ! says I, where is it ? I'm the Bar !  
And I find this a comfortable dress !  
For want of fees, I can't now keep a car !  
And as for clothes I could not well wear less !  
I'm peeled for fight ! in noble legal War,  
So what's the use my Lords of all this fuss ?  
Perched on stupendous Bench ! you look so big !  
Where's *your* full dress my Lord ? and where's *your* wig ?

The 'tother solemn Judge said " dreadful man,  
" Is this by force of drink ? or desperation ?  
" Think fellow mortal, life is but a span,  
" Breaking *our* rules will end in condemnation ;  
" I fear you drink most deeply from the can  
" Which leads to poverty ! and desolation !  
" I'm dreadfully scandalized, and shocked !  
" To see angelic legal robes thus mocked !"

I rose again, " Court," " Custody," in vain !  
I was determined then to say my say !  
" My Lords, it gives me much unlooked for pain,  
" To be so hardly dealt with on this day !  
" Eventful day ! on which I've tried in vain  
" To assert freedom of the Bar ? do pray  
" Hear ? I've got no shirt ! my Lords record it,  
" Pray make a note of it ? I can't afford it !"

" I stand here before illustrious Bench  
" To assert my rights by making speeches,  
" To shew *you* wear not wigs of any sort,  
" Therefore *I* have the right to leave off breeches !  
" By poverty I'm forced to give up port,  
" When drinking it my gullet ever stretches,  
" I drink it deep ! imbibe an awful lot,  
" But do not think my Lords I am a sot !

" I'm the last Barrister ! some are gone to jail,  
" And one or two levanters to the diggings,  
" I'm the " Forlorn Hope" left here to bewail !  
" Regardless of all order, Benches wiggins,  
" I'm up ! my legal services for sale !  
" (This I think uncommonly like begging)  
" I'm up at a Pagoda ! going—gone,  
" Now my dear client, if you'll take me—done !"

This fight for privilege was done, for then  
I was committed for contempt of Court !  
Marched to Grand Jail and shoved into a den,  
Where many dark officials did resort,  
To gaze upon me in that prisoner's pen,  
To turn my wig to ridicule ! make sport !  
But to save sad exposé and make peace,  
Relenting Judges ordered my release.

This had a very fine effect for me,  
Judge Boreson sent me shirts, Judge Raspings breeches,  
I thanked them both upon my bended knee,  
Begged pardon, and jumped into the stitches

\* J. B. N.

† Or cummur.-bund

Of raiment ! such a lot you ne'er did see !  
It must have been got up by legal witches !  
Fancy a shirt of Boreson's ! and a cast one !  
On back of leading Counsel ! once a fast one !

The war was over ! and I went to dine  
With both the Judges on the following day,  
We all got mighty jolly o'er our wine !  
And swore eternal friendship—so they say !  
In Bacchanalian ditties I did shine !  
And sung so loud and cheerfully a lay.  
Of touching sentiment ! I had composed—  
I sang it loud and long, till Judges dosed !

They snored so loudly ! that I stole away !  
And manfully drove off to Jack's compound ;  
Well primed to bring the pamphleteer to bay,  
I woke him up by loud and hideous sound ;  
“ Friend Jack (says I,) you dog you've had your day,  
“ And now I've come to shoot you like a hound,  
“ My wounded honor calls for satisfaction,  
“ Pistols for two ! I scorn a legal action !

“ By your advice, I have been brought to trouble.”  
He laughed at me, and said “ what horrid stuff !

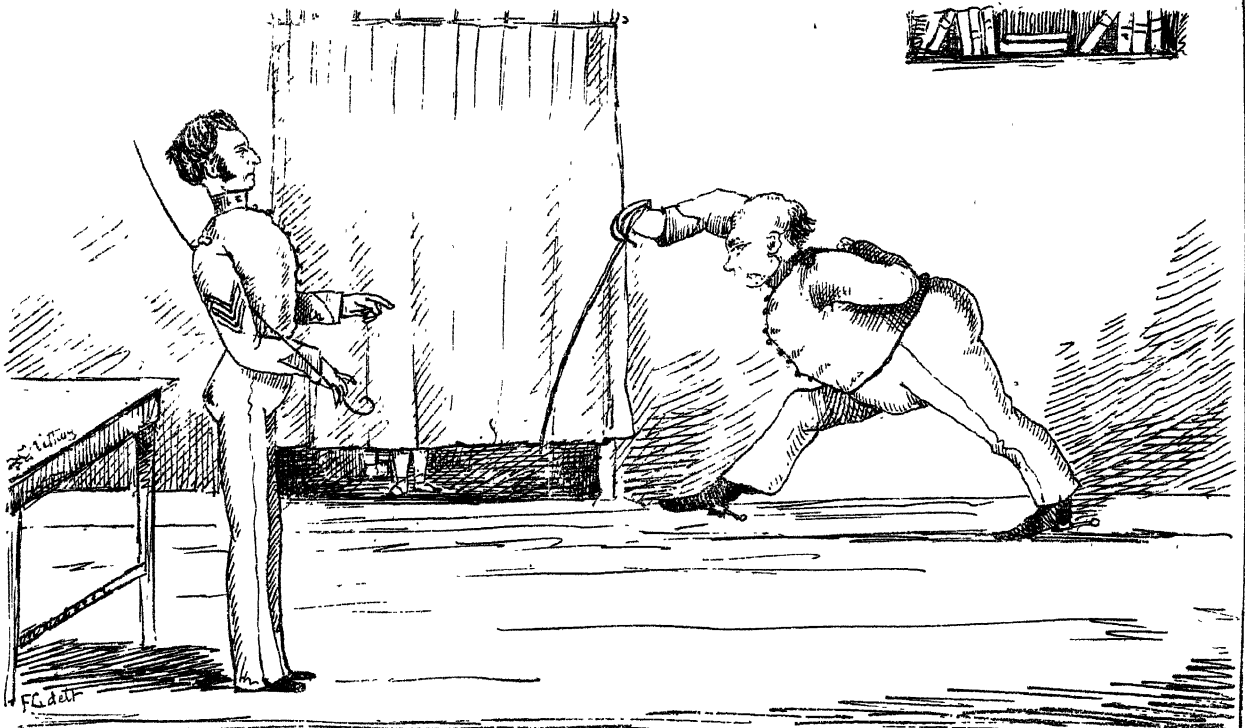
“ I guess my friend that you are seeing double,  
“ Drunken Lycurgus, ill begotten Muff !  
“ Peon ! off to the Tannah near my stable,  
“ And tell the Duffadar to bring hand-cuff ;  
“ You good for nothing Buggins go to bed,”  
And shied an empty bottle at my head !

To avoid more bottles ! and the Duffadar !  
I cut my lucky and went home to bed,  
I dream't that my poor fortunes I did mar,  
And when I awoke repentant tears were shed,  
My retrospective thoughts were on a par  
With those which emanate from aching head,  
Brought on by orgies, and inebriation,  
I registered a vow of reformation ?

I wrote to Jack, then to apologize,  
For rousing him by times with war's alarms !  
Accepting this amende ! to my surprise !  
I lost no time in rushing to his arms !  
My feelings were relieved by streaming eyes,  
I sobbed “ I never meant him any harm !”  
You see dear friend the state of our profession—  
This is a *confidential* free confession !

LYCURGUS BUGGINS,  
*Barrister at Law.*

### PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL TIFFIN.—NO. III.



HE GETS THE SERGEANT MAJOR TO GIVE HIM A FEW PRIVATE LESSONS—HE IS REQUESTED BY THAT INDIVIDUAL TO KEEP HIS “STUMMICK A LITTLE MORE INNER AND TO THROW HIS CHESTESSES WELL OUT AND COME DOWN SMARTLY TO THE GUARD.” COLONEL TIFFIN DEVOUTLY WISHES HE COULD !

## THE NEW POSTAGE STAMP FOR ALL INDIA.

WE have been several times solicited both publicly and privately to furnish a design for the new Anna Postage Stamp. If we were to say that Government had applied to us, we might possibly lay ourselves open to an accusation involving breach of confidence; we will therefore content ourselves by stating, that we have been asked by persons of note in the country as well as by correspondents,—who are, be it known, equally notable,—to forward our idea of what the new postage stamp ought to be.

Modesty is, we fear, our bane, for we could not bring ourselves to put our ideas on the subject before the public. We had great schemes in project, Lions and Tigers, in every possible variety of figure and form, but we could not lick them into shape; we had great notions of following the London mark, and putting John Company's head down as the passport; but the difficulty of finding a pretty old lady to sit for her portrait prevented us from doing so. At last we gave up the subject and thought no more about it, when lo! on the 23rd of September last, we opened our old friend the *Hurkaru*, and there burst upon us the annexed design.



The following in the words of Cicero would be a fitting motto for the above.

"Quid te facturum de BELLEWA putas."

We have submitted this animal to several learned members of the Delhi *Archæological Society*; we have shewn it to our artist; and we have brought all our own learning to bear upon the matter, but all has proved fruitless, nobody knows to what genus the animal above represented belongs. Some say it is an ill formed spaniel of King Charles' breed; others opine that it is a rough attempt at a Hippopotamus, whilst the members of the learned Society above alluded to are firm and unanimous in their belief, that it is a representation of the wolf found on some of the Græco Bactrian coins in these provinces. Our own impression (taken from a spirited wood engraving by our native artist) is doubtless the correct one, simply because it is copied from the *Hurkaru*'s original, and as our readers have the same opportunity of judging, we leave them to their own conclusions.

A Correspondent hints that the drawing is intended to represent a Lion; if this be really the case, the talented artist, whose pencil portrayed it, must be a second Van Amburgh, for we never in all our life saw such a tame lion.

## KUNKER—ITS PECULIARITIES.

GEOLOGISTS have as yet failed to trace the origin of this wonderful metal. The reason is obvious that their researches have been futile. We, after much labour and much damage to our vehicles and horses, have fully discovered how this precious metal is generated. The method by which we have arrived at this conclusion is observation and broken heads, and we only ask our readers to observe, but don't break their heads for our sake. It is a peculiar fact relative to kunkur, that at any new station its traces, or to speak scientifically, its strata are no where discernible till a General or Brigadier makes his appearance, who finding the roads not pleasant to his gouty person, and moreover highly injurious to his carriage-wheels, manages by some peculiar process, not difficult to one of such exalted rank, to discover that his house is the nucleus from whence the veins of this metal emanate: in short his house is the trunk, and the different roads are the branches, though we must say the branches must be very green to find any of the metal from the trunk. This peculiarity of kunkur is no where so manifest as at—but why make ourselves disagreeable, the veins of kunkur are not satisfied with running near the mansion of this great man!! No! No! but it actually pervades his garden: and why not?

We pause for a reply!

A FEW OF THE PERSONS AND THINGS WE SHOULD  
LIKE TO SEE.

CAPTAIN Pidding, who was on the most intimate terms with that celebrated Mr. Howqua, "whom we should also like to see."

A *Lahore Chronicle* in which the learned Editor did not state that it was going to rain, or did rain, or didn't ought to rain, in short decline the verb to rain.

The Sub who was never in the Banks.

A station Bazar in which there was not a Nubbee Bux: the same being a rogue.

A little more of the Union Bank money.

The man who got an appointment by merit, not interest.

The man who has not got his name down in the G. G.'s or C.-in-C.'s book.

The 3d Bengal Europeans.

The end of the war in Burmah.

The station in which all the pukka roads do not lead to the General's or Brigadier's house.

The Commissariat Officer who does not get fat after being a few years in that department.

The Sub who does not let his moustache grow.

The Anna Postage in India.

The Sikh or Punjaubee who ever washed.

The lady who did not find some "sweet pretty things" in a kaprawallah's bundle.

The young spin who had not half a dozen subs in love with her.

The first pledge of young affection that was not a fine child.

The sardine and hermetically sealed manufactory at Chandnagore.

The river steamer that does not stick.

The mail cart horse that does not kick.

## INDIAN CREEPERS.

THE *Spectator* asserts that the dawks in India are carried by runners. We can positively deny this, every body knows that they are carried by *Creepers*.

SUCH A BOON TO THE INDIAN ARMY.



MASTER OSS GARDZ.

MAMMA.

MASTER QUIHY MULLDUCK.

*Mamma, loqr.*—"Now my dear, just give those nice sweetmeats of yours to my little Boy here, and for a great Treat I'll let you call yourself a Captain at home! only fancy that!!!"





## MEDICAL.

[A FAST (?) correspondent assures us he had the following jokes from England by the last Mail. We can quite believe him; they have every appearance of having been brought from a considerable distance, being decidedly far fetched.]

If I were the *larva* of a mosquito floating on a pond, when would the water be like the father of modern surgery? Do you give it up?\*

Ans.—When it made a gnat o'me.

Q.—What is the scientific name for the funny-bone in the human arm.

Ans.—The *humerus*, of course.

[*Punkah* KEENCH!]

WHICH is the thinnest river in India?  
The Herring gutty. *Harungotta*.

WHY is a gentleman just leaving a dinner party like a butterfly?  
Because he comes from a *grub*.

\* We should think so.—Ed. D. S. B.

## THE NEXT BEST THING.

(*A Drama of real Life.*)

Persons,—SMITH: BROWN.

SMITH.—I can't think what's come to Jones, he's got so stupid lately. Do you think he's taken to opium?

BROWN.—No, I don't. But the other day I saw him reading the "*Lahore Chronicle*."

[*Exeunt mournfully.*]

## A HIBERNIANISM.

THE Governor General, in his excellent Minute on Railways in India, says: "The bullock train in the Upper Provinces now extended to Calcutta is a great advance on the hackeries before it." We do not exactly see how anything behind can be in advance, but his Lordship has only put the cart before the horse.

## STRANGE.

WHAT is it that we put on our furniture to protect it from its own ill effects?

*Sunn.*

## THE BIO-ELECTRIC DODGE.



## NOT A BAD WAY OF "TURNING A MAN'S HEAD!!!"

## A QUESTION FOR VETS.

WHY is a sore on a horse's shoulder like a young Frenchman?  
Because it is a little Gall.

## CLASSICAL.

WHAT is the weight of Hector's shield?—Troy weight.

## VERY BAD.

WHAT is the most musical river in Poland?  
The Vistula (*Whistler*). The Author of the above is in confinement.

## THE GREAT INDIA QUESTION.

WHETHER it will ever be settled?

## MR. PIPS—HIS DIARY.

FEBY. YE. X.—To a Courte of Requeste with my friende Wagstaffe, who did go wnesse for one Ensigne Tatters, who was sued for tenfolde ye amounte of goodes that he had purchased ; neverthelesse ye Courte on some indistincte nocyon of its being unlawfulle to prove a negative, did rejecte my friende Wagstaffe his evidence, and declare that Master Tatters must be in ye wronge in this case, because he had been wronge before in sundrie others. Poore Master Tatters do never see ye coloure of coine, for everie month ye Courte of Requeste taketh all of his paye that remaineth after subscripcyons and ye like, and I didde grieve to heare that ye poore devyll had been refused a staffe appointment, because that he did live upon tikke ; trulie it is greate folie and scant honestie to go in dette, but it had beene ye custome of ye lande so long, and ye authorities had winckedde at it with such indulgence, that I cannot choose but pitie ye victims of ye new regulacyons, so verie strickte and stiffe all of ye sudden, trulie ye witte of man do run ever to extreames, even when they follow ye righte directyon they must neede go beyond ye poste. I remember when I didde learne to ride ye greate horse, ye rule was ever to keepe a lighte hande on ye bridle, and ye heeles away from ye horse his flanke, and then he did rein easilie and be mightie pleasaunt to ride, but if in my zeele I did curbe him up over tighte, and galle him more than needfulle with ye spur, he did incontinentlie reare, kicke and plunge, and eftsoons lay me on my backe in ye mire. It do seeme to me that ye rule for finding ye horse do symbol ye rule for finding ye man, but in good sooth our governours do know no meane betwixt losing hold of ye bridle altogether, and curbing and galling ye spiritedde steede past alle endurance.

## A NOVELTY.

THE Superintendent of Workshops at Roorkee advertises in the *Delhi Gazette* for "14,000 maunds of Sal Charcoal."

We have often heard of "Coal Black Rose," but never before of *Sal* charcoal. The Superintendent must have been maundering when he wrote it !

## THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

THE Home papers anaounce that the honors of the Bath are to be extended to the Indian Navy. As the strength of that Navy chiefly consists in washing tubs, the concession appears to us peculiarly appropriate.

## THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE papers mention that the Electric Telegraph is likely to supersede the Post. We can scarcely think this, seeing that the *Delhi Gazette* mentioned only few days ago that several thousand posts were to be employed on the line.

## TO T. B. MACAULAY.

A LAY OF BRITISH INDIA.—No. II.

"The frantic Tat—or false Gobind."

1.

Arose Sir Gobind in hot haste, and saddled swift his steed,—  
A chestnut bright, with yellow mane, and of true tattoo breed—  
Was barbed fair, with brass knobs rare, its right big Roman nose,  
Such a display in battle-fray, had frighted half our foes !

2.

Sir Gobind called for good Ramjan, in courteous phrases glib—  
Was ne'er a man, in Hindostan, could tell so fair a fib !  
Sir Gobind roll'd, his eye of gold, bestreaked with sanguine hue—  
And thus spake out—"This pony strong can deftly carry two !"

3.

Thus said, they sprang upon its back, and flourished high a thong,  
The steed it groan'd, for ridden thus, it scorn'd to go along ;  
But still it went, in stubborn wise, with ewe neck hanging down,  
So proud a Knight on such a steed, astonish'd Landour town !

4.

At first a stumble—then a *shy*—then bolted off at speed—  
Nor curb, nor bridle, could hold in, the stubborn self-will'd steed ;  
Away right through the whole bazaar, the tattoo they did thwack,  
But still he galloped might and main, all round the Camel's back.

5.

Then down the mall, round by the Club, they scoured at furious  
pace,  
Till oily streams were pouring down the gallant Gobind's face ;  
Then back through Landour hard they rode, the sable Squire  
look'd grim,  
The crupper was not such a seat as *seem'd* to answer him.

6.

By Bunnea's shop and up the hill, past many a Jampaun gay,  
And right and left, zig-zag, they turn'd yet steady held their way,  
Then Gobind rein'd up at a gate where stood a warder black,  
And Ramjan without farther leave, jumped off the tattoo's back.

7.

The Lord of that fair Castle was, as simple as might be,  
No verdant oak, bedight with ferns, was half so green as he ;  
"What ho : Sir Gobind—come at last," outspake that Castle's  
Lord,  
"Was never seen so true a Knight, to keep his plighted word."

8.

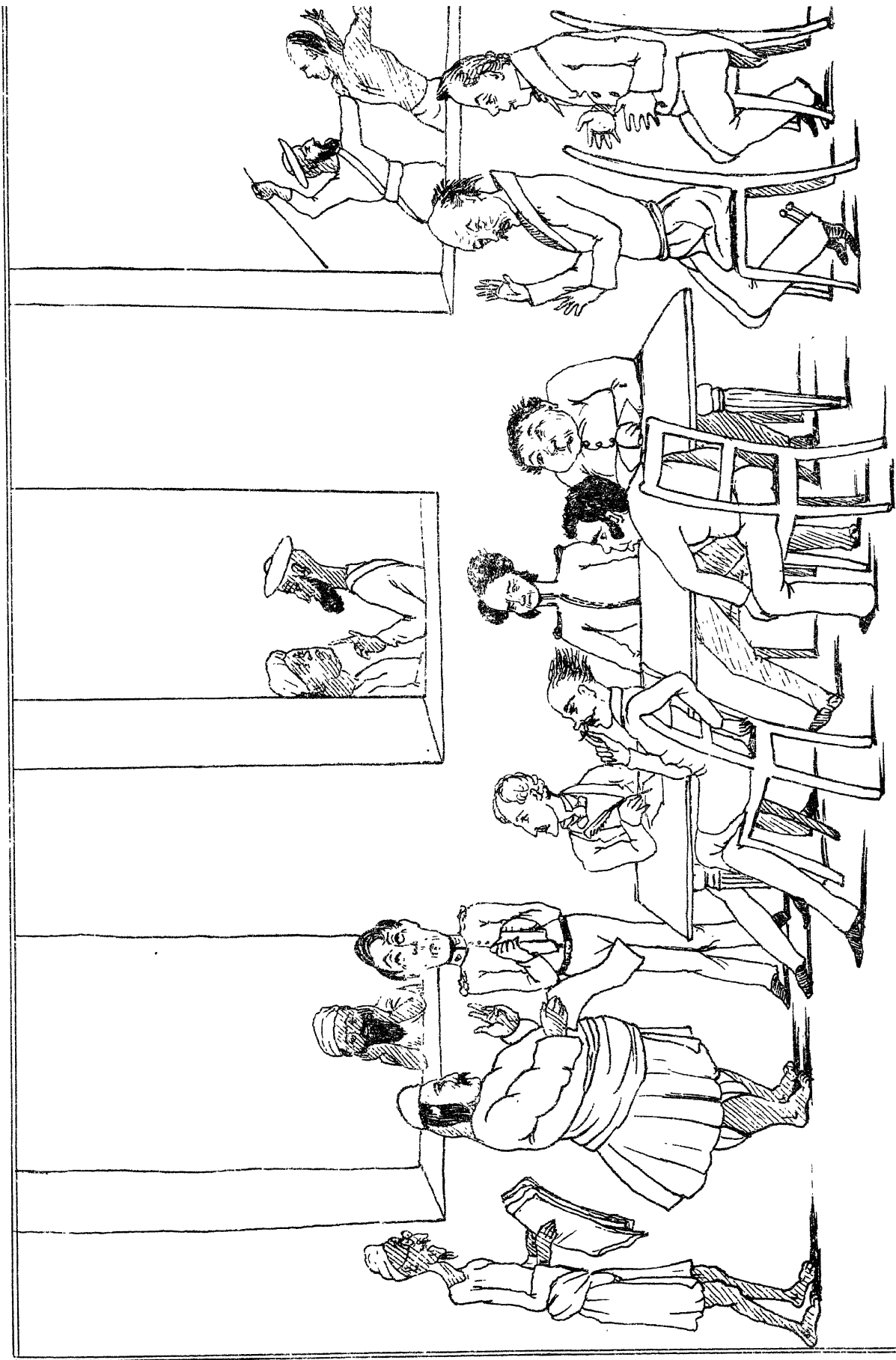
Then spake the Gobind, "fair Sir Knight, thy courtesy is due,  
"To brave Ramjan, who squats outside, beside my good tattoo ;"  
(This was a gentle hint that he, some largesse should disburse,  
Unto the Squire, who held the horse, as gently as a nurse.)

9.

"This horse so strong at Hurdwar fair, I bought the other day,  
'A handy brute,—for food or drink,—he scarce had all the way,  
'A handful gram sufficeth him, a straw when scarce is grass,  
'And though a blood—his temper is, as quiet as an ass.

10.

"Nor kick nor buck in him is found, his feet are like a deer's,  
"And to set off his rider's skill, sometimes he slightly rears."  
—The Castle's Lord calls lustily—"My Europe saddle bring,  
"So seeming fair a steed as this, were worthy of a King !"



*W. L. Loring*

Y. COURTE OF REQUESTE.



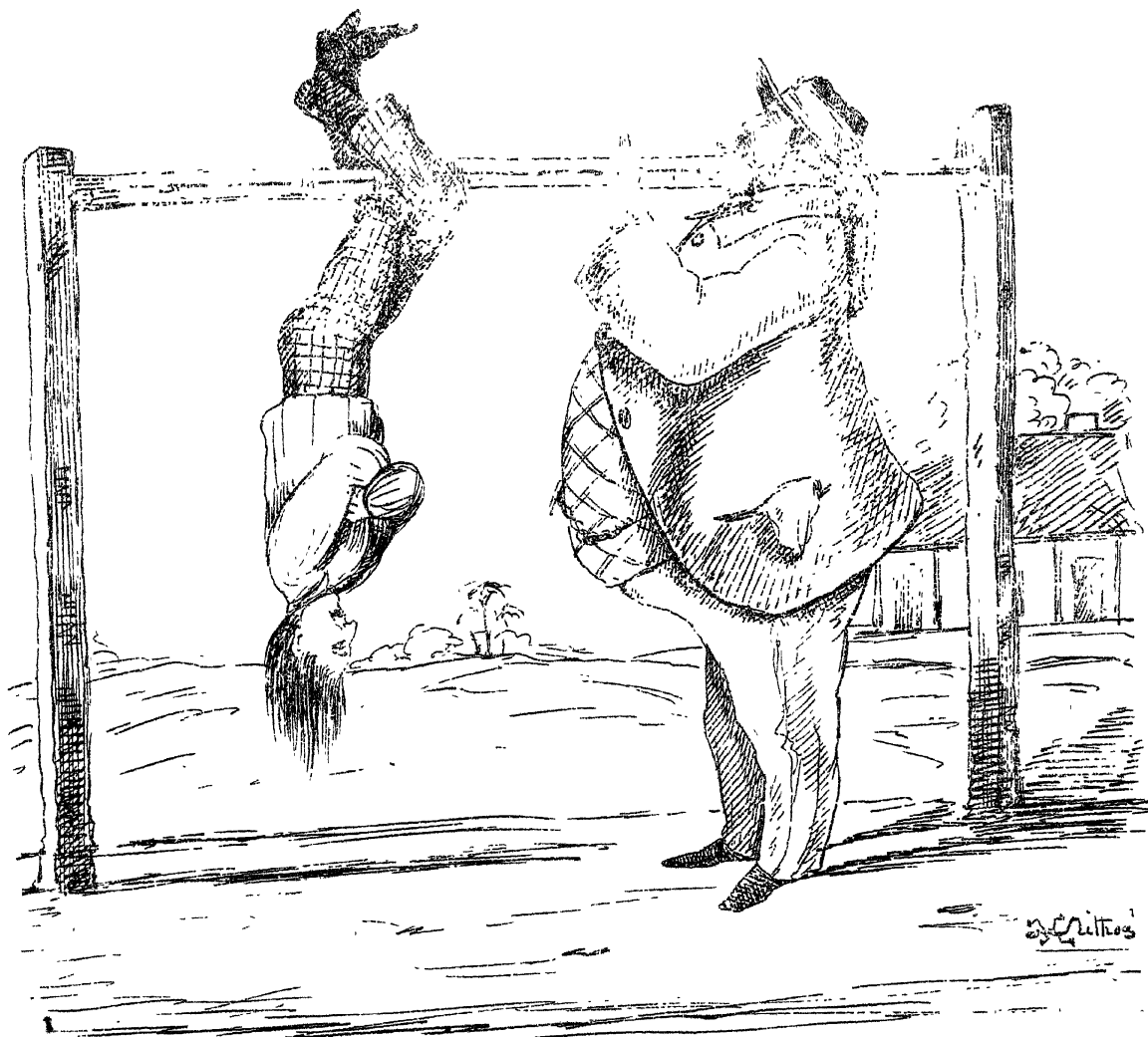
11.

The saddle brought—he quickly mounts, and then a whip applies,  
When lo! the tattoo's heels appear, upturning to the skies!  
Down goes his head and back his ears, high boils the charger's blood,  
— Sir Gobind saw that Castle's Lord, go headlong down the khud!

12.

Nor cry nor groan, nor eke a moan, escaped from that poor Knight,  
He fell a thousand feet and more, and went far out of sight!  
*Of red tattoos with yellow manes*, bold Knights and ladies fair,  
And of that *villain false Gobind*—oh evermore beware!

## GYMNASTICS.



(Active Young Civilian on the Pole.)—"COME, JUDGE, HAVE A TURN, IT'S SO PLUMMY!" (Emotion of Judge.)

## A TALE OF MYSTERY.

It is very strange! I cannot say I feel easy in my mind on the subject; our situation is so lonely, no neighbours to call upon in case of need, and the Coast Guard Station, full five miles off: our house upon the cliff is the only one for a considerable distance, except that half ruined old Tower, where the mysterious

individual has established himself, *that*, is most unpleasantly near!

He is a strange looking man, so curiously dressed, and whenever he *does* venture abroad, he looks over his shoulder with an air so scared and anxious, as if he dreaded pursuit or perhaps beheld, or feared to behold, some frightful spectre hovering ever near him! He sometimes makes a sudden start, often clenches his fists; and

when he thinks he is unobserved, he strikes his head and breast with violence, flings up his arms to Heaven, and looks!! good gracious, I cannot tell *how* he looks! I met him the other evening just about dusk, he gave me one glance, but one, but I shall never forget it! I fled homewards in terror, and thank Heaven, he did not pursue me; ours is indeed a painful situation, two lone and unprotected females, not as young perhaps as we *have* been; but still not *old*, that is, not so *very* old, not old enough to be secure from the unhallowed pursuit of the other sex; and then to live so near that dreadful man: and then the look he gave me! it is very, very horrible!

\* \* \* \* \*

I have made a discovery; I tremble at the possible results. I would not willingly be dragged before the public as an informer, especially to the probable injury of a fellow creature. I hope a penitent; but imperious duty commands. I note down the particulars, that I may not forget them upon any future contingency.

I was wandering near the ruined tower, one of the lower windows was open; there is a strange attraction in any thing unmistakeably objectionable, like that which draws a moth to the candle, or that which predisposes a lady to be inquisitive on subjects of a reprehensible character. Urged by this natural weakness, I peeped, I must confess it, through the window, and I saw, good Heaven, I saw the mysterious inmate on his knees before a hideous object, the dis severed head of a female!! lovely I am sure, though from the obscurity of the corner, I could not distinguish the features; he was fearfully agitated, but shocking to relate, his shoulders were denuded, and instinctive modesty compelled a hasty retreat. I cannot but regret the weakness that urged me to flee, but what if he had detected me, what if, becoming furious, he had proceeded to extremities, and made *my* head also keep company with that of his other lovely victim?

\* \* \* \* \*

The mystery is unravelled: a respectable man, a Catholic Priest, arrived this morning; he has explained the condition of our unfortunate neighbour, intense piety has led him to renounce the world; a few weeks ago he had entered the convent of St. Ursula of the sacred pattens, to perform a religious retreat, but in his exclusive devotion, anxious to secure for himself the sole benefit of the Saint's intercession, he had shortly afterwards fled from the holy precincts, bearing with him the head of the hallowed image which he had cut off, not finding it convenient to remove the Saint entire: the worthy Father intends to-morrow to seek an interview, and hopes speedily to restore to the Convent of St. Ursula the head of the sacred image, and to induce the over-

zealous neophyte to undergo a merited course of penance in the monastery of St. Lawrence, of the Broiled Bones, where the rule is very strict indeed.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### *Further particulars.*

A gentleman has just arrived in a post chaise with two remarkably muscular footmen in the dicky, and there have been, I regret to say, some rather high words between him and the Reverend Father. It appears that our mysterious neighbour about a month ago escaped from a Lunatic Asylum, of which the gentleman of the post chaise is the Superintendent; the contending parties have at length agreed to share the capture between them, the Doctor carrying away the mysterious stranger, (who is, I am told, a man of large property) and the Reverend Father being obliged to content himself with the wooden head of the holy St. Ursula, whereat, I grieve to say, he appeared to me to be slightly disgusted.

KARNOS.

### THE NEW DANCE.



*Visitor.*—PWAY, MRS. MOLE, HAVE YOU EVER TWID “POP GOES THE WEAZEL?”

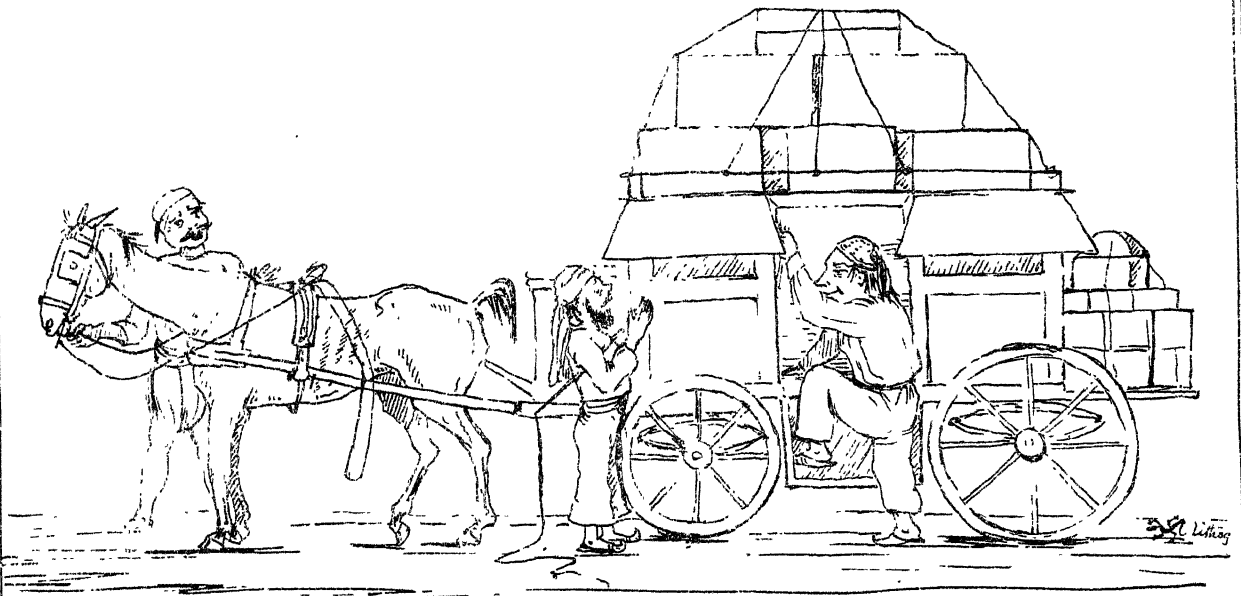
*Lady of the House.*—“DEAR ME NO, MR. FERRET! WHAT A HORRID THING IT MUST BE!”

#### ERRATUM.

WE read in the English papers of a “happy valley” named Wylschaete, which contains 3,000 inhabitants, but neither Doctor, Apothecary, Midwife, Priest, Lawyer, Bailiff or Gendarme YET!!! The people are contented and happy.

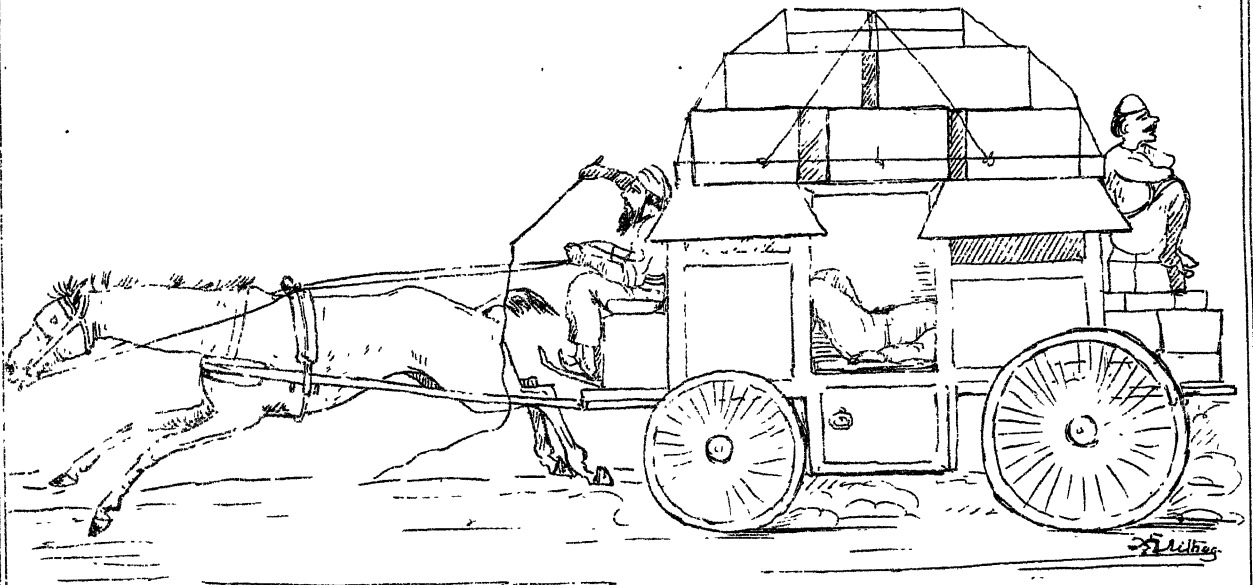
We beg to suggest an amendment, for YET read *Therefore*.

## A TRIP TO BENARES.—NO. 1.



DR. LEATHERHEAD DASH COMMENCE HIS MEMORABLE JOURNEY FROM CALCUTTA TO BENARES ON Y<sup>e</sup> GRAND TRUNK ROAD. Y<sup>e</sup> GARI BEING MIGHTY HEAVY, AND Y<sup>e</sup> LUGGAGE LIKEWISE ; Y<sup>e</sup> FAITHFUL SLAVE OF Y<sup>e</sup> DARING CO. BOTH REMONSTRATE WITH THE DOCTOR—BUT ALAS TO NO EFFECT. THE HORROR OF Y<sup>e</sup> SYCE IS DEPICTED.

## NO. 2.



THIS IS THE MANNER IN WHICH THE HORSES THEY DID GOE WHEN YE DOCTOR LEATHERHEAD HE SLEPT.





## DR. VON FOGELFAKER'S LECTURES.

## No. XIV.—ON THE MYTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIA.

It would doubtless be a grievous oversight if in a course of lectures treating of the habits and manners of our respected masters, I were to omit all mention of their religion. I will therefore devote the present occasion to the consideration of Anglo-Indian Mythology, premising that the amount of devotion, faith and unhesitating obedience manifested by its followers may proudly challenge competition with any other creed under the sun.

The Mythology partakes largely of the character of other systems, inasmuch as it is like them founded on ideas congenial with the commonest propensities of human nature. It will be my task in describing the several deities, to point out also their resemblance to the idols of extinct paganisms, whereby will be seen how naturally similar causes produce similar results, in spite of the extension of knowledge or modification of indifferent habits.

The Anglo-Indian Pantheon comprises nine principal divinities, or *Dii Majores*, which may be particularized as follows :—

**1ST. TRN.**—Believed to correspond with the Mammon of the Hebrews, the Melkart or King of Earth of the Phœnicians, the Phytus of the Greeks, the Summum Bonum of the Utilitarians, and the One Thing Needful of most Protestant sects. He is worshipped with the profoundest veneration, with the most indefatigable perseverance, his followers frequently leaving father and mother, or discarding their poor relations for his sake ; he will sometimes descend upon his votaries as Jove upon Danaë in a shower of gold, in which case the happy disciple is regarded by all as one whom heaven delights to honour, and this proof of favor is considered amply sufficient to atone for, and blot out, the memory of all sins and iniquities, past, present, and to come.

**2ND. PLACE OR OFFICE.**—Represents Apollo the Shiner on High, or probably rather Ashtaroth or Selene, the light with which he shines being not innate but reflected ; he is principally regarded as the Harbinger or Subordinate Agent of the former, and has been usually represented with his great toe advanced in a convenient position for his worshippers to suck, which is the ordinary mode of propitiating his favour : his temple is approached by two back doors, of which one is inscribed " Nepotism " and the other " Sycophancy ; " there is also a handsome gateway in front, over which is written " Merit," but from long disuse it has become blocked up with so many obstacles, that it is all but hopeless to attempt to enter that way.

**3RD. GUTTLE.**—Akin to the Greek Thanatos and

Latin Mors. His dwelling, a vast charnel house ycleped Bredbasquette quasi Orcus, wherein all things are engulfed, he is honoured by his votaries with self-inflicted penances of the most frightful description, such as imposing intolerable burdens on that tender region, the stomach, and industriously producing divers diseases in no way natural or inevitable to mankind ; he also demands vast pecuniary sacrifices, and the exactions and impositions of his priests who are called Bobbachees are very grievous to be borne.

**4TH. SWIG.**—Connected with the Greek Pan, through his relation to Pots. His domain is in a place called the Shades, probably a corruption of Hades, the place of spirits, though some commentators compare it to Elysium ; the floor is usually covered with moistened clay, and a chalk deposit has been noticed behind the door ; the walls are elegantly garnished with Topaz (pronounced Topers) and Quartz ; his worship is in many respects similar to that of the last named idol, but he is even more exacting, claiming the homage of an artificial insanity, resembling that of the Bacchantes and Corybantes of old, and like the majority of false gods he insists on the entire abnegation and utter prostration of reason.

**5TH. LARK.**—Evidently derived from Momus : in fact it only is requisite that we leave out one letter and alter all the rest to prove the names identical, a mere trifle in Philology. He is a malicious and mischievous deity, a kind of Ignus Fatuus or Will-o-the-Wisp, delighting to lead his followers into all sorts of scrapes ; he enjoins the stealing of gates, the putting gunpowder into cigars and tobacco pipes, eating tumblers, riding steeple chases, scouring bazars by night, fighting cocks, dogs, and pugilists, practical jokes of all kinds, in fact every species of amusement which does not fall into the domain either of the Witty or the useful.

**6TH. HONOUR.**—Corresponds with the Moloch of the Canaanites, the Atë of the Greeks, the Medusa of the Romans, and the Eblis of the Arabs ; he is a stern and implacable deity, only to be appeased with blood, for which his thirst is so great, that provided his votaries will but give him enough of it he will justify them in every thing, so that his followers may lie, steal, cheat, seduce, swindle, or do any thing without forfeiting their title to be his devotees, provided they will but cut enough throats and blow out enough brains to silence all open imputations.

**7TH. SHOW OR DISPLAY.**—Akin to most of the idols of the ancients, especially with the Moria of the Greeks and Stultitia of the Romans, identical also with the great dæmon Vanity, described from personal knowledge by Solomon ; he is asserted to live like the chame-

leon upon air, and is usually represented under the form of a gigantic soap bubble, glittering in the sunlight and upborne by the breath of men; his rewards are but vain and unsatisfactory, and must be purchased by huge oblations of envy, hatred, malice, all uncharitableness, heart-burnings, bickerings and getting into debt: it is really quite unaccountable how zealously he is worshipped.

8TH. PLAY.—Is usually represented under the form of the Knave of Clubs; he corresponds with Saturn, who devoured his own offspring, and also with Poseidon, or Neptune, the terrible author of shipwrecks; he exacts the service of every faculty and every affection, allowing none to remain for employment for the family or duties of the devotee; he swallows up fortune, credit, happiness, contentment, life, soul and every thing, yet as barbarians are generally found to worship with the most ardent devotion that Fetish who is most fearful

and terrible, so does this frightful idol fascinate crowds of worshippers, inveigling them to a worse fate, than was endured by those who in Druidical times use to be burnt alive by hundreds in huge basket images.

9TH. SELF.—The great Father of the Gods Zeus or Jupiter, or perhaps the Phœnician Baal as being Lord of all; he it is from whom all the others are believed to originate, and to whom they all ultimately return, the mysterious and irresistible power in whom are combined the sublime and the ridiculous, whose influence can prompt to the most stupendous exertions or compel to the most contemptible debasement. I pause with awe-struck reverence when I recognize here in this venerable parent of all the paganism above described, the very *Primum Mobile* and great first cause of the Fogelfakerian system, a system to the merits whereof the applause of a sympathizing world bears witness, but of which modesty forbids me further to speak.

### A DELIGHTFUL RETREAT.



Gent. in the water.—“OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MADAM, JUST HAND ME MY CLOTHES, IT IS SO DREADFULLY CO-OO-OLD.”

#### AN ACTIVE OFFICER.

THERE is a gentleman in the Civil Service so fond of Theatricals, that he never gets any but acting appointments.

#### NAUTICAL.

IN what form would you take iron to bed with you?  
In the form of a *Sheet* anchor.

A LESSON for LADIES.



Love Surfeited.



Love Starved.



Love Abused



Love Subjugated.



## THE MILITARY BOARD—A SONG.

(THE IDEAS FURNISHED BY THE MOST NOBLE THE GOVERNOR  
GENERAL.)

TUNE:—*All science to me is a mystery.*

## I.

Now for cypress and myrtle—or *mihndee*,\*  
For the knell of the doomed Board is rung ;  
And this chaunt's by the Viceroy of Indy,  
In the first person singular sung.  
Sings my Lord—they're supposed to preside o'er,  
Public works—Commissariat too ;  
'Tis no wonder, they find themselves shyed o'er,  
By the huge mass of work to get through.

## CHORUS.

Oh the Military Board is a mystery,  
Which has taken some long years to solve ;  
But I'm glad that to wind up its history  
Has been fated on me to devolve.

## II.

They've the casting of guns, shot, and bullets,  
And providing the soldiers beef-steaks ;  
To say nothing of eggs, milk, and pullets,  
And all things save the caps, coats and breeks ;  
No wonder with work they're o'er-weighted,  
Still at absolute blunders, till folks  
Seem to think that this Board's fabricated  
For nought but chaff, laughter and jokes.

## CHO.

## III.

'Tother day the head beak of Calcutta,  
At this Board was a member that sat,  
There *he* his opinions would utter,  
*But I* put a stopper on that.  
Now the Board is the Chief Engineer,  
The C. G. (for the full word won't scan),  
The third is the Gun-Brigadier,  
And the fourth draws his pay like a man.

## CHO.

## IV.

Whiche'er of these boys be selected,  
( 'Tis as plain as the nose on one's face ),  
To build barracks what can be expected,  
But huge failures, expense and disgrace.  
Of bricks they know nothing, or mortar,  
Nor how to set up a stone wall ;  
They're fit, and I'll give them no quarter,  
Absolutely for nothing at all.

## CHO.

## V.

What if one a good joiner has mugged caps  
With hammers, while others determine  
The most deadly contrivance for bug-traps,  
Bare of lice, ticks and other small vermin.  
Thus one member knows nought about metals,  
Nor the building of buttress or bridge ;  
Still the same man most skilfully settles  
The hash of muskito and midge.

## CHO.

\* This shrub is often called the Indian myrtle.

## VI.

Th' Engineer has some dodges to see p'raps,  
But it gains *no additional weight*,  
From the votes and support of the three chaps,  
Who yet in pretension are great.  
[But here, if I err not, the charg'is,  
Will be found in an error to fall ;  
If the dummies dissent, why the lark is,  
The thing don't get carried at all !]

## CHO.

## VII.

If the three in his plan wish to foil him,  
They vex, fret, and harass his days ;  
Whereas of his *kudos* they spoil him,  
For the triplicate dolts share the praise.  
Now the *Delhi Punch*, mark, will be quizzin' us,  
But the upshot this common sense rules,  
Is, that one man is up to his business,  
While his colleagues most likely are fools.

## CHO.

## VIII.

Since first I came out to the Indies,  
I've kept a bright eye on this Board,  
Now three years amongst *kuddoos* and *bhindees*  
Has convinced me the thing should be floored.  
Never think I've forgot in the Punjab,  
How it laid all our calls on the shelf ;  
Barrack-building had ne'er been a done job,  
Had I not ordered Barracks myself.

## CHO.

## IX.

The buildings of course were much needed,  
But they wanted the sense this to see ;  
And had these jolter-heads not acceded  
For the cost, they'd have come down on me.  
'Tis delightful to give them this paulin,  
Men they fret, as fret garment the moth,  
And the row they'll kick up for a paulin,  
If it's lost on a piece of wax-cloth !

## CHO.

*Cetera non Desunt*—for instance the Most Noble furnishes a capital subject for a stanza in Section V. of his scheme to supplant the Military Board, where he denounces the completion Committee Surveys as "worse than empty form," but I think the "Chaunt" is long enough. However, the Governor General not having given any illustration of the exceedingness of empty form of these Survey Committees, the author thinks it may not be out of place to offer one here, as he was himself an actor in the affair.

He was ordered on a Committee of Survey on a fleet of some twenty or thirty boats, which had been supplied by the Commissariat to take troops and stores down an Indian river.

## TOO BAD.

Why does a lady object to one tickling her maid ?  
Because she does n't like one to excite her *Ayah* (ire).

## ARTISTICAL.

WHAT part of America is the best spot for Artists to live in ?  
Pencilvania.

## SELF-MEASUREMENT.



*Captain B. of the Cavalry.*—HERE'S A PRETTY MESS! CONFOUND THE FELLOWS, THEY'VE MADE MY JACKET BY PANTALON MEASURE, AND HERE'S THE GENERAL COME TO REVIEW US!

*Lieutenant C.*—YES! RATHER A BAW—BUT TRY IT ON YOUR LEGS OLD FELLOW!

## THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

THE *Times* mentioning the intention of Her Majesty to review the fleet at Spithead on the 2nd of August, naïvely remarks—"but the day will of course depend upon divers circumstances, such as the state of the weather, the Queen's health, and 'foreign affairs.'"

As *ducks* are the most expert *divers* we know of, we should think it mattered very little to them *whether* the weather was fair or foul. Unfortunately there is no *drake* to superintend the review, and there is therefore some excuse for the movements being *dillatory*.

As to the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty, we devoutly hope it was good on the occasion; and the only "foreign affairs," likely to be at all connected with the review, we opine to be those "distinguished foreigners" with superabundant beards, who generally honor all public sights with their presence, when such sights may be seen for nothing.

## JUDICIOUS BUT COMMONPLACE.

HER Majesty in her care for the Royal infants continues to provide them with milk from Cows.

WHY do Bramins always squint?  
Because they are EYE CASTE men!!!

## IN VINO VERITAS.

Q.—When is wine not wine?

A.—When it is supplied to Soldier's hospitals.

## AN IR-RATION-AL JOKE.

Biscuits have been discontinued as rations for European troops. We suppose this will cause a demand for the "long rolls," which are always to be had (as per advertisement) on demand at the *Delhi Gazette Press*.

WE observe a peculiar appropriateness in the terms employed by oculists; for instance, if inconvenience be caused by a *cat erect*, it cannot be better remedied than by *couching*.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

A bad look out for the *Byles*.

When every Hindoo has a *Steak* in the country.

WHY do bullocks in drawing a load along always have their heads down to the ground?

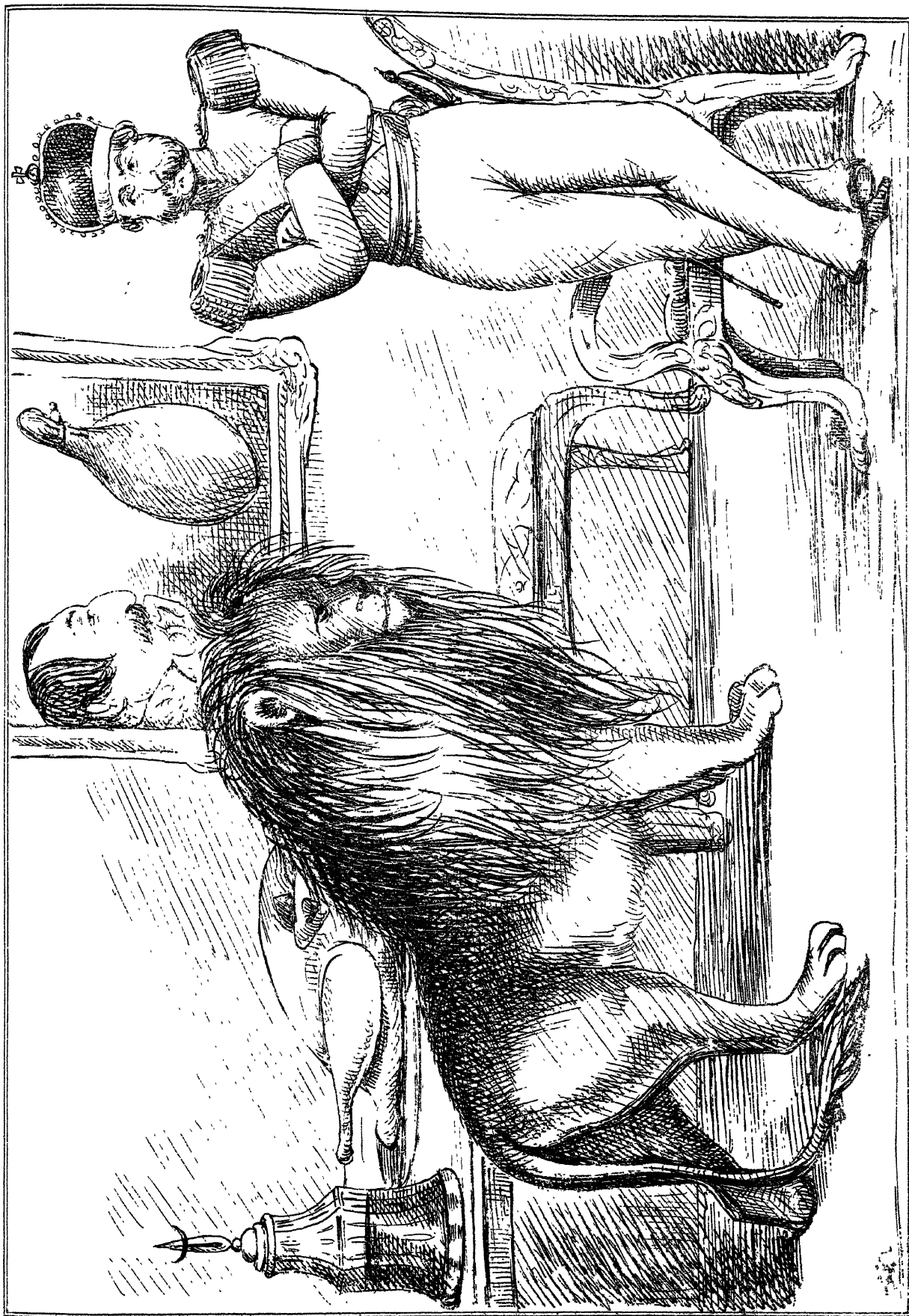
Because they knows (nose) the road.

WHY is an advanced guard like a hackery?

Because it is *always* a garee (gharree).

WHY are George the 1st, 2nd and 3rd like darned stockings?  
They are mended, (*men dead*. Oh!)

WHY is intending to pay a debt the same thing as paying it?  
It is payment.



*Empr. Nic. loqr.*—"COULD I BUT REGALE MYSELF ON THAT TURKEY AND WASH IT DOWN WITH A BOTTLE OF THAT SUBLIME PORT, HOW HAPPY SHOULD I BE! BUT THE BRITISH LION IS IN MY WAY, AND THE HERO OF HAM MAY BE AT MY HEELS!"





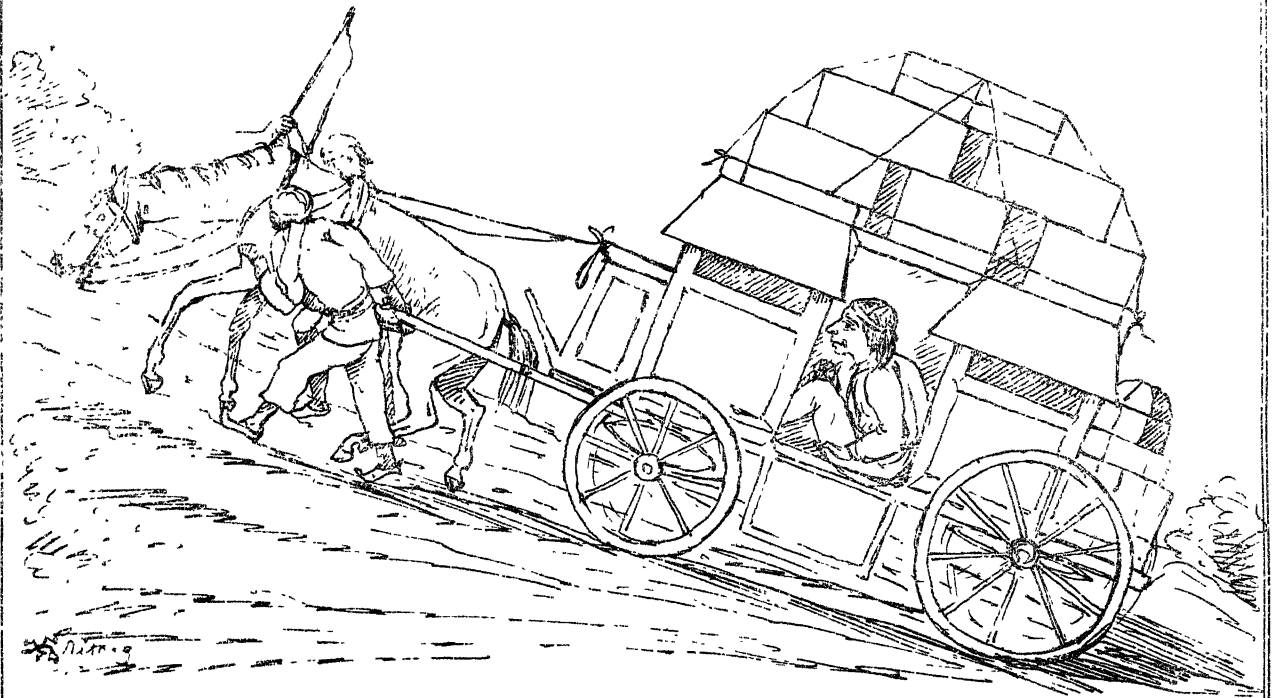
A HINT FOR JONATHAN.



SEE HOW EASILY THAT FELLOW DOES THE TRICK THAT  
WE FUNKED SO CRUELLY!!



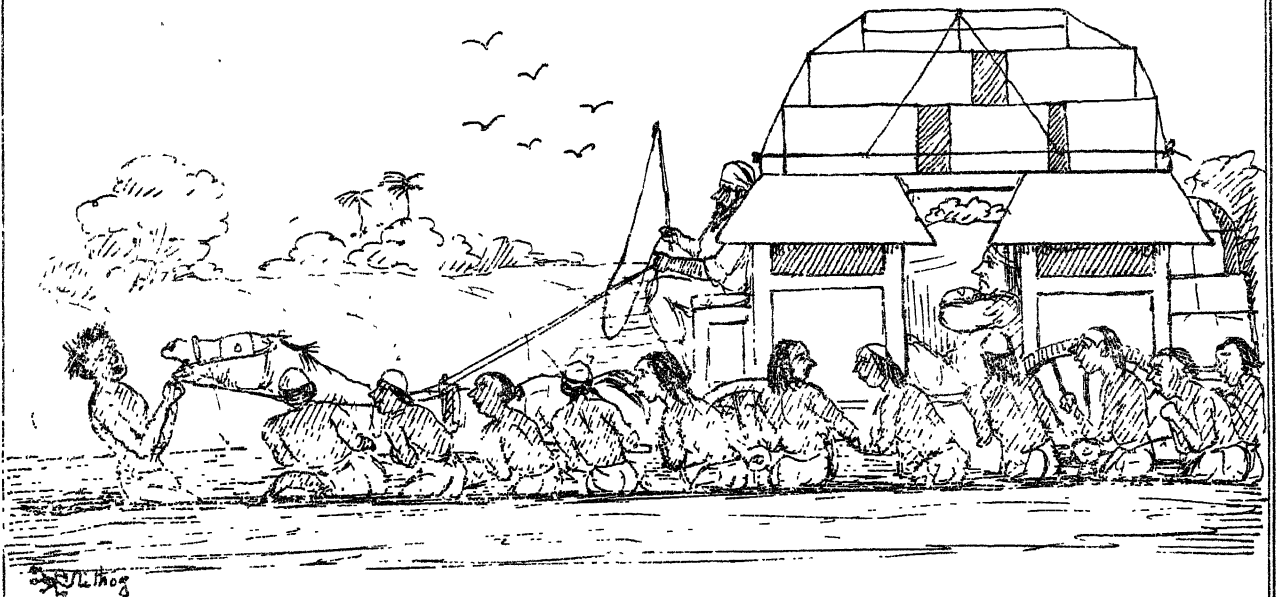
# A TRIP TO BENARES—NO 3.



THIS IS Y° ENERGETIC COACHMAN.

DR. LEATHERHEAD REGRETTETH THE EXCEEDING WEIGHT OF HIS NEW GARI AND HIS LUGGAGE.  
HE FEARETH THE HILLS.

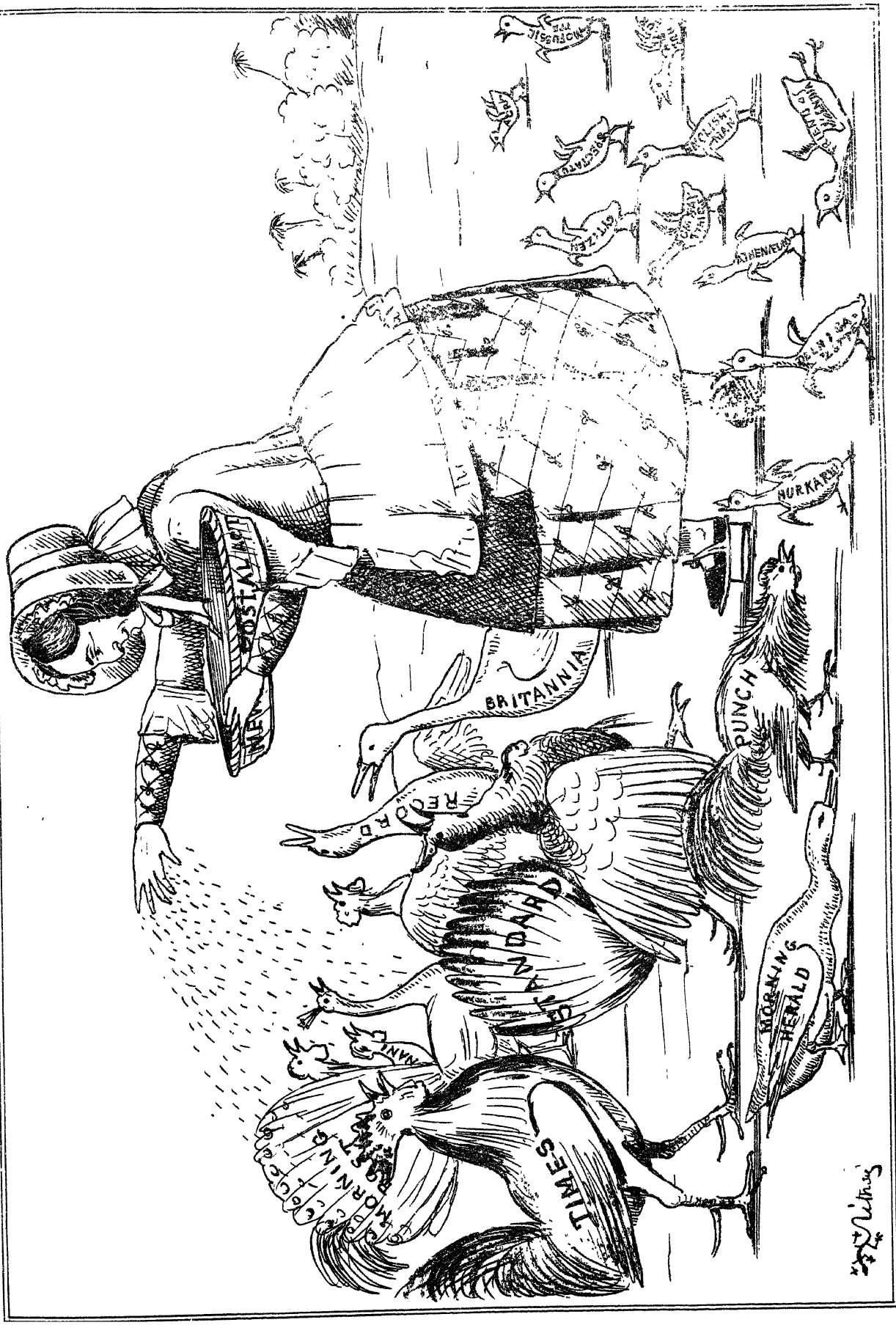
## NO. 4.



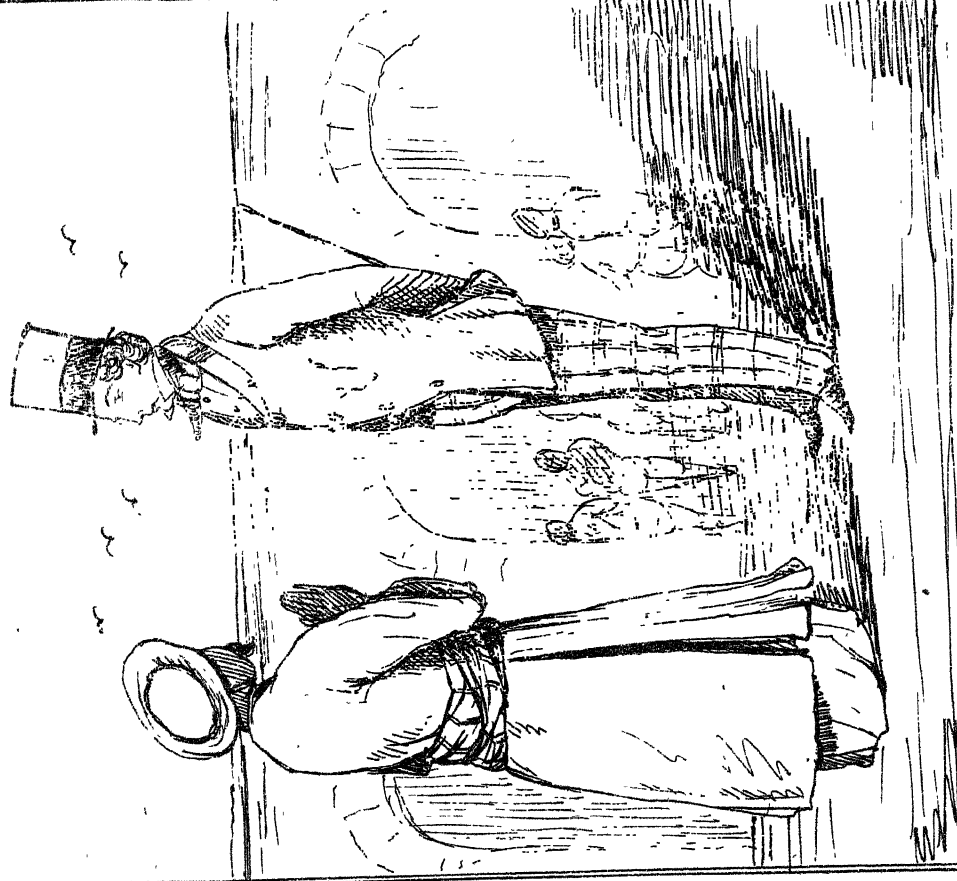
DR. LEATHERHEAD A TRAVELLING IN THE MUDDIE PART OF Y° GRAND TRUNK HIS ROAD. Y° COOLIES  
THEY DO BLOW AND BELLOW.



MRS. WIGGINS FEEDS HER POULTRY. THE BIG 'UNS GET ALL THE GRAIN.

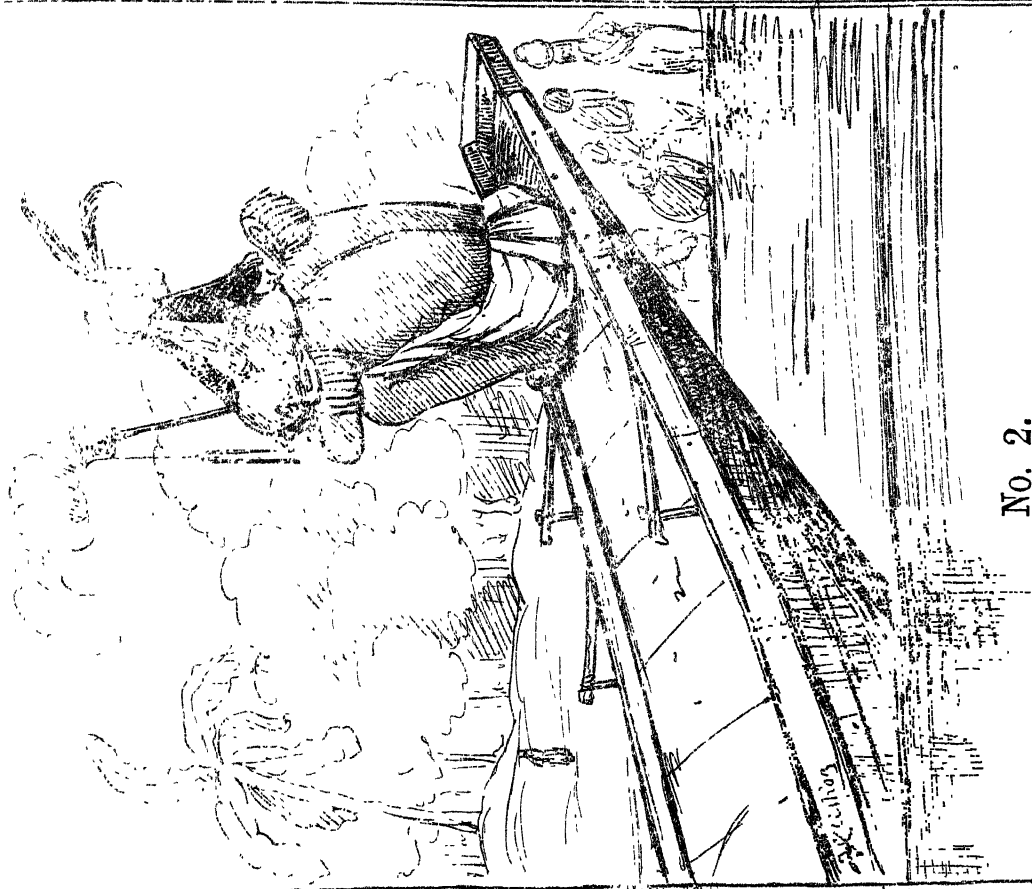






## No. 1.

*Sheristadar loquitur*.—"LEKIN KHODAWUND, AP KA BAP KOUN HAI?  
 OOSKA DINJA KYA HAI?"  
*Young Brown, Assistant Magistrate*—(*whose Father's an Admiral*).—"HUM BURRA MANJEE KA BETA HAIN."

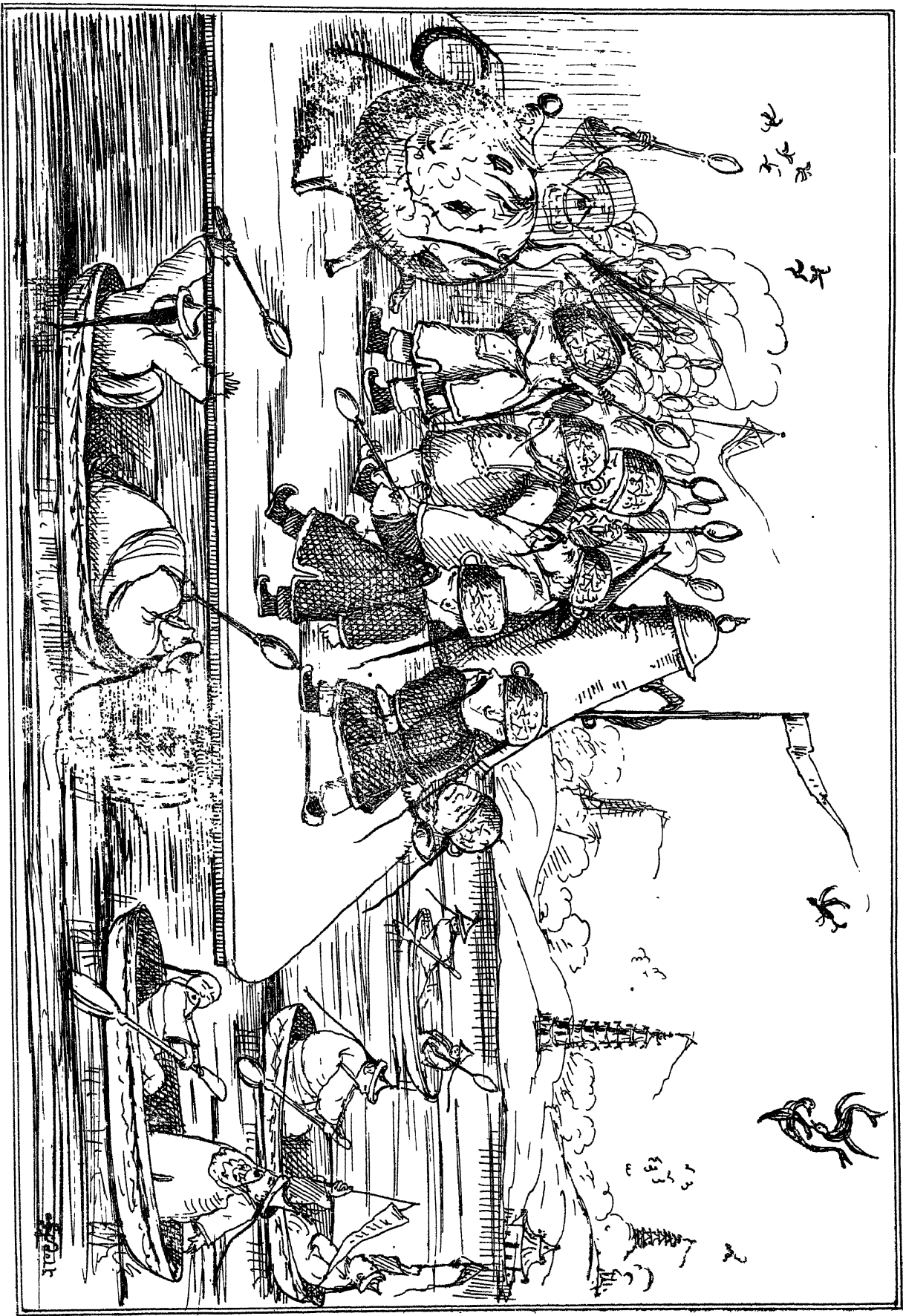


## No. 2.

REPRESENTS THE VISION WHICH PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE SHERISTADAR'S MIND AS TO THE SOCIAL POSITION OF MR. BROWN'S FATHER, ON HEARING THE REPLY REFERRED TO IN No. 1.



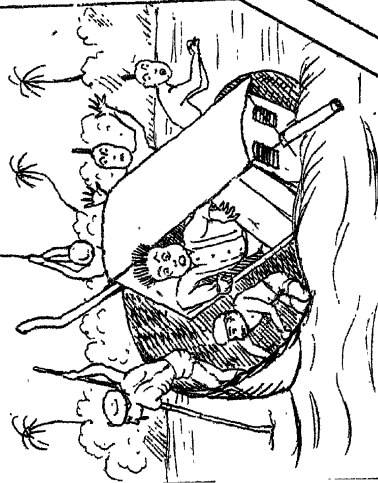




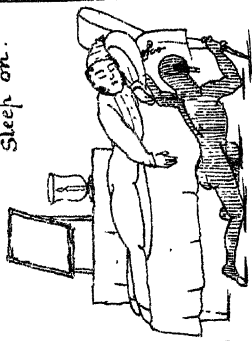
THE REBELLION IN CHINA.



The Basket Ferry Boat



Sleep on.



Who ever thought of meeting you!



The moonlight walk.



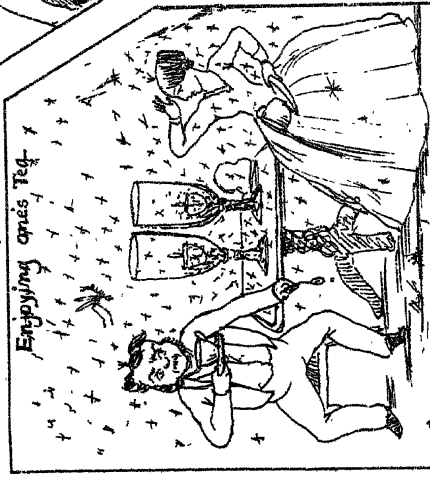
On duty in the Rain



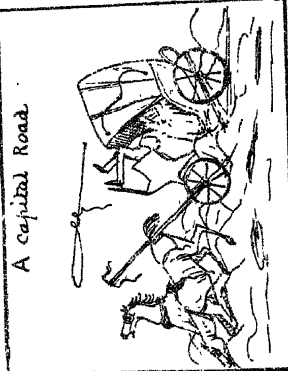
Bathing



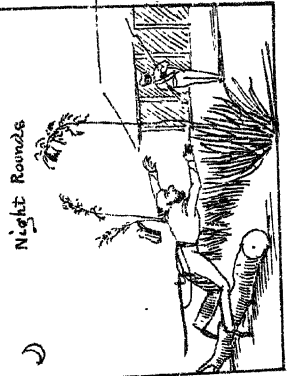
Enjoying ones Tea



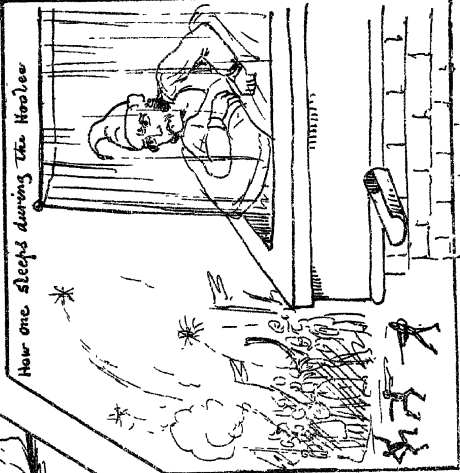
A Capital Road



Night Rounds

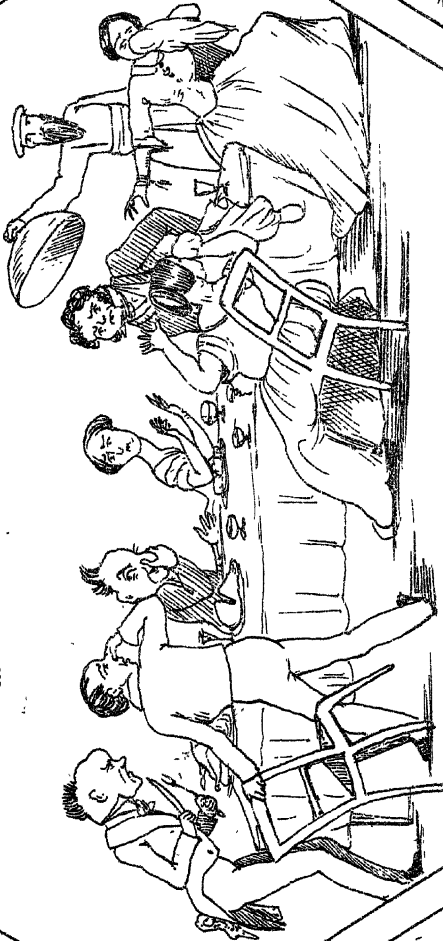


How one sleeps during the Howler



## INDIAN LUXURIES

Doesn't it strike you that the  
mutton is rather high?





THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. IV.]

NOVEMBER 1, 1853.

[NO. VII.

WE may most of us remember, when we were children and in the habit of attending the Circus, being very anxious to know if the Clown had any private life; whether he ever wore plain clothes; whether the chalk ever came off, or whether he was in the habit of astonishing his wife by vaulting over her head, alarming the children by suddenly appearing amongst them with "here we are," and partaking of his social glass, in an inverted position, whilst beating a lively air with the soles of his shoes.

Perhaps some of our readers may be still curious on the point, for we are but children of a larger growth. Being in the profession ourselves, we are of course in a position to afford accurate information.

Dear friends! the motley cannot keep out sorrow: there are times when we fling aside our baton,—our cap and bells, and join in the crowd, plain mortals like themselves, and, as such, accessible to all human emotions.

A great man has fallen amongst us.

We leave others to record his deeds and character: but let it be our brief task to mention a little incident curiously illustrative of the activity of the mind now lost to us.

Ourselves, in co-operation with a distinguished Archæologist now resident at Delhi, have been for sometime back engaged in efforts to introduce the art of wood-engraving into these provinces, where, though there are some circumstances peculiarly favorable to its culture, it is at present unknown. These efforts, rude though they must necessarily be without professional assistance and advice, were brought to the ear of the late Lieutenant Governor, who immediately took up the subject,—in his usual warm way assured us of his own accord,—how happy he should be to lend the best assistance he could,—and guaranteed a sum of money to aid us in meeting the expences incidental to the experiment.

This is a little matter, but it is to our mind a trait of character,—a line so to speak in the face, which would be useful to the portrait painter, in catching the expression of the features.

We live in an age of Charlatans and quack-salvers, and Momus is needed to try and laugh down what will not obey sober censure or shrink at honest rebuke; but not the less for this can Momus discern the lineaments of greatness, not the less will he accompany the other mourners and cast his wild flower on the grave which covers—that rare thing

JUSTUM ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM,

and in this spirit he has dedicated a few words of sincere and heart-felt respect

TO THE MEMORY

OF

**James Thomson.**

### To Correspondents.

Muff must try again; the lines he sent are not quite up to the mark.

Several anonymous correspondents may wonder why their contributions, pictorial and literary, have not been inserted. The reasons are that some are inadmissible, and others unavoidably postponed till a future number.

### THE LOVES OF THE CRANNIES.

ONE Evening when the day wax'd late,  
And past was hot wind, dust and trouble,  
On a brick-work chaboutra sat  
Three persons, who in friendly chat  
Were smoking each his hubble-bubble.  
Within the skirts of the Bazaar,  
They sadly talked of days gone by;  
When smiled on by a happier star,  
Each kept his bylee or his car—  
Had stood the gaze, as beacon high,  
Of the uncovenanted eye.  
These three had once been officers,  
Under the State as clerk or cranny;  
But Love, that still so fondly errs,  
Had made these youths good fun for many.  
Each told his tale with downcast eyes—  
Ye would with gentleness revile—  
For Angels too have lost the skies,  
As clerks their place, for woman's smile.

The first who spoke was one with look  
Least *Anglo-Indian* of the three;  
That is to say, he rather took  
His mother's form—but did not brook,  
To think of his maternity.  
His pride was in his Anglian sire,  
He felt he was of like stern stuff,  
Which gave his father all that fire—  
Tho' English mother 'twas no bad plan  
To have, he owned, for those who can—  
Yet Anglian sire, he held enough  
To make the son an Englishman.  
Through the tube he drew, index of soul,  
A deep sigh, but along with smoke,  
Which from his mouth in volumes broke,  
Bubbling about the veteran,  
Within the cocoa-nut—the bowl,  
When this sad tale he thus began.

#### First Cranny's Story.

'Twas at a station, far away,  
Which in the famous North-west lies,  
That one fell moon, by break of day,  
The Joint had ordered me to rise,  
And come to Office extra-hours,  
To finish;—but my spirit burns,  
To think that Joints should have such powers,—  
Some low contemptible returns.  
My path went by a pucka well,  
O'ershadowed by a grove of dates,  
While from the trough the wavelets fell,

In tinkling murmurs towards the khets.  
There saw I—charming fatal sight,  
Miss Simpkins, the Conductor's daughter,  
My spirit's idol,—heart's delight,  
Washing her neck in that bright water.  
Yet, deem not that she owned no jug,  
For jug she had and washing-stand,  
Her father's bungalow, so snug,  
Had all such requisites at hand.  
Miss Simpkins had both jug and basin,  
To lave her lovely neck and face in.  
'Twas but the wildness of the fawn  
That brought her forth at early dawn,  
To wash herself at the pucka well,  
And brush the dew-drops from the lawn—  
For Maiden's bosom—who can tell  
What lurks beneath its dazzling swell?

I paused in rapture—as I gazed,  
The maid her drooping eyelids raised—  
The orbs they'd veiled now flashed upon me,  
I felt as though my brain were crazed—  
The maid the while shrank back amazed—  
And shrieked—"Oh my!"—the shriek had won me.  
Away she ran, with shoulders bare,  
And gleaming in the morning sun,  
While from her streaming jetty hair,  
The sparkling well-drops flew like fun.  
To the grove she hied so gracefully,  
Holding her white skirts up before—  
She would have sought her home, but I  
Stood 'twixt her and her father's door.  
To reach that goal she made essay,  
But seeing my love-scorching glance,  
She shun'd its fire and shot away,  
Leading me this most fatal dance.  
I watched the vision sweep the hill,  
Like meteor in a summer's night,  
T'wards the grove of dates, until  
The jungle snatched it from my sight.  
I had been more or less than man,  
Had I not felt a potent spell,  
Which whispered, "follow her who ran—  
"That bright-eyed creature from the well,  
"Follow her to yon spangled dell,  
"And grasp the prize, while yet thou may'st—  
"Then love it, fool—what, thou delay'st!"  
Such burning words had power to lash,  
To deeds a duller soul than mine;  
A thought and I resolved to dash  
The desk to all eternal smash;  
But I must own that maid divine.  
I felt like one about to err,  
But passion bade me prudence flout,  
I felt, I'd rather die with her,  
Than be the Joint's head clerk without.  
I hurried where the girl had flown,  
My surging spirit tempest-tossed;  
The thicket-veiled as there alone—  
Enough—I triumphed—and I am lost,  
She called me there her own—her own,  
The charm was wrought—the spell was done,  
The altar was to make us one.

By this 'twas getting rather late—  
 The court-house gunta rang out eight,  
 And I had lost two hours of time.  
 I felt the Joint would order out  
 The Nazir's peons to hunt about,  
 And seize me when he heard that chime.  
 The maiden saw I stood perplexed,  
 And leaning her cheek upon my shoulder,  
 Cried "haste to work—the Joint is vexed,  
 "We'll wed before we're ten days older;  
 And then there'll be no need to seize  
 From office-hours, the hours like these."  
 I kissed her brow—again—again,  
 (I only meant to kiss that spot)  
 But ah! she raised her lips—and then—  
 Others might stand it—I could not.  
 'Twas past—I wrenched myself away,  
 And slowly went towards Kutchery,  
 High up was now the god of day,  
 But I was feeling shaky very.  
 Office! I'd given worlds to shun it—  
 I, who at daybreak was so merry,  
 By half past eight had been and done it.

Now, how to frame a fit excuse,  
 With power the Jointal wroth to stay?  
 That he'd been "out upon the loose,"  
 I'd heard the young Assistant say,  
 When he reached Office late one day,  
 And asked by the Joint, that horrid Turk,  
 Whence was't he came so late to work,  
 This phrase I'd used, but being in doubt  
 What meaning to the words were wed,  
 I thought it best at once to out  
 With "Sir, I've taken pills" instead.  
 Thus one slight error paves the way,  
 And to more grave ones makes us fly,  
 My first fault was, Love made me stay  
 From work a small part of the day,  
 And now I compassed how to lie.

But as I reached the compound gate,  
 I felt my heart begin to fail—  
 I backward turned and thought I'd wait—  
 And here we have the oft-told tale—  
 For where's the use of hast'ning sorrow,  
 The hour may bring its care to-morrow.

That very night was fanned my flame,  
 For the uncovenanted sons  
 Of that fair station, known to fame,  
 Gave a gay ball, and to it came  
 Their female fair and dark-hued ones.  
 Amongst them came my *bella donna*,  
 Looking the loveliest lady there,  
 With *robe* looped up and *berthe* upon her—  
 When up I marched, with such an air.  
 I claimed her for the first quadrille,  
 The second—third—Love lent me wings;  
 I pressed her kid-gloved hand until  
 Her bright eyes flashed all sorts of things—  
 I revelled in the torturing stings,  
 I know th' Apothecary felt,  
 And the European merchant too,

For at her feet they both had knelt,  
 And both, alas! had failed to woo.  
 I polka'd her with blissful toe,  
 And waltzed, but not old "one, two, three,"  
 For the gay thing said laughing "no  
 Antediluvian steps for me!"  
 She took me from the ball to shew,  
 The way to dance *deux temps*, alone,  
 I doubt I kicked her ancles though,  
 I'm very sure I kicked my own,  
*N'importe*, with hand upon her waist,  
 Supporting her whilst on we wheeled,  
 And through the dance our blithe course traced,  
 Her lovely form so trustful pressed,  
 Half on my arm and half my chest,  
 My dizzy brain in rapture reeled.  
 Thus passed that heavenly night, and morn,  
 With fondest recollections came;  
 I thought, why was I cranny-born?  
 Whilst my soul glowed with that one flame,  
 The love which none save she might tame.  
 Sullen, I went to work betimes,  
 (For love soon resignation learns),  
 Soothing my heart with Tom Moore's rhymes,  
 Resolved to knock off the returns.  
 With souring soul, I made a pen—  
 Said to myself "false Pride arroit!"—  
 Was looking up my papers, when,  
 Terribly stern walked in the Joint,  
 "And where were you yesterday?" He asked,  
 I stammered out something about "pills,"  
 What reck's it, for my brain is tasked,  
 Too far when I recount these ills?  
 Suffice it, that he gave a whistle,  
 And ordered—ordered—my dismissal.  
 The sad event I went to tell  
 To her to whom my troth was plighted,  
 For she could make me bear it well,  
 And help perchance to get me righted.  
 I thought to lay my grief to rest,  
 By sympathy from her—to lean  
 My throbbing brow on that fair breast  
 Owned by the lovely Victorine.

But when she heard my tale, a change,  
 Came o'er her that seemed passing strange,  
 She said, "so you have lost your place,  
 "How could you quarrel with your master—  
 "This is indeed a nice disaster!  
 "Now, here again ne'er show your face."  
 I wept—I prayed—nay, I hath-jored—  
 Called her my angel—my adored.  
 I tried to win her back again—  
 Invoked the Fairies and the Fates—  
 Spoke of the kisses—all in vain—  
 She gave me in the grove of dates.  
 She baffled still each wild endeavour,  
 Saying coolly, "why this foolish fuss?  
 "I will not have you—that is buss,  
 "So now you know my mind," and thus  
 I lost my place and love—for ever!

The cranny bowed his head in shame,  
 For as he ended—such is life,



On horseback past his old love came ;  
 Simpkins no more—she'd changed her name—  
 Now the European merchant's wife.  
 For by a stroke of Fortune's wand,  
 The merchant now his goods was selling,  
 Not far from where our heroes conned,  
 Their tales of love—their byegones telling,  
 As 'twas, his wife had brought him here,  
 (If so, then Heav'n her heart had steeled),  
 To sting his rival, bartering beer,

And stores hermetically sealed.  
 Hearing her laugh, he raised his eyes,  
 And gazed on that fair faithless jilt,  
 But showed no anger, no surprise,  
 For aye the deadliest lightning flies,  
 From fleece-clouds that look innocent,  
 His was the woe—and her's the guilt,  
 (Pray Heav'n no merchant's blood be spilt)  
 For the crannie's heart is blasted—rent.

## ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND NATIVE COMMENTS—NO. I.



### THE NEWAB OF STICKINTHEMUDABAD HAS BEEN INVITED TO A BALL.

*Grateful Prince (who thinks all has been got up for his amusement) loqr.—“SAHIB, HUMARE TURFSE BEBEE LOG KO BHOT SHOOKRGUZAREE KYJEEYE, OON KE NAUTCH BHOOT PUSSUND AYEE !!!*

#### THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

WHEN was the Duke of Wellington made Commander of the Bath ?

When he took the Dukkin ! ! ! ! !

WHAT is the best seed to thrive on Table land ?  
 Maize seed.

WHY is a Latin Grammar like a Railway ?  
 Because the worst part about it is the accidence.

A correspondent remarks that since the *Lahore Chronicle* had anything to do with Agri-Horticultural affairs, it has become more *seedy* than ever.

WHAT rooms should always be avoided in India ?  
 Ante (Anty) rooms !

#### AUTHENTIC.

It is understood that Colonel Cautley does not mean to leave India until the Ganges Canal is opened. We understand that during a visit which this officer lately paid to the hills he had the honor of an interview with the original Gungajee.

Why don't you retire to England on your pension and your honors ? asked Gungajee, of the gallant and scientific Colonel.  
 I'll see you-dammed first, was the reply.

#### LEARNED.

WHY was the Novum Organum like Magna Charta ?  
 Because it was a Fund-o'-mental reform, (a Fundamental reform.)

#### VOCAL.

WHY is a Church singer like a sheet of paper ?  
 Because it is part of a choir !

## OURSELVES.

WE observe in the last report of the Calcutta Agricultural and Horticultural Society, that a Mr. David Landreth has been presenting the Society with "*The Pictorial Sketch Book of Pennsylvania*." Now we do not quite understand the nature of this publication, but the very fact of its having for its elements anything in the Pencil line, leads us to conclude that it is a rival. We should like to see a copy of it; we might exchange perhaps—but we may remark apropos to the subject, that however the work may resemble us in part (*i. e.* the pencil portion) still we may assure our readers that there is nothing vain here (*vania*)—. It is rather remarkable that a State that was founded by William Pen(n) should come out strong in the pencil line.

## SONG.

*Air!*—"A Song to the Oak."

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO ALL "GRIFFS," AND THEIR NAME

IS LEGION, BY ONE WHO HAS PASSED THE ORDEAL.

A SONG to the Griff, the poor young Griff,  
That stands on parade alone:

For the goose-step rare, he must prepare,  
Which strengthens the weak back-bone.  
'Tention young Griff, back a little more stiff,  
Your hand on the seam of your clothes;  
And remember I pray, each mandate obey,  
Be careful, and turn out your toes,

Then here's to the Griff, the poor young Griff,  
That stands on Parade alone,  
For the goose-step rare, he must prepare,  
And strengthen his weak back-bone.

When a year and a day, have flown far away,  
The Griff from his thralldom is free,  
And his stars he may bless, as he sits at his mess,  
For goose-step hath "gone up a tree."

He can sit in his place, and look in the face,  
The greatest "old cove" of the age,  
For his time is his own, he may bend his back-bone,

He is out of his griffinage.

Then here's to the sub, the brave old sub,  
That's no longer a griff alone,  
And still flourish he and a General be,  
And more power unto his back-bone.

ZETA.

## MEANING OF THE WORD "BOSH."

A HIGHLY intelligent Rajah, whose education had been pushed very far into the regions of the useful and the ornamental to the undue neglect of slang, the other day enquired from a friend of ours, the meaning of the word Bosh—"You are aware," replied our friend, "that the Government of Madras have declared that our motives and feelings have always been devoted to the improvement and amelioration of the country, and that everything for the good of the people which possibly could have been done, has been zealously and cheerfully performed." "I have read as much," said the Rajah, "in Sir Henry's recent minute." "Well then," said our friend, "that is Bosh." The Rajah required no further explanation.

## THE MEMBER OF COUNCIL GREY.

## I.

I AM a Member of the Council Grey,  
And always in Summer at Simla I stay,  
In winter I make a "gratis" trip,  
And with good living I fill my "scrip."  
My hem, hem, hem I continually chant,  
And wherever I go no money I want,  
Why favored thus I cannot tell,  
Little work I do, yet am sure to live well,  
Little work I do, yet am sure to live well.  
What General or "Lord" or Member of Board,  
Lives half so well as the "Simla Lord,"  
Lives half so well, half so well as the Simla Lord.

## II.

To Simla retired; of the plains I dream,  
And think how fortunate I must seem,  
In not being obliged to live there and grill,  
But up here to sit and take my fill.  
Stout I'm not, on the contrary thin,  
Yet with good beer I'm lined within;  
Money—no work—is my matin song,  
The Mall is my vesper bold ding dong.  
What General or "Lord" or Member of Board,  
Lives half so well as the "Simla Lord,"  
Lives half so well, half so well as the Simla Lord.

## III.

Whenever war threatens my advice is not sought,  
Yet why should it be? My life is but nought;  
I care not for any one, Simla's my grot,  
There if I die my bones shall rot.  
War may rage, I'm sure to live well,  
Yet the reason of this I'm unable to tell.  
Fifteen thousand a month falls into my purse,  
If my advice is not asked—I care not a curse.  
What General or "Lord" or Member of Board,  
Lives half so well as the "Simla Lord,"  
Lives half so well, half so well as the Simla Lord.

W. M. G.

## THE POST MASTER GENERALSHIP N. W. P.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion lately regarding the disposal of the above appointment in the event of Mr. Riddell's being appointed Superintendent of Post Offices. We had but one opinion on the subject, and that was, that our late worthy Civil Surgeon was sure of it: we learn however from the following that appears in the *Benares Recorder* of the 15th ulto. that it has been otherwise ordered.

"One thing is certain that Mr. A. W. Begbie, C. S., Senior Judge of the Sudder of Agra, is to take temporary charge of the Post."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

(By the Secretary of the Lahore Agricultural Society.)

Whether *Mary Gold* was any relation of the celebrated *Sully Brass*.

## AN AWFUL STORY.

It was in vain to struggle against it! I had resisted as long as I could, but that fearful man was standing over me, his long black hair seeming to me like the snaky locks of Medusa, his great eyes glaring into my very soul, his very presence so dreadfully oppressive; that life itself appeared to wither away before it!

I fell back into my arm chair with a cold shudder, and in a moment became insensible!!

I was the son of a wealthy planter in Jamaica, and had gone to Cuba as supercargo of a small schooner belonging to my father, which used frequently to make trading voyages between Kingston and the Havannah. It was my first occasion of quitting home, and every thing was new and delightful to my inexperience. Gliding over the smooth surface of the ocean, a soft and balmy breeze just lifting the sails, myself reclining on the deck under a thick awning, lulled to a dreamy extacy by the soft splash of the wavelets against the vessel's side, what a delicious time it was! Then the Havannah, that paradise of indolent luxury; the charming Tertulias, the fascinating Monte tables, the hospitable Dons and their lovely daughters, and oh, Lucinda, those liquid dark eyes of thine, and thy graceful form and motion!

How those Spanish girls do walk; not with the manly stride of a Grenadier, like your Englishwomen, not with that mincing finicking picking-one's-way-among-gutters style which the Frenchwomen acquired before they were blest with trottoirs, and have subsequently kept up because they fancy (Lord help them) that it is graceful! No, but a floating spiritual movement, free from all sign of exertion or affectation, such a walk as that by which, according to Virgil, the divinity of Venus was made manifest.

But through all these scenes of gaiety and happiness there was *one* Horror ever present with me, a skeleton at my banquet, a spectre in my chamber. That face, those long black elf locks, those awful eyes! what a hold must they have taken upon my fancy that I remember them so well; but no wonder, as you will say when you know all.

I remember how he watched me whenever I was near Lucinda; how, at that last tender leave-taking, when I thought we were for once alone, I caught sight of his fiendish eyes flashing upon us from among the bushes! I had endured all till then, his presence had frozen my attempts to shine in society, had cast a spell of unvarying failure over my speculations in the market, had cursed my fortune at the Monte table, had haunted me in public, had followed me where I

most counted on privacy, and I had borne it all with patience, nay, rather with pusillanimity. But *this* I could not stand. I sprang through the open window, and rushed to seize the intruder by the throat. Will it be credited? I felt paralyzed, I was within five paces of him, and I stood as if rooted to the ground! my limbs like lead, so heavy and immovable! He laughed, he waved his hand towards me, he seemed to disappear! to vanish gradually, those awful eyes, the last things visible as I fell to the earth and fainted away!

I was returning to Jamaica, disappointed, well nigh heart broken. I had failed in everything; I can scarcely give any account of the particulars of the voyage, or of my subsequent capture; I only recollect the roar of cannon, the crashing of timber around me, the deck slippery with blood, and heaped with dead bodies, then a huge black mass overshadowing us, a sudden confused struggle of fighting hand to hand, then the fetters on my wrists, and *that* face, again *that* face, with the long black hair and awful eyes scowling over me. I was removed to the pirate vessel; I was carried to the coast of Africa and consigned to a dungeon at Fernando Po, on some mysterious charge which I could never rightly understand. However, the settlement could not afford to feed useless prisoners, so I was handed over as a convict servant to an old settler; he died of yellow fever within a week! I was transferred to another who met with a similar fate!! I had in six months four and twenty different Masters, and every one of them perished in the same manner and at similar intervals!!! A superstitious horror seized upon the Colonists, they regarded me as a Vampyre, an incarnate Dæmon, they sentenced me to the Garotte!!

*The Judge died that very same hour!!!*

I was of course immediately set free, and from that moment all the sick people in the Colony rapidly recovered!

The superstitions of the Negroes have taken very strong hold upon the minds of the population of Fernando Po. They came at once to the conclusion that the pirate Captain with the terrific eyes was an Obeak man, and myself the vehicle of his influence. I became Fetish on the spot; I was, as I may say, worshipped by the Colonists; myself and St. Domingo sharing their devotion between us. It was very flattering, but far from agreeable, my heart yearned sadly for home and for thee, Lucinda! but how could I return? How ever hope to see that home or that beloved one again? An embargo had been laid upon me; Captains of ships had been prohibited under pain of death from receiving me on board—the Colonists dreaded to lose their Fetish! There was but one chance left, and that I unhesitatingly adopted. I coloured my skin with the juice of a nut

THE BRITISH OFFICER LATELY APPOINTED TO THE PUNJAB FORCE  
THINKS TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY.



*Showman.*—"WALK IN, GENTLEMEN, ONLY ONE RUPEE TO SEE, (NO TOUCHING,) THE EMBODIMENT OF YOUR FONDEST DREAMS! ONLY ONE RUPEE!!"

*"Derajat."*—OH GOOROO! AINT IT DELICIOUS!



common in that country. I became, in fact, a nigger; I succeeded under cover of the night in effecting my entrance into a slave Barracoon, where I crouched among the captives till the morning—the first man probably in the history of the world who had ever entered such a building as a volunteer.

We were speedily carried on board ship; we were stowed away in the hold as thick as herrings in a barrel; I could not deny that the heat, and other concomitants of such close confinement were rather disagreeable, but the thoughts of home and Lucinda bravely sustained me.

We were chased by an English cruizer. How I did curse that cruizer, the Government that sent her out, Philanthropists in general and abolitionists in particular. To be captured, taken back to Africa, to lose the chance for which I was paying so dearly! the thought was madness!!

Our vessel was losing ground, the boom of distant cannon struck my ear, every minute the sound seemed nearer. Our hatches were removed, a slave was taken on deck, placed in a tub and dropped overboard: another followed, and then another. Still the chase continued, the cruizer lowered a boat to pick up the drowning negroes, but never for an instant slackened sail. She stuck to us with the pertinacity of a bloodhound.

At last my turn arrived. I was removed to the deck, placed in a barrel and dropped into the sea—horror of horrors! the bottom of the tub came out, and down I went, down, down into the depths of ocean! Oh the frightful agonies of drowning, the water rushing into my mouth and ears, the helpless struggle for breath, the terrible pressure upon the brain!—The torture seemed as if it would be endless; at length, however, the pain ceased, a sensation of sickness and giddiness alone remained, I slowly opened my eyes.

I found myself still seated in that accursed arm-chair, and the man with the awful eyes was still bending over me with an expression of great anxiety upon his features; he had succeeded in throwing me into a mesmeric trance, and was beginning to be rather doubtful whether he could get me out again.

For the benefit of science in general, and especially for the delectation of such as believe, and the full conviction of those who are so unhappy as to doubt the glorious truths of mesmerism, I have great pleasure in publishing this my personal experience, and authenticating the same, with the *bond-fide* signature of Peter McCrikey, Ensign, 76th Regt. B. N. I.

KAPNOS.

## EQUESTRIANISM.

WHEN does a horse run without any feet?  
When he has a gal upon his back.

## ADVANTAGES OF TAKING CHILDREN TO CHURCH.



(Miss Amie having the promise to be taken to Church next Sunday, interrogates her brother who has just returned from the Morning Service, having been taken there by his fond Mama for the first time.)

Miss A.—BOLO PHILIP, GYRJA MEN KYA DEKHA? KOOCH PAIA?

Master P.—Kooch NE PAI; DO GUNTA CHOOP CHOP BAITHA, BHOOK LUGA,—PEAS LUGA,—PET MEN DURRUD THA—PADRE SAHIB APSE BUK-BUK-BUK-BUK-KYA, kooch TUMASA NE. AMIE, TOOM MAT JAE.

Miss A.—Kya?—TUMASA NE?—KOOCH NE PAI?—HUM NE JAENGE. WAH! WAH! WAH!

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS are recommended to bind their Sketch Books at the conclusion of every year. The teeth of our wise saws will be all the sharper for their being filed.

WHY is a diamond pendant like an ear trumpet?  
Because it improves the ear-ring!

WHAT is the best kind of seed to cure melancholy?  
Care away!

WHAT is the best to raise a ready-made garden?  
Any seed!

WHAT Indian shrub does a pair of darned stockings remind one of?  
Mendy!

WHAT tune does a small horse remind one of?  
The Devil's tattoo.

## OUR GOOD SELVES.

THE *Bombay Gazette* in a late issue did us the honor to notice us prominently, and give one of our sketches a place in his Overland Summary. Much as we feel the compliment, we must be permitted to protest against sundry alterations from the original sketch—they may possibly be considered improvements—which we do not feel bound to stand father to. We did not present our Helmsman with smoke issuing from his mouth, nor did we make our kettle steaming. On the contrary, we desired to represent a very fragile affair floating with considerable difficulty on the water, and all her firewood being “used up”—not a scrap of smoke or steam ought to be visible. Our friend of Bombay has favoured the H. C.’s Navy. He has made the washing tub “under steam,” which is not *always* the case, and by so doing he has blunted the point of our joke. However we forgive him, we admire his wood engraving, and with all our capacious heart we wish we could “do likewise” on this side of India.

## A DOSE OF CASTOR OIL.

WHEN we are weary, vexed, sick,  
Bowed down by grief and toil,  
What can be worse to have to take,  
Than horrid “*Castor Oil*.”  
Suppose we suffer from all ills,  
Or even from a Boil,  
The sickening cry is heard aloud,  
Oh! give him “*Castor Oil*.”  
Could not this physic like all pills,  
Be put in some nice foil,  
That whilst we take it we could say,  
’Tis jolly “*Castor Oil*.”  
Then should a shout be heard to rise,  
From off this gladdened soil;  
Oh when I’m ill, remember, give,  
Oh give me “*Castor Oil*.”  
Like some kind friend who loves us most,  
Around our hearts to coil,  
And healing all our pains and smarts,  
Crave soothing “*Castor Oil*.”

ZETA.

## A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE OF ADVICE.

My dearest friend, if thou should’st ever feel  
Within thy breast a soft emotion rise,  
Which pausing not o’er every nerve should steel,  
And fill thy bosom with a keen surprise:  
Think not, that this is love, but rather say,  
I’m very bilious, by my life to-day.  
N. B.—And if you’ve been rather a great eater,  
Send for the Doctor or for

ZETA.

## A CONFESSION OF A YOUNG LADY.

(Above 16.)

My mother, I have many an ache,  
And many a sorrow wild,  
Oh soothe this aching heart!  
Oh! cheer thy drooping child.

Oh! yesterday at mid-day,  
Most happy I was seen,  
But ah! to-day how wretched  
Has my existence been.

You may think I am complaining  
Without a single cause,  
I have not acted naughtily,  
Nor broken nature’s laws;

But yesterday at mid-day  
I eat an apple green,  
Which all this livelong day,  
Hath most tormenting been.

N. B.—The best cure is not to eat green apples again.

ZETA.

## DOMESTIC DITTIES—No. IV.

Good Gracious! there’s another flea!  
The fifth I’ve caught, by Jove, this week!  
These things will be the death of me,  
I’m going crazy, truth to speak!

The floor and walls are full of ticks!  
The carpet’s covered o’er with stains,  
Where greasy bones he sits and picks  
That blessed pug of Betsey Jane’s!

He breaks the China and the glass!  
He growls at me when we’re alone!  
And I *daren’t* kick him out! Alas  
I *daren’t* affirm my soul’s my own!

I’ve settled down (’tis all I can)  
Into a sort of human log,  
An easy tempered, henpecked man  
Whose eldest daughter keeps a dog!

KAPNOS.

## SONGS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL—No. XII.

His glory is bright as a star in the sky,  
His character shines in society’s eye,  
So free from offending,  
So pure and unbending,  
Integrity rules in his principles high;

He would never descend to dishonour or guile,  
He would ne’er be found acting in fraudulent style,  
He would never be slavish,  
Or sneaking or knavish  
*Unless it were deucedly well worth his while!*

PLEASE REMEMBER THE WEIGHTS.

A COMMERCIAL friend has applied to us on the subject of Chinese accounts, to enquire into the etymology of the weight known as “*pecul*,” in the central flowery land. We can only inform him that we believe it is a *pecul*-iarity of the country.







## THE MADRAS GRIFFIN.

THE Griffin is an animal purely Indian. He may be met walking about Madras in a black hat and coat; be seen shooting paroquets and paddy birds at Poonamallee or Palaveram; buying blood-hounds made to order from the European soldiers at Bangalore, or going to the band at Vellore in a white jacket, waistcoat, and sword; but every where the genus is the same, the distinguishing marks are uniformly unmistakeable. Strictly speaking, we have nothing to do with his voyage out, as he is then a sort of chrysalis between the home caterpillar and the Indian butterfly, but we are tempted to give a slight sketch of his career as affording an insight into the habits of this extraordinary animal. His father having been a country-gentleman or half-pay officer, &c., he can hardly claim familiarity with the generous grape of Epernay or Sillery; so to get an introduction to the vivifying juice, he generally polishes off his bottle, or even more, whenever the weekly opening of the gooseberry comes on. He has not yet got case hardened to spirits, and has a lurking weakness for sweets. He talks largely of the few haunts he knows in town, and smokes many cheroots publicly, two-thirds of which he consigns to the vasty deep privately. He associates much with those fine fellows, "the Jacks forard," who regale him with tough and eyebrow elevating-yarns, in return for which he gets spirits and baccey from secret vendors and refreshes the narrators who secretly — him for a counterjumping long shore soger. He is cruelly lied to by the old Lieutenant who has charge of the noble griffs, and swallows it all. Waterton, Mandeville and all such "base Cataians" sink before Lieutenant Mullanbass's experience. Tigers and a day's rabbit shooting at home seem synonymous; elephants are ridden from your compound to Mess, being caught when wanted like the Orkney ponies; cobras and boa-constrictors battle with you for your charpoy five days out of the week, and thugs and hill-robbers lurk in every milk hedge. On landing at Madras our true griff gives the Sergeant a slip, and emissaries of Captain Wilder, and the Adjutant General, find him located in the Clarendon, which he calls his hotel. In company with four dogs, a monkey, two lohries, and a cage of averdavats, he is summarily bundled off to Palaveram, where he meets his ship-mates and some strangers, co-griffins of course.

Whilst at Palaveram his life is indeed a chequered scene, from which we select a few episodes only. Shooting a tame buffalo, which follows him and looks wild, he is seized by the villagers, who convey him bound to the gallant Captain in charge of Cadets who being used to catastrophes of the sort, disperses the rabble and soothes our insulted hero. His poor maty leads a very dog's life, what with watching sick monkeys, reclaiming run away blood-hounds, whose hearts yearn for the society of their native bazaars, appeasing insulted villagers, and mutinying against orders to break in unbreakable cast horses, the property of his master. At length in self-defence he makes six of his near relations die, and leaves the pitying griff with a douceur of ten rupees, a gold watch, a dozen shirts, and several little articles of various calibres, as mementos of his faithful service, leaving the paid bazaar bill to a brother Jyapoorie, who gives a trifle for it on spec and reclaims the whole amount at a Court of Requests, as the poor griff has no proofs of payment having been made. About this time, he is posted to a regiment at Bangalore, and marches up with ten other birds of his feather under Lieutenant Nipandswipe, of the 90th, who never interferes except when the griffs fight duels in the camp. Barring the shooting of some sacred pigeons, and heaving a clot of mud on an officiating Brahmin's pot-belly, which two acts bring shouting crowds about the tents,

the march passes off peacefully enough, the griffs making large bags daily of owls, minas, sand-pipers, paddy birds, and doves, none of them claiming precedence until they come to a herd of antelopes, at which they deliver a harmless volley, but a rifle having hung fire knocks over a big-bellied doe, and the crack shot is henceforth a king amongst small fry. Smith and Jones kill a jackal which they bear two miles on their guns, supposing him to be a real veritable wolf, and Brown is successful in shooting a sounder far from the camp, and cannot understand the meaning of the two natives who follow him bellowing in Tamel for eight annas.

About this time he begins to study the language, and has pleasing modes of expressing himself therein, cautioning his horse-keeper to pull his gora ka pichee ka cheese, and not cut it, and also fondly clinging to the use of pawnee ka chāde for a baourie, and bandacoots for a rat or mouse. He falls in love with Miss MacPisa, the Paymaster's daughter, and gnashes his teeth in despair over his iced punch at the ball, when he sees her whisked away by blue and silver, a black coat, and a hussar. Ultimately, hearing a Queen's Officer pull up a man for going out in the sun without his topee, he treasures the remark, and applies it to six men of his company in the lines, using the word beyjah in his demand as to what amount of brains they expect to have left. He eats all the filthy sweetmeats the subadar brings at kishmish time. He commits the indecorous and unpardonable act of ordering arms, and taking off his forage cap to Miss McP., who passes him whilst on sentry, and invariably asks the General of the division to take wine with him at the review dinner. By degrees the year, the month, and day draw to a close, and he is no longer the green one of our story: he can do a hawker, bully a company, flirt with a garrison, ha! I mean a young lady at a ball, can sip his brandy pawnee, manage a yard of Trichinopoly cheroot, bag his three antelopes in a day, live on his pay, or go in at the Agra as the case may be, and in his day may have the charge of a band of the Royal griffins up-country.

## FLUKES.

I'm cock of the walk to-night, said Jim, putting down his cue, triumphantly. Bob took the cue for a retort,—"Cock, indeed? No wonder, after so many crows."

## NO DOUBT.

EMPEDOCLES was a very loose character, but Oceanus was a Titan, (tight'un).

The author is a pluck'd one.

## FACT.

WHEN Louis Napoleon cut and ran from France after having tasted of a Strasbourg pie, he cut with a Hammy knife.

## ORRID.

WHERE are the most expert artizans to be found?  
In the Andy Man Islands.

## INNOCENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if the *Bore* that comes up into the Hoogly from the Bay of Bengal is fed in the *trough* of the sea there.

## ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

DRAWING a pretty girl's teeth.

## A LAY OF BRITISH INDIA.—No. III.

HORATIUS IS BESET BY THE *Sabines*.

## I.

MUCH alas ! it doth concern us,  
How pale ghosts in troops descend,  
Diving through the Lake Avernus—  
To that region where hopes end.

## II.

Thus, when Nature seems to sadden,  
In the garb, which now doth robe her—  
Mournful souls, that nought may gladden,  
Leave these mountains in October.

## III.

Thus departing slowly sighing,  
Hapless squires, and ladies fair,  
Dare not linger but are flying,  
To a region of hot air.

## IV.

"Gobinds"—"Nubhees"—all that *census*,  
Now present their hideous bills,  
Making "*facilis decensus*,"  
But a satire, in these hills !

## V.

Would, that arm'd, in steel and iron,  
They would rather, us assail,  
Than stubborn thus, our homes environ,  
Harnessed, in their *paper mail* !

## VI.

"Gobind" smiles, but ah ! his smiling  
Is not as it was of yore,  
"Nubbee" leers, with eye beguiling,  
But will *never* leave the door.

## VII.

Ramjane too, that vassal true,  
Who for months our bounty fed,  
Asks for all his wages due,  
For he's "*heard*, his sire is dead !"

## VIII.

Fierce Chuprassies roam about,  
Chowdries ask if daks are needed,  
Who could stand the rabble rout,  
Vows and oaths, are all unheeded ?

## IX.

Shall we load the Minié rifle,  
For so far the mob extends,  
He must not stick at a trifle,  
Who from such a place descends.

## X.

What are balls, and parties, to us,  
What are pic-nics, for a season,  
If at last, they thus undo us,  
Reft of all—almost our reason !

## XI.

O for 'Cocles' 'matchless valour !  
That did countless foes withstand,  
But e'en *he* had shown a pallor,  
Had he looked upon this band !

## XII.

Ancient "Curtias" !—if by leaping,  
Down a khud, our woes would end,  
Who that ne'er account was keeping,  
Would not thus at once descend !

**Fragment.**

## BIHOLE.

ON THE MODEL OF THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

*Chorus—(a la Grecque.)*

## STROPHE.

Alas ! he was  
Not what he was—  
The glorious sun  
Shines not for him  
As it was wont—  
His ways are dark,—  
There are no spots  
Of sunshine now  
To charm his eye—  
But all seems gloom,—  
In shade he walks,  
And feels the dread,  
That chills his veins,  
Of something horrible  
To come !—  
The unknown future,  
Spectre-like, appals—  
And present woe  
Could not affright  
Him—miserable,  
As this foreshad'wing  
Of uncertain evil—  
Were it dyspepsia,  
Or spleen, or liver,  
He'd know the cause,  
And slight th'event—  
But 'tis not so.  
He feels digestion  
Still carries on  
Its functions well—  
And his liver  
Is small and good.  
'Tis not the Banks  
O can it be  
His heart !

## ANTISTROPHE.

He groans !  
Unhappy wretch—  
The miserable  
Have one resource,  
And only one—  
Unless he seeks  
The dismal Styx !  
Yes, one resource—  
The sometime weed,  
On fertile shores,  
Virginian—  
O'er boundless seas  
The sere leaves come,  
And by the hand—  
Perchance of maid—  
Fair as the rose,  
Swiftly assumes  
A twisted form—  
O sacred plant !  
Divine Tobacco !  
Which in a pipe  
Great Raleigh smoked,  
Before his head  
Rolled in the dust—  
O pipe of peace !  
The Indian chief—  
Thee, well may praise  
Nepenthe rare !

## EPODE.

He smokes !  
Delightful odours  
Rise upon the air,  
And now diffused,  
The genial smoke,  
In clouds fantastic  
Fills the room—  
And meditation,  
With fixed gaze—  
Shows on his visage,  
In repose—  
Thus fierce tempests,  
That in murky skies,  
Appal the night—  
Yield to the streaks  
Of dawning day ;  
And troubled seas  
Compose their turbid waves,  
And calmly smile  
Before the sun !  
'Tis done—  
He smokes no more,  
Let us approach.

## ICONOCLAST.

What brings ye here, thus to disturb  
The dreams of pleasure, now before my mind?

## CHORUS.

We come, Iconoclast, upon the wings  
Of love, to comfort thee—

## ICONOCLAST.

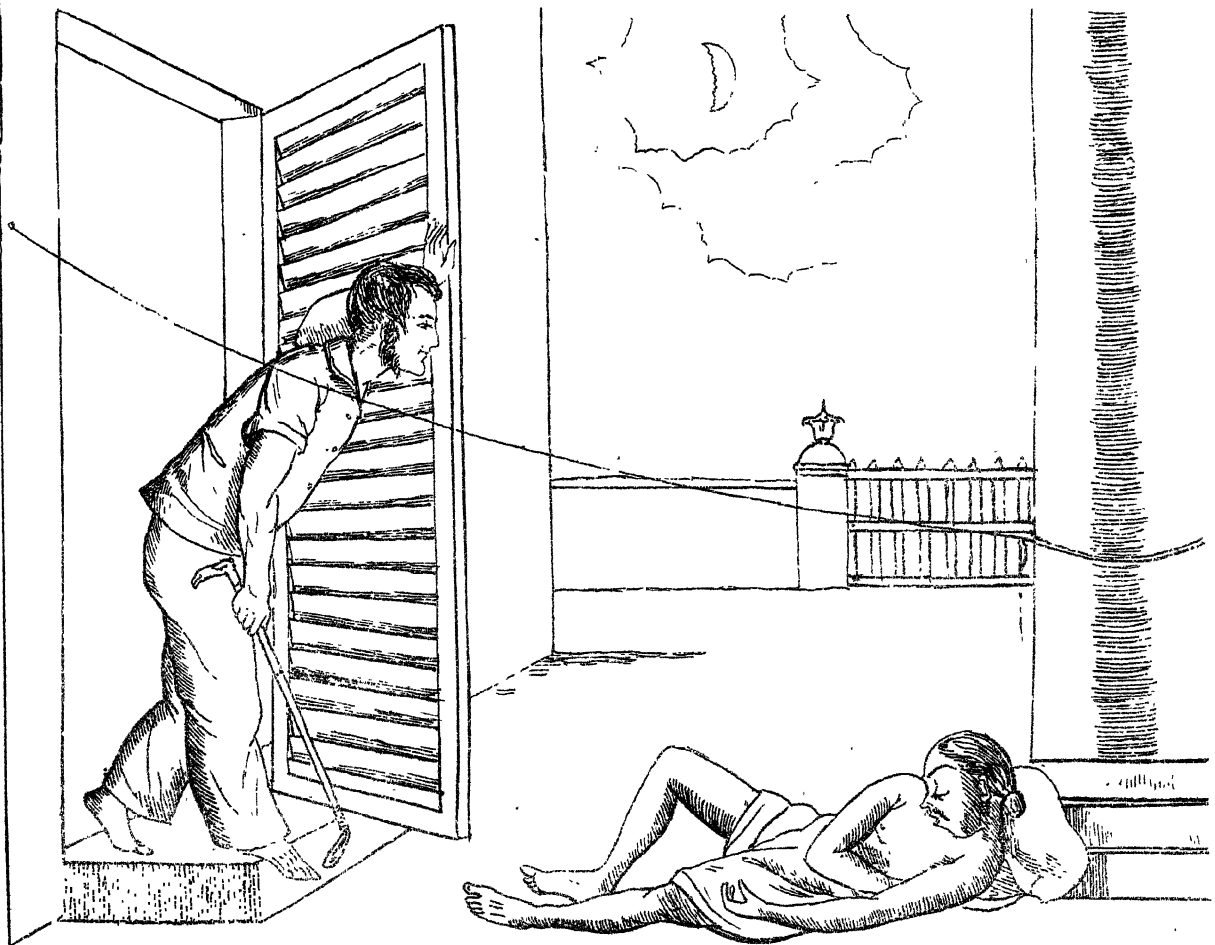
What can ye offer? strong potation,  
Of Bholé faméd, from the frosty tops  
Of Himalayan hills, to where  
The Ganges pours his mighty stream  
Into the main?

## CHORUS.

Not so—The milk of human kindness  
Is all we bring—The mighty chief—  
Lyceus's son—the brave Mackinnon  
In vain for us doth mix his hops,  
And in quart vials vend  
His drowsy wealth!

## ICONOCLAST.

I know milk punch—  
But that of "human kindness"  
I never heard before.



## A NIGHT SURPRISE, (NOT AT CHOBHAM.)

## SELF-EVIDENT.

The flying bug is bad enough, but the worst of all is a hum-bug.

Why is a bad Race-horse like Eternity?  
It is everlasting—(ever-last-in.)

## THE VICTUALLING OFFICE.

Et tu Brute, you've eaten two you brute; as the cook said  
when she found the cat had got at the sausages.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The best of all wigs is a Perry wig. Apply to T. Perry, No. 12,  
Waterloo Street, Calcutta.

When a man marries a tall cook-maid what altar does he take  
her to?

The High menial altar!

Why are the people on the Ganges Canal very profane?  
Because they dam the Ganges and blast the Himalayas.

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

*On a new scale.*

## MEASURES OF LENGTH.

If 12 inches make a foot, how many will make a footman?

If  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards make 1 rod or Pole, how many will make a Polar Bear?

If 40 poles make one furlong, how many will make one's fur longer?

If 69 miles make 1 degree, how many will make the three degrees of comparison?

## PARTICULAR MEASURE OF LENGTH.

If 4 inches make 1 hand, how many will make one handsome?

If 5 quarters make one ell, (l) how many will make the alphabet?

If  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches make one nail, how many will make a screw?

If 7 inches 92 hundredths make 1 Link, (Mussalchee) how many will make a Khansamah?

## MEASURES OF SURFACE.

If 144 square inches make one square foot, how many will make "a long and narrow one?"

If 4 roods make one acre, how many will make a palkee gharee?

## MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

If 14 pounds make 1 stone, how many will make a slate quarry?

## ANGULAR MEASURE.

If 30 degrees make one sign, how many will gain a signature?

## DIAMOND WEIGHT.

If 4 grains make one carat (carrot), how many will make a cart load of turnips?

## ANGULAR MEASURE.

If 90 degrees make one quadrant, how many will make a telescope?\*

## ZETA.

## NATIVE REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

A BOTTLE of *Black Reviver*!

WHAT's the best oil to render a hat waterproof?

Castor oil. This is we believe one of Sir George Pollux prescriptions.

WHAT kind of bottle is best for holding "humming ale"?  
A blue bottle.

WHEN is a plum-pudding short commons?  
When its half batter (batta.)

\* Tell us Cope!—ED. D. S. B.

TO WATERMEN (*not Bheestees.*)

WHAT sort of Boat makes the best fire ship?

A Lighter.

WHEN is a syce like a libertine?

When he takes a gal away without the halter!

## A QUESTION FOR MEDICAL MEN.

WHEN does a Medical Student broach a subject?

When he taps him for the Dropsy!

## A CURIOUS QUESTION.

WHEN is a Dutchman a woman?

When he's a Herr!

## DRY.

WE understand that the natives (at least the shrewd ones) account for the late draught, by the fact that they are living under Kum-pâni-ka-Raj.

## A SCOTTISH CON.

WHAT fruit is most like a Saint?

A pere (pear) to be sure!

WHY are the servants at Agra generally insolent?  
Because they 're a set of Agra waiting men.

## FLORICULTURAL.

WHAT flower most resembles a high pressure engine?

A Pentstemon, (pent steam 'un).

WHAT Dutchman most resembles a stable Boy?

An 'oss tender.

WHEN has a murderess 18 gallons of beer?

When she's kild'd her kin.

WHEN is stucco-work like clover?

When it is sham rock.

## RUSSO-PHOBIA.

WHY is a plump baby like the Turkish "note"?

Because it is a firm 'un.

## PHYSICAL.

WHAT physic are pariah dogs most addicted to?

*Whine and bark!*

## STRANGE.

It is a curious fact that men of small calibre are generally great bores.

*In consequence of severe indisposition, the Editor is compelled to crave the indulgence of his readers for all short-comings this month. He hopes, however, to be able to make up for them in the December number of the DELHI SKETCH BOOK.*



SKETCH TAKEN AT DELHI.



Y. GREATE CHIEF GOES TO SEE A REVIEW, WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE A  
"MRS. HARRIS." HE BOWS TO Y. PARADE GROUND.

THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. IV.]

DECEMBER 1, 1853.

[NO. VIII.]

**To Correspondents.**

R. I. G. H. T. is W. R. O. N. G. The CASTER won't do for our Stud.

We cannot discover the point of "A Duck's" joke. The Sketch can be had on application.

JULIET.—Too sentimental for the *Sketch Book*. Try the *Lahore Chronicle* or the *Scinde News*.

GARIBALDI.—Try again, we recognize considerable talent in what has been sent, though it is not quite up to the mark.

TURPIN. We shall be glad to hear from.

A CONSTANT READER. — Too late for present number, as we wish to illustrate his article with *Wood Engravings*, and there is not time to execute them.

T. received, shall appear also in next Number.

**OUR LATE ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS.**

WHAT THE PARTY SAID AND DID AT THE QUTUB.

ON Friday morning the 18th ultimo, we were aroused from our slumbers shortly after day-break by the roaring of Artillery. At first we thought the Great Mogul had taken it into his head to go and *goosul*, or shoot on the sands, or visit his new garden, and that the salute was ordered in consequence; then we thought it proceeded from the Battery at Exercise, but the noise came from an opposite direction, so it could not be *that*; at last raising our heavy head from our downy pillow, and looking out of our window, we caught sight of a cocked hat and feather "waving in the wind" above a red coat and glittering epaulettes, all outside a horse on the public road. We thought something unusual must have happened, and so turned out of bed. Putting our feet into our carpet worked slippers, a scorpion, driven into one of them for shelter by the cold air, bit our big toe, the pain roused us, and we at last remembered that it was the 18th and that His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief and suite were expected to come in on that morning. We mounted our Tattoo and steered for the Cashmeeree Durwazee, feeling certain that the new encamping ground there would be occupied by His Excellency's Camp; but no, there was the neat clean turf and the City Cricket ground, all ready, but nothing to enliven it beyond the presence of a few ravenous kites and crows, who were waiting in vain expectancy the arrival of the Camp, of which they had heard something some days before. In the direction of the Lahore Gate however

there was a cloud of dust, and through it we descried the faint outline of the canvass homes in which there dwelt so much of England and India's chivalry. The sight was one of great interest, and our heart beat with martial feelings as we turned towards the Camp. It was pleasant to see so many of our fair stationers turning out to welcome the distinguished party: and still more gratifying was it to find many of the sterner sex putting themselves to a vast deal of inconvenience and trouble by forcing their bodies into coats and continuations, a world too small for them, merely because the garments could boast of a few strips of gold lace, and were called "uniform." The activity displayed by some was quite refreshing, and we felt happy in having witnessed it.

During the forenoon it was rumoured abroad that "a Levee" would be held. A Levee forsooth! If Her Most Gracious Majesty could only be landed unexpectedly in India, and hear of the Commander-in-Chief's levees, what would she think of them? She would probably attend one for the "novelty of the thing," or to get a few hints perhaps, and go home fully impressed with an idea of the utter uselessness of gentlemen at arms—ushers of the several rods—and gold and silver sticks in waiting, all of whom she would probably dismiss as so many "sticks" and "rods" quite out of place in a well regulated family.

But this is not to the point. The Levee was held,—several officers and gentlemen were "presented," bowed and retired, "a reception" was afterwards "held"—at which we believe ladies were presented, and when all this form and ceremony was over, the "staff" felt greatly relieved, and His Excellency, whose gout is becoming troublesome, went and took a siesta. There was a dinner party at night in the Chief's Tent: and a few of the "élite" were invited: they doubtless did justice to the good things there spread out for their entertainment, for we heard of several "splitting headaches" and universal "seediness" in cantonments next morning. A large party from the Camp went out on Saturday to view the wonders of Delhi. The Qutub and Toghlukabad formed the chief attractions, though so far distant. We have not heard whether the Military Secretary or any of the A. D. C.'s offered to imitate the divers at the Baolee, but we believe some bets were laid on the practicability of Europeans excelling the Moors at such work, which, though rather cool amusement, is not un-



pleasant after a hot dusty eleven miles' ride outside an uneasy going elephant.

On the way to the Qutub our little bird overheard the following amusing dialogue between the Chief and his Military Secretary. Considering that the pen with which our little bird wrote it was made from a feather newly plucked from his own wing, we must be permitted to plume ourselves on the correctness of the MSS., especially as our little bird has a habit of flying (of lying?)

His Excellency asked the Mil. Sec. what he thought of their reception at Delhi.

The Mil. Sec. wished to know if His Excellency meant Lady Gomm's or the station; if the latter, he thought it rather tame: not so much as a Review, nor a Ball to her Ladyship in a station where there were three Regiments, and a detail of Artillery: was really too subdued a state of things even for him.

His Excellency asked if the Mil. Sec. had ever heard any reason given for the cause of sickness in Delhi.

The Mil. Sec. said he had heard the Adjutant General, who knew Delhi well, say that the site for the cantonment was ill chosen, and it ought to have been on the ridge.

His Excellency said if it was ill chosen there would be more chance of the men getting sick on a (h) illy site.

The Mil. Sec. laughed, and clapped his hands approvingly at the ready wit of the Chief.

His Ex. then said he thought the native troops should be more healthy at all sea port stations.

The Mil. Sec. asked why?

"Because," said the great man, "they are sea-poys."

The Mil. Sec. hazarded an opinion that they ought to be stationed on the Black Sea: as they were black sea-poys!

The Qutub Minar now commenced to loom large in the distance, towering above the highest trees. His Excellency asked his companion why it was like an empty Scotch beef barrel.

The Mil. Sec. couldn't say, so His Excellency enlightened him by replying that it was a Qutub (Coo-tub) which explanation so tickled the Sec. that he was very nearly rolling himself out of the Howdah.

His Excellency then pointed to a building by the road-side, and asked why it was like his charger.

The Mil. Sec. disappointed his Chief by saying that it had a fine dome.

One of the A. D. C.'s in waiting said he "did nawt quite wealaize the meaning," and the Mil. Sec. had to explain that *doom* was the Moorish for tail.

The A. D. C. smiled feebly, and said he "fought ve owiental languages a howwible baw, and for his pawt he never meant to twy and pass and get one of those howid

appointments in ve wild wegions beyond Lahawre, where ve twaibes fought nofing of destwoying life on the small-est pwovocation."

The Mil. Sec. said that it was the Commissioners and not the Deputies these people destroyed: and he didn't think there was any prospect of the A. D. C. ever becoming one of those distinguished characters.

His Ex. to turn the subject wished to know why the native females of the Upper Provinces always wore leggings.

The Mil. Sec. hadn't the slightest notion why, but he fancied it was because they felt cold.

His Excellency said no, that they wore them all the year round, and therefore that could not be the reason. He rather inclined to think it was because they felt the heat, but whatever the cause he did not think it a graceful costume.

The Mil. Sec. said that on the contrary he thought it disgraceful.

His Ex. said perhaps the Eastern females had no confidence in their understandings.

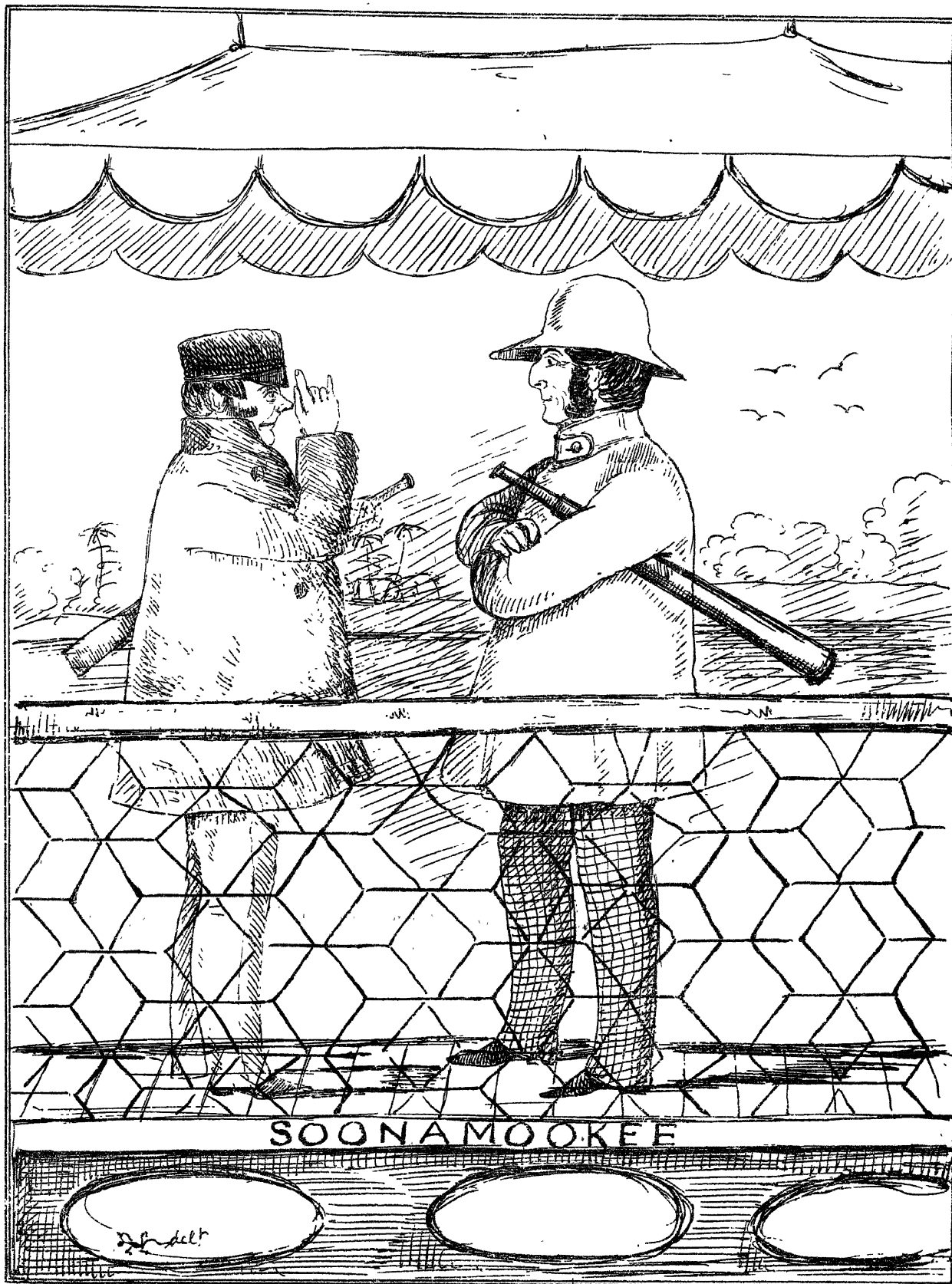
The Mil. Sec. thought that highly probable, and wondered if their husbands approved of these breaches of the marriage contract.

On approaching the Qutub His Excellency said that the question whether the pillar was of Hindoo or Mahomedan origin had long formed a subject of discussion. As far as his own experience went, he felt persuaded that it was Mahomedan, and he grounded his opinion on the fact of the door being at the bottom of the steps: for he had heard of several houses built by Hindoos, with no doors or steps at all, and the upper stories were consequently only accessible by ladders through a hole in the flooring. As to its ever having been built by Hindoos, and merely "faced" by Mahomedans, he looked upon that as so much nonsense, and a mere barefaced assertion. Besides, the Hindoos would never have built all those mosques round it, and they are evidently of the same date. Moreover His Excellency felt certain that no body of Musselmen would have shelled out to such an extent, and that there could no longer be a doubt that the Hindoos had built it, and that in doing so they had outdone themselves.

The Mil. Sec. agreed with His Excellency, and the A. D. C. ventured to enquire if the iron pillar in the court-yard might not have been the original model from which the Qutub Minar was built.

His Excellency said the A. D. C. deserved an hour in the pillory for such a display of ignorance. He might as well have enquired whether the remains of the arches were not the models of the Lahoree Durwazee at Delhi.

The A. D. C. abashed, suggested that the word Dur-



Y<sup>E</sup> BENGAL PILOT COMMODORE SURVEYING THE HOOGLEY IN HIS  
YACHT "SOONAMOOKEE."



wazee ought to be pronounced Doorwazee; which bit of sharpness quite pacified the great man.

The party after visiting all the principal ruins retired to tiffin, and eat so voraciously, that four out of six were very ill, a calamity that was at once attributed to the unwholesome properties of the Delhi drinking water, which the Mil. Sec. said should never be taken unqualified.

It was so late when the party returned to Camp, that our little bird had gone to roost; but he promises to tell us what occurs on every future occasion during the visits of great men, and we shall anxiously look for a performance of his promise.

### BENGAL LIGHT CAVALRY.



1.—Y<sup>e</sup> POPULAR IDEA.

2.—Y<sup>e</sup> REALITY.

#### ANAGRAM.

JOHN RUSSELL COLVIN,  
*Honor illius lucens.*

### ODE XI.—1ST BOOK OF HORACE.

"Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi quem tibi,  
Finem Dii dederint——"

*Done into the Vernacular—by CHARLEY BATES.*

Don't trouble your head, 'tis wrong,  
To know how your luck is sorted,  
Whether its short or long,  
Before you're hanged or transported.

Don't listen to gypsy's hums,  
If fate o'er the future has dropped a mist,  
Take it just as it comes,  
As a sort of practical optimist.

Whether the shower just o'er,  
Be the last you shall feel, old *feller*,  
Or whether a thousand more  
May drop on your old *umbreller*.

Accident any fine day  
May cut your long projects shorter,  
So be jolly while yet you may,  
And call for a pot of porter.

Old Time is cutting his stick,  
To-day for enjoyment borrow,  
And as wise men never give tick,  
Don't trust too much to to-morrow.

KAFNOS.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITE SOCIETY.—No. I.

#### THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

HERE you will perceive my little dears! is a picnic—one of those social mistakes in the pursuit of pleasure, which ends in indigestion, colds, strokes of the sun, and ill-suited marriages.

Why is it that so many people of average good sense in other matters, and many of them old enough to know better, choose to subject themselves to all the disagreeables of a hard seat on the grass—a hot sun, all the reptiles in creation, and to crown all a bad tiffin, when they have houses, for which they pay extravagant rents, wherein they might hold their meetings with pleasure and comfort?

But it is ordained that pic-nics be, and here is one of them with the usual material for the "al-fresco" meal. In the first place, you will perceive the stout "party" of Epicurean tendency, who seems to be invited on this festive occasion, and to live generally, only to make the salad—he *has* made the salad—and is now seated in the group to the right, engaged in the more pleasant and satisfactory task of eating it, after which he will subside into a nonentity until the next demand for salad. On his left is a nondescript, a gentleman of whom I give no bad character when I say

that he has *none*. On the right of the corpulent purveyor of the salad bowl is a spinster of a "certain age," and uncertain head of hair—charity would have it to be the locks that adorned her head in her days of infancy, envy suggests that it is a front—she watches with feline gaze the violent flirtation of the couple on her dexter paw.

That youth apparently brought to the fête in a band box, and tilted out for the day with instructions not to "spoil his things" would be impassioned but for his shirt collar and neck-tie, which might suffer by the exhibition of any extraordinary warmth. The object of his affections may have lost her heart, but has certainly retained her appetite, as evinced by the *third* plate of provender which is being handed to her by her adorer—over the couple in the centre I would wish to throw a veil—the youth overcome by frequent potations, still anxious to pour forth libations to the Rosy God, is watching with bemuddled gaze the operations of Peer Bux Kansamah, who is opening a bottle

of champagne. The pair to the left are evidently enjoying themselves—let us leave them to their own devices—and suggest that the "domestic news" may soon be in possession of their names. In the back ground are two nymphs adorning each other with flowers, *of course* in the gaiety of their hearts and not by any means to fascinate the brace of sensitive youths who are looking on with longing gaze. There is nothing very serious in the flirtation of this quartette. Jones of the 150th, and Smith of the Polite Service, will occupy the first places in the capacious and susceptible organs, called hearts, which are situated in the fair breasts of these young damsels at any rate *to-day*, and then will be shifted like the scenes in any other farce.

Here then is the party (to which I admit *I* was not invited) which will eat an uncomfortable tiffin—go home in the chill of the evening, and give employment to the Doctor for the next week, always however asseverating most solemnly that they never enjoyed so delightful a "pic-nic."



A PIC-NIC IN BENGAL.

## A STORY OF A STRAIT-WAISTCOAT.

I HAD been sitting in it for three hours, and was beginning to get rather tired of the situation ! The shadows of evening were closing around, and I thought I should like to retire to rest. I called out for my servants ; they would not come ! At length one man, an old and faithful sirdar bearer, ventured to approach me, he seemed to be in great terror, and did not come very near.

"Untie these infernal strings," said I, "and let me out."

He joined his hands, bowed respectfully, and backed towards the door !

"Let me out Peeroo," roared I, "cannot you hear?"

"Your slave hears," replied Peeroo.

"Then let me out, and be ——— to you." I regret to say I *did* make use of the objectionable expletive.

"The Doctor Sahib has strictly forbidden it," said he, and he left the room ! I overheard him talking to the other servants in the verandah. "If he gets loose," said one, "he will kill us all, the Doctor Sahib has said so."

Here was a pretty state of things ! I was not mad, though in a fair way to become so. I must, however, hasten to explain the suspicious circumstances under which I appear to the reader.

I was engaged to be married to the lovely daughter of an eccentric Indigo planter, partially of native descent, but excessively rich. I had kept the matter as secret as I possibly could, partly from the natural modesty and a dislike of being quizzed, but chiefly because I had reason to know I had several rivals, and I feared they might get spreading stories about me, and so cut me out.

On the evening of the day in question, (the morrow was fixed for our wedding,) I received a visit from Dr. Riggleswell, the Zillah Surgeon.

"My dear Spooner," said he, "although our intimacy is not such as from my very great admiration of your character, I could desire, still I have felt myself bound, not only by that admiration, but even by the common feelings of humanity to look in this afternoon to caution you against a terrible danger that threatens you."

I am a nervous man, and this unexpected address grievously discomposed me ; I stammered out my gratitude.

"And what," said I, "is the danger?"

"I believe," said the Doctor, "you are paying your addresses to Miss Blewett?"

I had not sufficient presence of mind to dissemble, I admitted the fact.

"You have a rival," said he, in a low mysterious tone.

I started !

"A terrible, a desperate, an unscrupulous rival."

I shuddered !

"He thirsts after your blood !"

"Who is he?" screamed I, with the energy of despair.

"I am not at liberty to mention his name, but...."

"But what? good Heavens, but what?"

"I may mention that I saw, when I arrived in your compound, a formidable looking man, at least six-feet high, and with very large moustaches ; he was watching your house ; he swore with fearful oaths that he *would* see you, spite of all opposition ; he is a Captain of Dragoons, he comes to compel you to fight, his object is to blow your brains out !"

I am not a military man, I do not feel myself bound to fight any body, especially a six-foot Captain of Dragoons, nursed and brought up as one may say in a very atmosphere of gunpowder. In fact I had much rather not.

"Goodness gracious," said I, "what can I do?"

"I took the liberty," said the Doctor, "to inform him that you were in very bad health, not in a fit state in fact to meet him."

"Oh thanks, my dear friend," said I, "ten thousand thanks ; and did he go away?"

"I regret to say he insisted upon seeing you himself, to form his own judgment of the truth of my assertion."

"What a blood-thirsty ruffian !"

"Are you willing," said the Doctor, "to carry out the part I have proposed for you?"

"Oh yes, quite willing ; I will be very ill indeed !"

"There is only one way of doing it that I can see," replied Dr. Riggleswell ; "that well-fed handsome healthy looking face and figure of yours will never pass muster if you attempt to sham an ordinary sickness."

"Oh, what can I do !"

"You must be *mad*."

"*Mad* !" said I, "why, then I shall have to rave and rant and be violent, and he might make it an excuse for venting his malice by knocking me down !"

"Stay," said he, "I have provided for that risk ; put this on."

"What is it?" said I.

"A strait-waistcoat," said he, "this will enable you to be as mad as a March hare, with the least possible amount of trouble ; only put it on, make a few faces, and you may swear at him and call him names to your heart's content, he cannot as a gentleman take notice of it."

"I will do it," said I.

He put the strait-waistcoat on me, he secured me

very tightly indeed ; he then introduced the Captain of Dragoons, a very dreadful looking man ; I wriggled, and writhed, and treated myself to the pleasure of abusing with impunity both Captain and Doctor.

" You see my poor friend's condition," said the latter.

" Poor Devil," said the Captain, " he seems very bad indeed." And after calling in my servants, and cautioning them to take the greatest care of me, they both walked out of the house.

There I sat all night, occasionally getting a few winks of sleep in my easy chair, nobody coming near me, no chance of getting free ; oh, how I longed for the morning ! At last it dawned.

I remembered that this was to be the day of my happiness ; I had hundreds of preparations to make, and there I was, fast bound ; my servants occasionally peeped in at the door, but evidently dared not come near me.

Eight o'clock struck. I heard the tramp of a horse in the compound, it was Ensign Sloper returning from parade, he had looked in for a cup of tea, my servants were talking to him in whispers. " My dear fellow," said he, entering my room, " I am truly sorry to see you in this state. Can I do any thing for you ?"

" Let me out," roared I.

" Now do let me entreat you to be calm, this excitement injures you. I hope when the Doctor arrives he will see reason for permitting you to be released, but in your present condition ——"

" Sloper", cried I ; " I am no more mad than you are, do let me out."

" My good fellow, I am very sorry, but I must not indeed."

" Sloper ! Sloper ! I am sane, quite sane I tell you, perfectly sane, and I'm going to be married to-day."

" Bosh," replied the Ensign, and unfeelingly walked away. About five o'clock in the afternoon, when I had been nearly twenty-four hours in this pleasant predicament, the Clergyman of the station walked in.

" I am glad," said he, " to find you so calm and tranquil."

I was thoroughly tired out, and only bowed my head, he thought I had a lucid interval.

" I was truly shocked," said he, " to hear of your sad misfortune."

" How did you hear of it ?" said I.

" Why, I heard of it this morning in the Vestry, immediately after Miss Blewett's marriage."

" What ! !" screamed I.

The Clergyman started back a little in a fright.

" Miss Blewett married ! !" cried I.

" This morning."

" To whom ?"

" To Dr. Riggewell."

I thought I should have gone mad in earnest ! !

I composed myself with a violent effort, and insisted upon hearing all the particulars.

" It appears," said the Clergyman, " that a mutual attachment existed between the parties, but the father would not hear of the match, he considered himself pledged to you ; he was only induced to withdraw his opposition by the report of your insanity, of the truth of which he was convinced (being prevented by gout from visiting you himself) by the testimony of a certain Captain of Dragoons, whom he commissioned to examine into and report upon the case, and who officiated this morning as the bridegroom's best man at the holy ceremony.

Now here was a delicious condition of affairs ! ! I had been gulled, humbugged, victimized, bullied, robbed, belied, tormented, put in bodily fear, and kept in illegal restriction for twenty-four hours ! and I could not see my way to any redress whatever ! ! all the satisfaction I should get would be to be laughed at. I was obliged to swallow down my wrongs, and very bitter morsels I found them.

I then thought myself an injured man ; I have since had reason to change my opinion.

Mrs. Riggewell lived in the most extravagant style, running the Doctor overhead and ears in debt, which he hoped to clear off when old Blewett might happen to die.

Old Blewett *did* die last year, *insolvent* ! ! !

Mrs. Riggewell has subsequently eloped with the Captain of Dragoons, and proceedings are now going on about it at Doctors Commons !

What a blessed bit of luck it was to be sure, that I put on that strait-waistcoat ! ! !

KAPNOS.

## SONG OF THE "USED UP !"

### 1.

SHALL beauty delight me, though ever so fair,  
Shall an old man affright me, as grim as a bear,  
Shall a grandam annoy me, with face like a saw !  
Oh no ! making love is a howible baw !

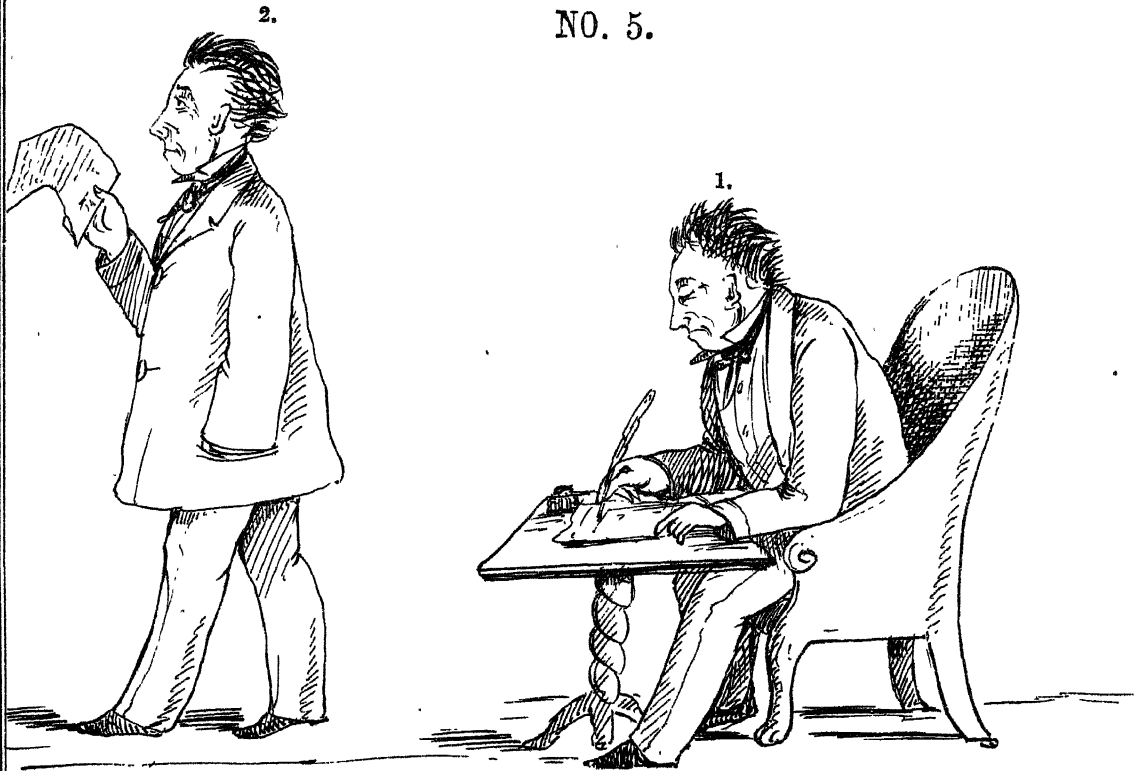
### 2.

Shall a tiffin with simpkin entice me from home,  
Shall a picnic decoy me, o'er rough roads to roam,  
Shall a Court of Requests make me tremble at law ?  
Oh no ! all emotion's a howible baw !

### 3.

Let me live but in peace—give me all I require,  
Let no business, or duns, e'er excite me to ire,  
For pleasure, or sadness, I care not a straw,  
Oh ! weally, this life is a howible baw !

NO. 5.



DR. LEATHERHEAD HIS ENJOYMENT OF THE EPISTLE  
HE DID ENDITE.

Y<sup>e</sup> DOCTOR DOETH ENDITE A FURIOUS LETTER  
AGAINST THE DAKING CO.

NO. 6.



*W. H. Smith*

DESPAIR OF Y<sup>e</sup> DAKING CO. ITS AGENTS AFTER PERUSAL OF DR. LEATHERHEAD HIS CRUSHING EPISTLE.





## LAYS OF YE IMPERIAL CITY.—No. I.

Ye Great Mogul sat in his arm chair,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,  
 And nobles great and small stood there,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 Says ye great Mogul, "I'm feeling ill,"  
 Kill a camel, says he, and send for ye pill,  
 And order ye outside world to stand still,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

Ye Hakeem came and opened hys eyes,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,  
 He shook hys head and looked very wise,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 Says he there's a deal of unnatural heat,  
 About ye abdomen, head and feet,  
 But ye pulse has not a feverish beat,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

Ye troopes in case of accident,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 To keep ye palace peace were sent,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 And there beneath ye palace wall,  
 In tents they lay just within call,  
 With rations serv'd and powder and ball,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

Ye Agent great he hurried down,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,

Hys presence startling half ye town,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 But when he got within ye gate,  
 Ye Agent to the G. G. Great,  
 He found himself an hour too late,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

For strange to say ye Great Mogul,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,  
 Tho' feeling somewhat sick and dull,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 Was worth a dozen dying men,  
 He took hys astrologer's word and then,  
 Laid out in "Charity" gold mohurs ten,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

Ye Mogul he recover'd straight,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,  
 Says he ye Hakeem came too late,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 I've disappointed all my heirs,  
 They wanted my shoes, they may wear their's,  
 Then he kick'd ye Hakeem down the stairs,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;

Ye Hakeem felt himself aggrieved,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee,  
 Says he, I ne'er could have believed,  
 Heigho fiddle de dee ;  
 That people who consult ye stars,  
 And cure all ills by Venus and Mars,  
 Could *plain* it to create such jars ;  
 Heigho fiddle de dee.

YOUNG BENGAL INTRODUCES THE GOVERNOR TO HIS  
FAST FRIENDS.

*Young Bengal.*—"THIS IS MY FATHER, BREEJOLOL BOSE !"

*Fast Gent.*—"EH—WHAT ! WHO ? OH HOW DO YOU DO BREECHES AND ELBOWS ?"

PLEASING—THOUGH COMMON  
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PRESIDENT OF A  
MONTHLY COMMITTEE.—No. I.

*The Committee is composed as follows:—A particularly fat Captain, a long Lieutenant, and a wild boy of an Ensign.*

1st July.—*A nice hot morning, and the Committee gentlemen, after a pleasant ride of two miles, have now reached the river, and are about to inspect boats.*

Captain (*Addressing a Serjeant who comes up to him.*)—"Well, Serjeant, make haste and show us what we are to look at."

Serjeant.—"These here boats are ageing to Hagra, sir!" (*Points to the boats.*)

Captain (*Stepping as lightly as his immense weight will admit of into a country boat.*)—"Well, are they all right, Serjeant? I am sure I know as much of a boat as the man in the moon."

Serjeant.—"Yes, all right, sir, the boats is all strong and serviceable, and the crews is complete."

Captain (*Stamping his foot on the bamboos of the platform.*)—"Yes, I fancy they will do, what say you?" (*Addressing the members of the Committee.*)

Lieutenant.—"Why, y-e-s, I suppose so; but the roof of this is confoundedly low, is it not?"

Serjeant.—"I beg pardon, sir, but it aint the height of the roofs you are to report on, this is always the nātārāl konsekence in these here native craft."

(*Presently a loud crash is heard, and the lower extremities of the fat Captain's body disappear, and leave only his head for the rest of the Committee to gaze on.*)

Captain (*Endeavouring to pull himself through the bamboo platform.*)—"Good heavens! Serjeant, do you call this strong?"

Ensign.—"I hope you are not hurt old fellow! I really thought you had gone through the bottom of the boat at least."

Captain.—"Not much (thank God); but I am d——d if I can certify that this is strong."

Ensign.—"My good fellow, I suppose it is quite as good as the generality of native boats; but you are such a tremendous monster, and as heavy as ten of these niggers."

Captain.—"Well, never mind, I fancy we must put them all down as serviceable?"

Lieutenant.—"Come along, the boats are first rate; it's precious hot standing here in the sun."

Captain.—"I say Serjeant, the boats will do, where are the papers?"

(*The Serjeant now hands over the Committee Reports, and the Ensign bends down in a position, which would make a bye-stander imagine that he was offering the*

*fat Captain a "back" at "leap-frog," and having by this ingenious process converted his body into a writing desk, the Captain puts down these remarks:—"The boats are all strong and in good order."*)

(*The Committee then march off to the Executive Officer's Godown, (to inspect doolies) and are met by a portly Baboo.*)

Captain (*Looking most suspiciously at a dooly.*)—"Well, Baboo, this is decidedly bad, is it not?"

Baboo.—"No, Sare, not bad, Sare, this bery good Sare, has just been repaired by the orders of the Executive Officer."

Captain (*Seeing that he has made a horrid mistake, caused by his want of all knowledge of the proper state that doolies should be in.*)—"Yes, yes, I see!! was bad before Baboo, but is now serviceable, eh?"

Baboo.—"Yes Sare, before bad, now good." (*The Captain now looks about him for his Committee, and finds the Ensign on the top of a lot of doolies, going through a step uncommonly like the Polka!*)

Captain.—"I say, youngster, what are you about? I'll report you if you don't pay more attention to your duty."

Ensign.—"Why Captain, I am doing my best to see if they are strong."

Captain.—"Where is the other Member? I mean Lieutenant R——."

Ensign.—"He is fast asleep in that farthest away dooly."

(*The Captain goes in the direction pointed out, and finds Lieutenant R—— just as the Ensign had mentioned.*)

Captain.—"Well, Sir, upon my word, you are indeed taking it uncommonly cool; you are a nice member of a Committee."

Lieutenant.—"I've seen all that is to be seen old chap, the doolies are very good indeed, that Baboo fellow knows much more than either you or I do. Why the d——l don't they put on the men who make these VILE things? What in the name of fortune can we know about doolies? Come along, it is perfectly roasting."

Captain.—"Now youngster, what say you? Will these doolies do or not?"

Ensign (*Who has hardly ever seen a dooly in his life, except now and then for the last few weeks when he happened to observe one or two such articles as he passed through the Hospital of his corps.*)—"Of course, they are good, are they not? I can confidently say I have never seen better ones."

(*The Committee have now to go to a Hospital to inspect the cast-off clothing of sick Europeans.*)

Captain (*Addressing the Hospital people.*)—"Where are the articles to be inspected?"



SNIPE SHOOTING WITHOUT Y<sup>E</sup> SNIPE.



(*At this moment the wild young Ensign comes before the Captain with a flannel cap on his head, and enveloped in an old dressing gown.*)

Ensign.—“I say Captain, look here, are these not jolly articles?”

(*While the Captain and the youngster are laughing together, an apothecary comes up and says, “Please, Sir, these articles were just lately worn by a man who died of small pox.”*)

Ensign (*Tearing the cap frantically off his head, and doing his utmost to rush out of the dressing gown.*)—“Good heavens! you don’t mean to say so?”

Lieutenant.—“I say, this is very dangerous duty. I vote we ‘pass’ or ‘condemn’ all the things, I don’t care which you do, but by Jove, this is too much of a good joke; we are worse than any of the old London Jews! Fancy inspecting clothes! and dirty ones too!! I wish to goodness that we had the Medical Officer wrapt up in them, and then I would do my utmost (with the assistance of your extra weight Captain) to prove that our Committee had really and truly sat on the Hospital clothing.”

Captain.—“I feel now as if I had pimples on my face; we must indeed close (clothes) the proceeding forthwith.”

Ensign (*Holding out his hand.*)—“Well, good morning, Captain, I’m off to breakfast.”

Captain (*Looking at him as though he were a snake!*)—“I am not going to shake hands with you; why, you are as good as a dead man.”

(*The President and Members immediately disappear, the Captain being the only man who took the precaution of fumigating himself with a segar.*)

### INTERCEPTED LEAVES FROM MY PAY HAVILDAR’S NOTE BOOK.

*Kept for the guidance of his precious “butcha,” Ram  
Kishen Sing.*

BY ZETA.

No. 1.—Ram Buccus Sing, and Ram Jhan Khan, Sepoys of No. 8 Company, —th Regiment, are candidates for the vacant appointment of Naick. Ram Buccus Sing is willing to pay for the same, because he is low on the roll, but has some spare money. Ram Jhan Khan is second on the roll, bears a good character (though an unrecorded one), but has neither influence with Kote Havildar, nor money to assist him. The Officer in charge of the Company has had the command only one year, is persuaded by K. H. to write a few remarks in Character Rolls, according to his statements, does so,

and Ram Buccus Sing gets the Naickship, and K. H. 20 rupees. (He then writes to his son, informing him of the way to get on. Explaineth the British Officer his carelessness, &c.)

No. 2.—Ensign Screw is hard up, requires 50 rupees from his Kote Havildar. Sends a chit for the amount. The K. H. pretends that he has not got so much, having just remitted a large sum home, as the Sahib will see by referring to his roll. Offers to borrow the sum, does so (from “Balance in hand”) and pockets 24 per cent. He laughs in his sleeve, inculcates a moral lesson to his son Ram Kishen Sing, on the way to make money.

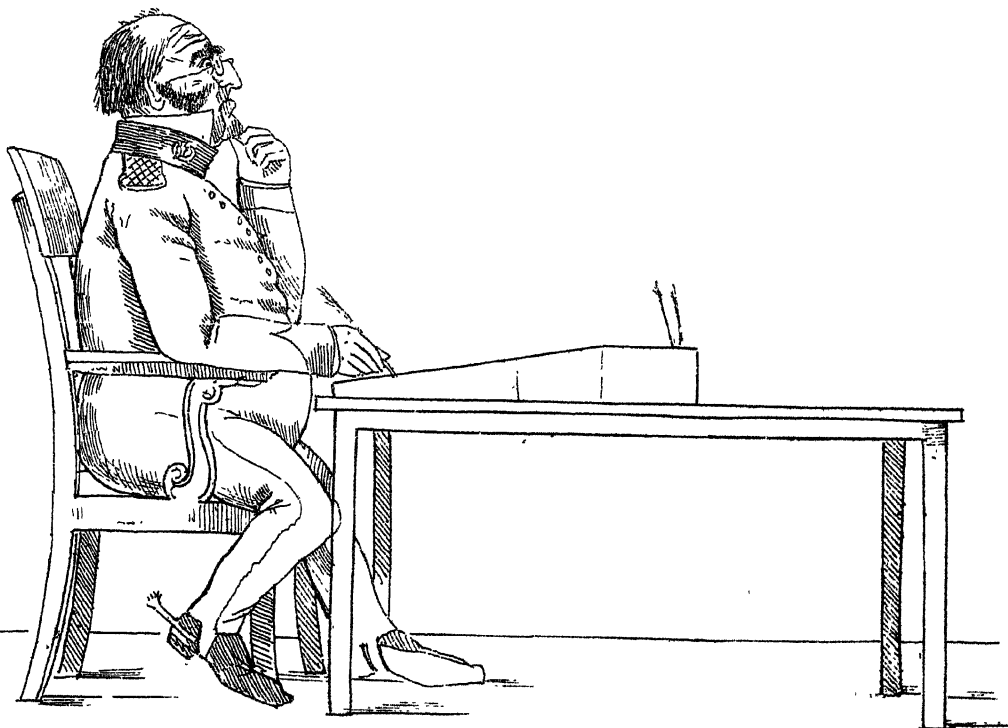
No. 3.—Ye Target season. Ye Havildar being a bad shot—selects two good men to fire for him, promising them a small present in ghee and *methies*. The consequence is that he has more “Bull’s Eyes” than any one else. Ye Commanding Officer praises his “beautiful firing,” and Ye K. H. sendeth a chit to his son, advising him as to how he can become a good shot.

(*To be continued.*)

### MR. PIPS—HIS DIARY.

MARCHE YE IX.—To shootinge of ye snipe with my friend Chappelle and Maister Wagstaffe his chumme, alle day longe standing in ye sunne his heate up to ye mid legge in mudde and water; ye snipe verie scant, but I did fire off my piece at what I did take to be a white birde, but by Providence his blessing did miss my aim, for ye white birde was Master Wagstaffe his hatte. To loade again, and as I through obliviousnesse had left my bagge of shot at home, did take up a leathern flask that hanged at Master Chappelle his belte, but in roome of shots it did holde brandie, whereof did pour some quarter pint into my gunne before Master Chappelle did arrest me with a profane oathe—glad in good sooth to scape further occasion of firing off my piece, for it do make my shoulder ache, and as for anie chance of hitting anything, good lacke!!! So to sit quiet on ye bank with my feet in ye water, and Master Chappelle his brandy flask in my hand watching ye frogges and ye gentes shooting—my friend Wagstaffe didde kille three Jack snipe and a crowe, and then didde tumble into a poole and lose his gunne, Master Chappelle did make far better sporte, for he did hitte foure brace of snipe and a small native, whose eyes and limbes he did devote to ye foule fiende for getting in ye way; then toward home verie tired, and my nose in blisters with ye sunne, my head also spinning like a wheele with ye heate, though Master Chappelle would have it that it was ye brandy, whereof none left in ye flaske; at which ye two gents grievously wrathe.

COL. OF THE REGIMENT WHO HAS JUST FINISHED A WIG OF DOUBLE VICIOUS POWER,  
IS HERE SEEN CONTEMPLATING ITS PROBABLE EFFECT WITH MUCH SATISFACTION.



HA ! THIS WILL BRING THE YOUNG MAN TO HIS SENSES ! AND TEACH HIM THAT HIS COMMANDING OFFICER WILL NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.

### A LETTER.

'Tis Sunday Charles, and therefore I propose  
From work to cull some slight repose,  
And Poetry being better far than prose,  
And being so easy also to compose.  
I say, friend Charles, I mean to be most quiet,  
Having of late being rather on the riot.

\* \* \*  
'Tis Tiffin-time, that Bottle's pop,  
Reminds me that I must not stop,  
Unless I want a "tunda" chop ;  
"Tunda," you know's the word for cold,  
I think I've used the same of old,  
So really here must stop.  
Tiffin is o'er, the smoking dish  
Has been remov'd, oh ! how I wish,  
I had not taken much ;  
For what with beer,  
I'm rather queer,  
Or rather with cold punch.

1.  
'Tis a great pity, now I'll grow pathetic,  
That after pleasure cometh pain,  
I would all things were "dietetic,"  
And seediness without a reign.

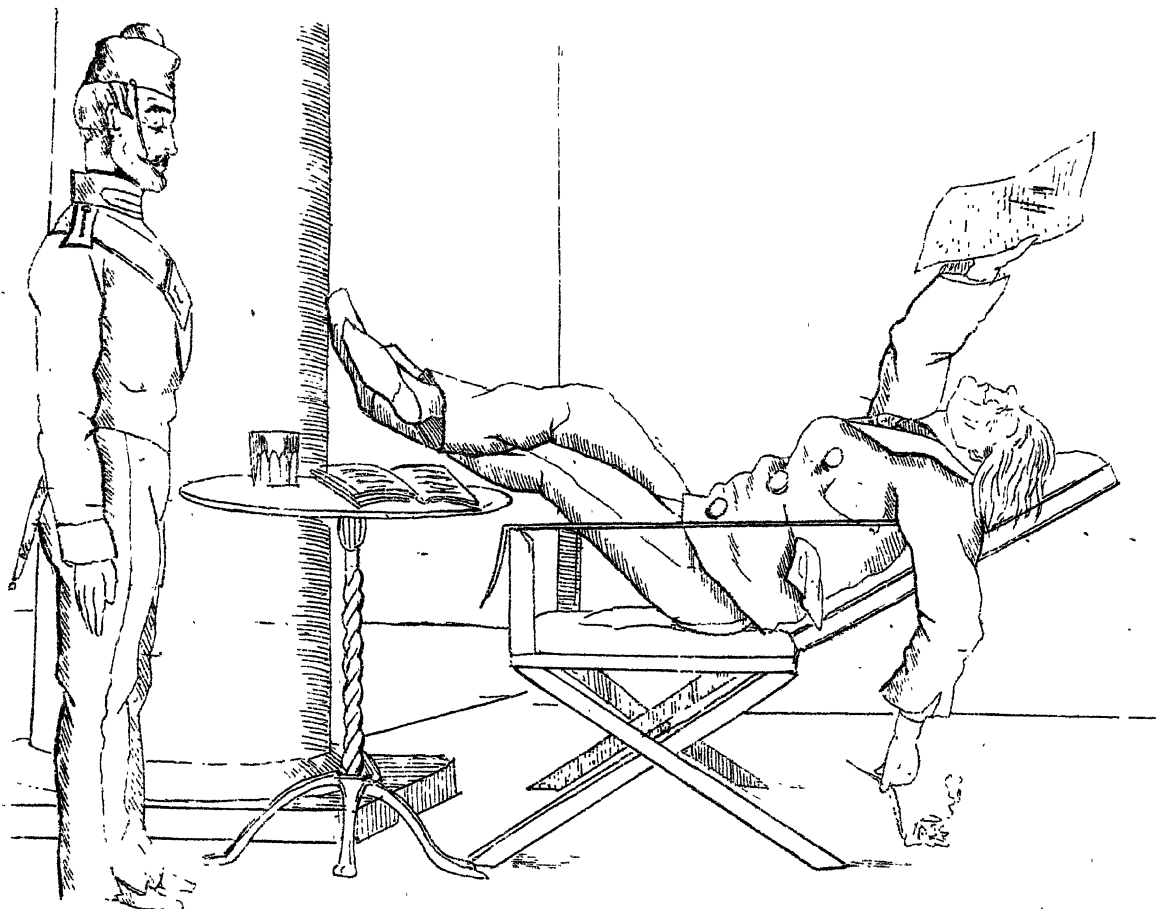
2.  
For after Tiffin all the imps of pain  
Seem to enjoy an inward fight,  
From stomach upward to the brain,  
They pull and tug with all their might.

3.  
India's the clime for indigestion,  
Especially if you exceed ;  
Sometimes you're treated to congestion,  
Delightful country ! is it not indeed.

4.  
But fare thee well, my Charley boy,  
My rhymes have dwindled into *rot* ;  
My muse to-day has been most coy,  
Forgive me ; and Forget-me-not.

"ZETA."

HERE IS SEEN THE YOUNG MAN AND THE EFFECT THE WIG REALLY PRODUCES ON HIM.



WELL! IT REALLY IS SURPRISING IN THESE ENLIGHTENED DAYS, THEY ALLOW THOSE POOR OLD GENTLEMEN TO GO ABOUT WITHOUT SOME ONE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM—THEY OUGHT TO HAVE AN ASYLUM.

#### MR. DANBY SEYMOUR.

A Mr. Danby Seymour has arrived in India, to see the nakedness of the Land, and report it to the India Reform Association at home. This gentleman's name is pronounced variously. Our friend Smith, for instance, who knew him at Eton, says he went there by the name of Say-more, because he had such a gift of the gab; that he was always accustomed to say more than any body would listen to. Another friend, Brown, however, who knew him at Lincoln's Inn, says that he went therein by the name of *See-more*, because he could see more (into a millstone) than any of his neighbours. Let us hope that the gentleman will gracefully blend together these two interpretations of his cognomen, and while studying to *see more* of the country than any of the Indian patriots have done, will have the discretion to *say less*. As the gentleman happens to be member for *Poole*, we devoutly hope that he will turn out no shallow declaimer.

#### EPISTLES OF ENSIGN GREEN.—No. IV.

*To his Grand Mamma.*

DEAREST GRANNY,

Don't be angry  
That I did n't write before,  
Think of all I've had to vex me!  
Think of all I've got to bore!!

All day long my arduous duties  
Fill up every moment quite!  
Scarce allow me time for victuals,  
Scarce a wink of sleep at night!

You, I'm sure, would scarce believe it,  
Quite incredible 't would be,  
How they overwork the Ensigns  
In the Native Infantry!!

But to spare your tender feelings  
The particulars I'll leave,  
Since 'tis hopeless to describe them,  
For your fancy to conceive.



Granny dear, my cruel father,  
Goes and cuts me all adrift,  
Slight's my most pathetic letters,  
Leaves me for myself to shift.

Calls me an infernal blackguard,  
Swears he won't be taken in,  
And (though *that's* a minor matter)  
Does not send me any tin !!

You, dear Granny, I am certain,  
Won't believe, whoever may,  
What that infamous and venal  
Lying Indian Press may say.

You, with your experienced wisdom,  
Will at once perceive, I'm sure,  
What injustice and oppression,  
I've been fated to endure !

That Court Martial found me guilty,  
And I got a stunning wig !!  
*I*!! alas, as if *I* ever,  
Could have run a roguish rig !!

*I* who steadily obeying  
All the precepts you had taught,  
Always upon all occasions,  
Do exactly what I ought !

More than good for me I never  
Take of either drink or meat ;  
Draughts I shun, and also sitting  
With wet shoes upon my feet ;

Never sit up late at evenings,  
And I always when I can,  
If the weather's damp or chilly,  
Patronize a warming pan.

Always button up my pockets,  
For protection of my tin ;  
And I wear a flannel waistcoat,  
Always wear it next my skin.

And I ask you, is it likely,  
That a man, who until now  
Cherishes those sterling virtues,  
E'er *could* get into a row ?

You'll be juster than my father,  
You will not be harsh or rash,  
You will not decline to send me  
Just a little ready cash.

Dearest granny, don't be angry,  
That so long I've silent been :  
Only leave me grounds for being,  
Your most grateful, jolly Green.

KARNOS.

We constantly see in the English Newspapers paragraphs headed—

### Health of London

We are sure no one could drink it, (*with any spirit*) in Thames Water.

### A FAIR CRITIQUE.

AUTHORS in general complain of the difficulty in acquiring a good, easy style for expressing their thoughts—and it is to remedy this defect that I have strung together a few model extracts from the very best Authors in their *best* style.

JAMES—VIDE ANY OF HIS WORKS.

It was during one dark and dismal night, when the howling wind spread its continued blasts through every crevice that was exposed to its attack, whilst lightning, accompanied by distant peals of rolling thunder, struck terror among the inhabitants, that two travellers (for by the dusty appearance of their apparel one could easily see that they were so) were directing their horses' heads to the Palais Royal, through the Rue deguerre. The elder was a tall, bronzed faced man, whose thews and sinews seemed immense. The younger was a delicate young man, with an attempt at a moustache. He might have been 20, and the elder probably 40. They halted as they reached the Hotel, and calling for men to hold their horses they alighted.

E. B. LYTTON BULWER.

The sun had just gone down, and a crimson flush seemed spread abroad the face of fair creation. Ellen Somers was a girl of 17, whose deep blue eyes were now settled on the outspread landscape. A sense of this beauty kindled within her as she gazed on the scene. She had been ill, and this was the first day she had been allowed to wander in the Garden; and naturally her attention was excited by a picture that all of us are so fond of gazing on.

CARLYLE.

I am no believer in nature. I have reasons for my own opinions, and I shall doggedly adhere to them, in spite of all the weighty arguments that others may adduce for their belief. What if I am singular; I am at least honest, and every man has at least one right—the right of exercising his own judgment.

MACPHERSON.

Fair are the Hills of Mussooree. Tall are the trees that grow thereon. Bright eyes sparkle in the homes of the brave. Love kindles in the bosom. Oh, who has seen my lost Zanthé! I have wandered like the wounded hart to seek a shade to lay me down. Rest hath fled from this bosom since I lost my love! Oh, who has seen this fair maid! She hath a bright eye, and a sunny smile. Dimples sport on her snowy cheeks. Lilies are seen upon her ample brow. Sunshine warms in her veins. Oh, return my lost Zanthé! I have wandered all day. I am wearied with the pains of sorrow and distress.

ZETA.



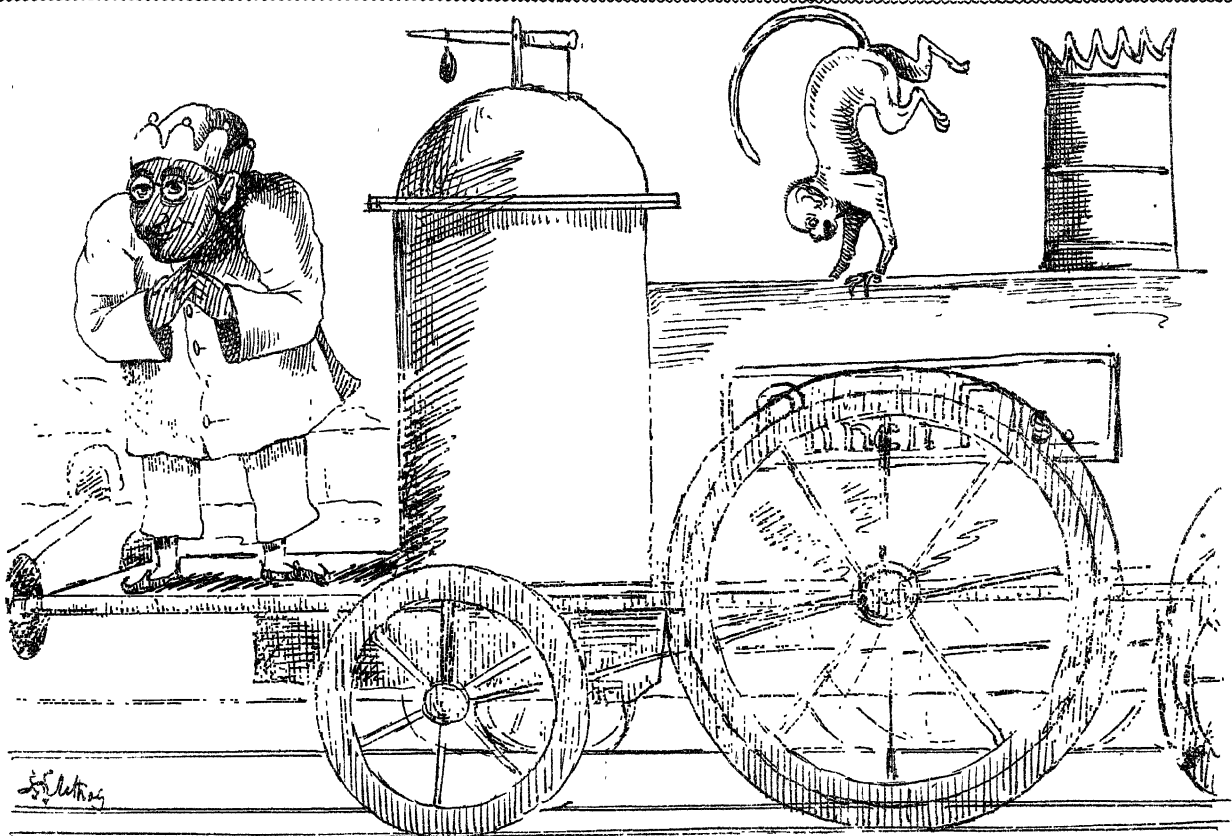


THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

JANUARY 1, 1854.

[NO. I.



**To Correspondents.**

THE WAY WE FISH AT BARRACKPORE received. It will be inserted—with a hook.

SUBTERFUGE. We dislike personalities when those exercised on are not public property.

EARLY PURL. Much too heady for us.

**EXTENSION OF THE GREAT DELHI AND  
LUNAR RAILWAY.**

**SPEECH OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER.**

1st JANUARY, 1854.

MY LORD MARQUIS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN.

It is one of the four proudest moments of my life when I thus arise to return thanks for the honour you have now, for the fourth annual period, conferred upon me. When, in 1850, our enterprize was first set on foot, the moon was, to the Indian public, comparatively a *terra incognita*. Individual lunatics might indeed be found mooning about the country,

veritable exiles, whose melancholy state of mind, while it clearly indicated their proper sphere, afforded anything but encouragement to society at large to visit that obscure and ill-represented locality. But the hour came, and the man. We started. A reference to the statistics I hold in my hand will suffice to give a faint idea of what we have performed.

Trains have run every month, making a total of forty-five trips. Each train has carried on an average five hundred passengers, which number is now however on the increase. We have exported to the moon forty-eight stale quotations (mostly booked by the respected firm of Koap and Gruntical) ninety-seven anecdotes of Sheridan, and one hundred and fifteen and a half of miscellaneous heavy goods, including worn-out jokes, puns, and similes.

During the same period our "down" traffic has been of the same encouraging character. Nineteen thousand of dry jokes, conundrums, and quips have been thrown

into the market, while our illustrations (lithographed on moonstone) have been in the highest style of our peculiar art of Selenography.

But the time has arrived when it becomes incumbent on us to extend our operations. The arrogant tone of Russia—which power is not now in such good odour as its leather—leaves it beyond a doubt that the autocrat will get to the moon quicker than we, and possibly establish with that planet more permanent relations. And the masterly Minute which your Lordship has lately published, places the necessity of Railway extension generally beyond the possibility of question.

With the material in our hands there need be no difficulty. Our cranks are only to be equalled by our crotchets; for buffers we can never want while the M-l-i-r-y B—rd continues to produce such steady old obstacles to too rapid progress; our only difficulty might be the obtaining of sleepers, the tendency of our own undertaking being obviously in the opposite direction. It is however hoped that the few readers of the *Lahaur Kronnykel* may furnish a sufficient supply for present use. Should that fail, we must turn our eyes towards Madras, where it is believed that the benighted state of society may aid our efforts.

Gentlemen of the Uncovenanted Service! your body includes many classes, from the noble Marquis at my right, to the corpulent Baboo, so highly educated, over the left. To you I particularly address myself. I know no distinction of persons. There is no second or third class on my line. I flatter myself that everything will be found first-rate. Let it be your study, by a careful attention to the payment of your fares, and a general support of our joint enterprize, to shew that you appreciate the equality of our level, and the perfect unanimity and straightforwardness of our course.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate! If in the course of our labours we have brought from our distant terminus, some amount of lunar caustic, it becomes us all the more to acknowledge the almost uninterrupted kindness and generosity, with which you have appreciated our motives, and benefitted by our exertions. To each of you personally I beg to tender you my heartfelt thanks, coupled with a hope that the same cordiality and good fellowship may mark our relations during another, and a

### Happy New Year.

The Hon. gentleman here became a prey to his emotions, and resumed his seat in a state which it would be vain to pourtray.

The applause was deafening and protracted. When it had a little subsided, the M-r-q-s of D-lh-sie addressed the meeting in a few neat and pointed sentences, impressing upon all the necessity of giving a heartfelt support to this great, this national undertaking. (Renewed cheering.)

### G. Os. IN VERSE.

THERE has grown a sort of notion  
That in Military Rules  
Logic is not much regarded  
Nor the grammar of the schools.

So to prove, not altogether  
Incompatible may be,  
These scholastic nice refinements  
With the rôle of C. in C.

I propose to give an order  
Where no wit, however sharp,  
Shall find out a single blunder,  
Whereupon to jeer or carp.

'Tis a common observation  
That a Regimental Mess  
Should be made a place devoted  
To its members' happiness.

Substitute for all the comfort  
Found in the domestic ring,  
Every officer should find it  
For his pleasure just the thing.

So, because our Indian climate  
Is perhaps a trifle hot,  
And because all folks in private  
Act as if they felt it not.

And because the Presidency  
Is the hottest place of all,  
Where the Mess is most emergent,  
And the chance to shun it small.

There then at the dinner table  
Let the officers be placed,  
Buttoned to the throat in scarlet,  
And with belt about the waist.

Thus will Regimental Messes  
Unto all their members be  
Quite a scene of relaxation,  
Quite a scene of jollity.

This will make the Members also  
Very moderate in their cheer,  
This will leave them room for stowing  
Only half a pint of beer.

Now, whate'er may be its logic  
Which I'm not obliged to know,  
Here's at last a General Order  
Quite for grammar. *Comme il faut!!!*

### TO LADIES.

Why do the fetters of gibbeted malefactors remind one of matrimony?

Because they are *high-men's chains*.

### SHOCKING.

WHEN was a Roman Artilleryman like an Apothecary?  
When he applied the *balista* (*blister* we presume.)

**Y° MASONNES OF CALCUTTA WAIT ON HYS LORDSHIP TO SOLICIT A SITE  
FOR A NEW HALL.**



**HYS LORDSHIP OBLIGES THEM WITH A SIGHT.**





## THE LEGEND OF THE VINE.

## THE LEGEND OF THE VINE.

You know very well  
 How historians tell  
 Of fiends grim and fell, of magicians and ghosts,  
 Ghoules,  
 Peris and Witches, Jins, Brownies and Fetches,  
 'Mid poor human wretches who wandered in hosts,  
 With power superhuman,  
 Men, children and women,  
 To torture, presuming in that olden time,  
 Ever prompt to invent ill,  
 Corporeal or mental,  
 And cutting young gentlemen off in their prime.  
 And alas, you will make,  
 A tremendous mistake,  
 And be far from awake to the facts of to-day,  
 If you fancy that *These*  
 (Call their names as you please)  
 In the lapse of the seasons have all passed away.  
 In nature the same,  
 Only altered in name,  
 They keep up the game of their ruthless attacks,

As bubble projectors,  
 As gamblers and Hectors,  
 Bank and Railway Directors, Attorneys and Quacks!  
 Still the best *modern* plan,  
 Easy fools to trepan,  
 Is to all the Romantic an absolute bar;  
 So my story displays  
 But the *old fashioned* ways  
 As more suited to lays, and less hurtful by far!!

There's a terrible row,  
 In Swarga just now,  
 For (no one knows how) a nymph lovely and fair  
 Has been carried away  
 'Ere the dawn of the day,  
 And the devil to pay is, that no one knows where.  
 In the palace of Indur,  
 Her bed chamber *winder*,  
 Stood wide as an Inn door on marketing day,  
 Through which had Urvāsi,  
 The lively and saucy,  
 Celestial lassie been sprighted away;  
 There was weeping despairing,  
 The Goddesses tearing



Their beautiful hair in disconsolate mood ;  
 While the Gods in the fashion  
 Of men in a passion  
 Were swearing irrational " thunder and blood " !

On far Himalaya,  
 A summit far higher,  
 Than birds ever fly or a floweret can grow,  
 A queer set of creatures,  
 Grotesque in their features,  
 Laugh, shout, sing and screech as they dance on the snow.  
 They have mostly Pig's faces,  
 Or dogs in some cases,  
 And some in the places where legs ought to be,  
 Have serpents that wriggle,  
 And go waggle wiggle,  
 And all of them sniggle and caper with glee ;  
 And poor innocent thing,  
 In the midst of the ring  
 That they make as they fling round their furious dance,  
 In tears and dismayed,  
 Stood the beautiful maid,  
 And her captors surveyed with a terrified glance.  
 I ought to have told  
 That those captors so bold  
 Were Daints, Dæmons ! but hold, I shall make no apology  
 For that, so the case turned  
 Will have long been discerned,  
 By all that are learned in the Hindu Mythology.

I have candidly told  
 That the times of old  
 Were a good deal bothered with Dæmons and magic ;  
 Things 'tis confessed  
 Unpleasant at best,  
 And which led to results too often tragic ;  
 At the same time, one glorious fact I  
 (As a laudator temporis acti), beg to recall,  
 Which makes us moderns exceeding small.  
 It is, that then  
 Heroic men  
 Thought nothing of cutting a giant in two,  
 Would fight with the Gods,  
 Against any odds,  
 Defy hobgoblins many or few,  
 Manfully baffle the Dæmon crew ;  
 Nothing could ever make *them* look blue,  
 Or any colour save valour's hue,  
 Gallant warriors stout and true,  
 Seeking ever some danger new,  
 And ready their object to pursue,  
 Even to the infernal regions !  
 And rummage Tartarus through and through,  
 Spite of the Devil and all his legions ! !  
 Where have we got such heroes now ?  
 Will any avow  
 That the bravest warrior of modern days  
 Could ever get out of a lawyer's net ?  
 Unmask a quack ? or trace the ways  
 Of bubble Projector's awful maze ?  
 Or unblenching brave the Dragon of Debt ?  
 Say, can he rescue, if such there be,  
 His friend from the Hades of Chancery ?

Break open the Tartarus of jail ?  
 Or meet a Bailiff and never quail ?  
 Or spectre of broken Bank can dare ?  
 Where is the Hero, where, oh where ?

Pururava was Magadha's King,  
 A hero indeed  
 Of the good old breed,  
 Who would ne'er soil his hands with a dirty thing,  
 But was always prompt and bold and quick,  
 When required a Giant or Dragon to lick,  
 Or do any desperate kind of trick ;  
 He was always ready just in the nick,  
 Firm to the last to his text he'd stick  
 And do his business like a brick ! !  
 After adventures he roved about  
 In search of Dæmon, Giant or Elf,  
 His kingdom left to take care of itself,  
 And guided, as I haven't a doubt,  
 By favouring Fate,  
 He betook him straight  
 To Himalaya's lofty top.  
 Cold and sublime,  
 And was just in time,  
 The Daint's extravagant fun to stop ;  
 They were just about to devour the maid  
 When the Monarch appeared, and thus he said :  
 " Rascally crew,  
 I don't care who,  
 That make such a cursed hullabaloo ;  
 Release that nymph, your rage who dreads,  
 And then stand still while I punch your heads."'  
 They heard his words, they feared his might,  
 And cut their luckies in hasty flight !  
 As bugbears do to this very day,  
 Before those who face them in downright way.

Now on such occasions we all of us know  
 A love affair is the regular thing,  
 In fact especially *comme il faut*,  
 When the champion is a bachelor King,  
 And the rescued victim a comely lassie,  
 Fair as Urvāsi.  
 And since it's as plain as the staff of a pike,  
 That all love-makings are always alike ;  
 Viz : one or two glances, one or two bows,  
 One or two flatteries, one or two vows,  
 One or two hopes, and one or two fears,  
 One or two kisses, and one or two tears ;  
 And the lover walks off with his trusting spouse,  
 In a perfect rapture of admiration :  
 We'll leave the case to Imagination—  
 Suffice it to say,  
 They agreed on another meeting next day,  
 'Neath the friendly shade of a neighbouring wood.  
 And, as I believe on most occasions  
 Is the case with clandestine assignations,  
 This arrangement of theirs didn't come to good.

The wood was dense, the wood was dark,  
 Scarcely there the eye could mark  
 The narrow path that wound along,  
 'Mid thorny brushwood high and strong ;

Winning a way by slow degrees  
Through the sombre labyrinth of trees;  
Dark for all that entered there,  
Darkest of all for Urvāsi fair.  
Little she recked the risk she ran,  
For that murky wood was under a ban,  
A grizzly sorceress old and stern,  
Who bore an old maid's natural spite  
To all her sex that were young and bright;  
Being of a botanical turn,  
Had worked a fearfully potent spell,

That every maid,  
Who at any time strayed,  
Within the shade  
Of that forest glade

Should be turned that instant, sad to tell,  
To a flower, a creeper, bush or shrub!!  
Fixed to earth by a rooted stalk,  
Never again to take a walk,  
And unable to talk!!

Aye, there was the rub!!!

Never again shall that lady's eyes  
Cast on a lover their witcheries,  
Or her eloquent tongue his heart enchant;  
Her doom was fixed, 'twas a regular *plant*!!  
Urvāsi hastes her lover to meet,  
She enters the wood, her trembling feet  
Refuse to move! Oh dear, oh dear,  
Is it only weariness or fear,  
Or something unaccountably queer?  
Her feet strike down as roots in the ground,  
Her form grows thinner and lengthens out,  
Her arms as branches wave around,  
And a rugged bark is growing about  
Her altering limbs, and her silky hair  
Still waves in graceful tendrils there,  
She is changed to a leafy vine,  
And grapes in purple clusters shine,  
On her bending boughs that closely cling,  
To a Cedar lofty towering;  
Yes sorceress, change her as ye will,  
The heart of a woman is in her still,  
And she fondly clasps the stately tree  
For shelter, support, and society.

Beneath their shade the Monarch stood,

He had heard the tale of the spell-bound wood,  
He had hurried to save her from her fate,  
And arrived, alas, too late, too late!

(To lovers who have ladies to meet,

A caution important as well as true,  
Not to let the grass grow under their feet,  
Nor be the last at a rendezvous),  
Manava was the Monarch's slave—  
Wise, though late, the advice he gave—

"The maiden fair

Is a nymph of the air,

One of the train of Indur's court,

Life and limb

She belongs to him,

His personal property in short;

Now it's very well known

That it's wrong to bone

Another gentleman's goods and chattels,

A law as true,

For Mussulman, Christian, Heathen or Jew,  
As any of Puffendorfs or Vattels;

So instead of stealing the girl, 'tis plain  
(Especially since you've tried in vain)  
You should go at once and unfold your tale,  
At Indur's feet, and he'll hardly fail

(If his aid can avail)

In return for having saved her life,  
To set her free and make her your wife,  
It's honest at least, though late in the day,  
And the straightest line is the shortest way."

To Indur's court

Doth the Monarch resort;

He tells his tale and he cuts it short,  
For he knows by himself that all the great  
Have to long-winded yarns a mortal hate—  
He promised too, for well did he know,  
How much better chance of the boon demanded,  
Have those who offer a *Quid pro quo*,  
Than the most meritorious *empty-handed*;  
He promised the aid of his sword I say,  
For till even a very recent day,  
Often did Heaven the aid require,  
Of human weapons and racks and fire;

He vowed to throw,

To his every foe,

The gauntlet down of bold defiance.

Was ready to order,

The Dragons to murder,

Or any given amount of Giants—

Indur was pleased,

His wrath appeased,

The mind of his anxious guest he eased.

And without delay,

Set off on his way,

To the poor Urvāsi to restore,

The beautiful shape she owned before.

Now on consideration cool,

Having strictly stuck to Horace's rule,

And only called in celestial aid

To deliver the maid,

When in a dilemma that plainly showed us

A real "*Dignus vindice nodus*;"

I don't feel called upon to show,

How he proceeded,

Of course he succeeded,

But *how* he did it, I really don't know.

So to be brief,

To Magadha's chief

Suppose Urvāsi happily mated,

And all over the land,

By the King's command,

The Vine "*in memoriam*" cultivated.

Historians too, the fact impart,

That the vine before was a grovelling thing,

Till once having borne a woman's heart,

It learned to rise by the power to cling,

And they also add from that very date,

Commenced its gift to intoxicate!!!

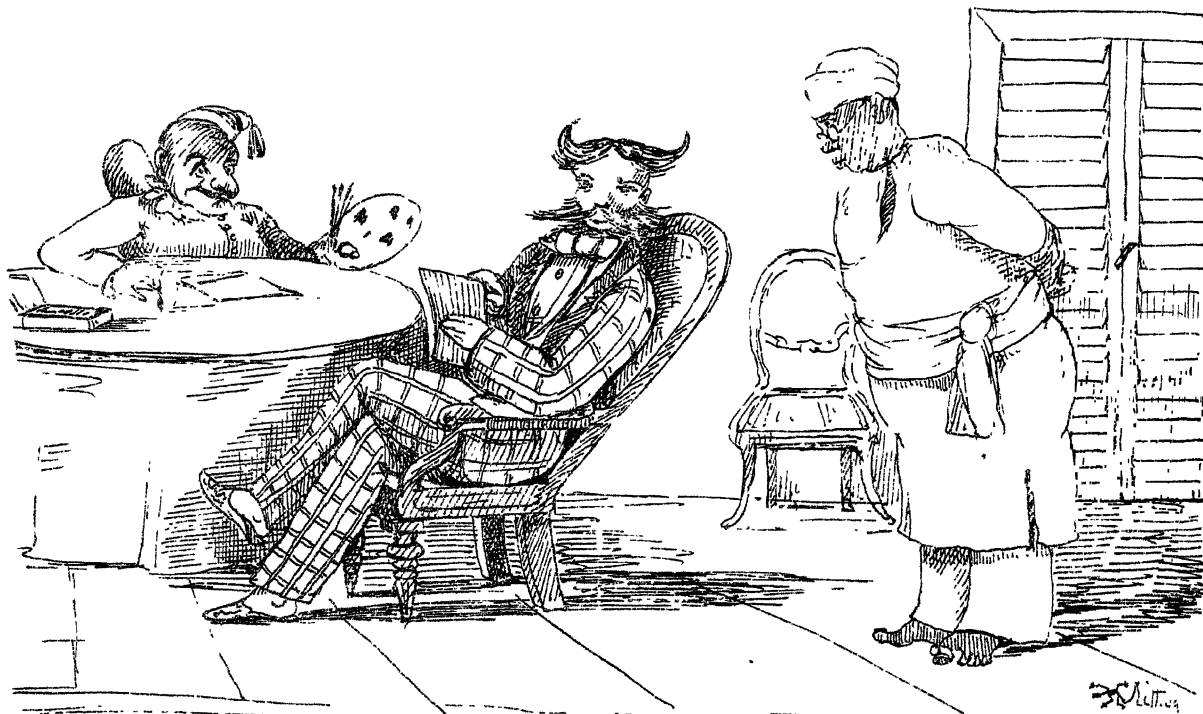
## MORAL.

Now here is a supernatural tale,  
For the truth of which I'll be so far bail,  
That it's just as little deserving scoff as is  
Any of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;  
The moral whereof may be briefly stated  
That women and wine are closely related,

Too near of kin for their combination,  
To be justified on any occasion,  
Which brings us just to this quandary,  
That people who drink should never marry,  
Or, what's far more to the point I think,  
People who marry should never drink.

KARNOS.

## ROUGHS IN THE PATHS OF THE AMATEUR ARTIST.



*Mewgles C. S., (whose portrait we have been painting for a party in England.)—"I'll shew this to the SERISHTADAR. HE IS A DECEIVED INTELLIGENT FELLOW, AND I DARE SAY YOU'VE NOTICED HOW ASTONISHINGLY THE NATIVES DETECT A LIKENESS. DEKHO, MOONSHEE ; YIH KYA ?*  
*Serishtadar (after protracted examination of our Sketch).—KYA JANI KHODAWUND ? KYA KOOTIA HOGA, KYA BILLY. ZOORROOR.*

## Original Correspondence.

MY DEAR SIR,—Attached is the true copy of the reply I received to a letter, (I wrote a native acting as Post Master in this venerable city of —) enquiring the date of departure of the English Mail. The reason of my not sending the original is that names are attached.

If you consider it worthy of a place in your amusing *Sketch Book*, here you are, and if not, then tear it up.

Sincerely yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

HONRD SIR—I informed you honor that English dak what day shall be *dispatched* 2 days before shall

be notice to the all gentleman and for Bombay steamer that English Letter

Im Sir  
Your obdt. servt.,

Post Office.

## HERBACEOUS.

WHAT two herbs signify Eternity ?  
*Endive Thyme* (End of Time!)

## TO MILLINERS.

WHY is the wool under a rabbit's belly the best to trim Ladies' flounces with ?  
Because it is *fur below*.

## THE ANATOMIE OF THE POET.

BY BURTON JUNIOR.

THE Poet idly boasteth that he is, as it were, a thing apart, a being *in* the world but not *of* it. He pretendeth that he hath no connexion with any other establishment, and beareth no affinity to the vulgar sons of clay who follow after less celestial vocations; yet the Poet differeth from the mathematician mainly herein that the latter dealeth with regular and the former with irregular lines and figures. The Poet resembleth a cooper, in that he putteth *staves* together, and by much study oft maketh himself a little *pale*, also in satyric mood he doth make his *butts* of every thing, he braggeth of his *pipes*, and rejoiceth when the tunes of his songs be set to *barrel* organs. He is also like unto a tinker, for he followeth after the ancient *Pan*, and maketh great use 'of *soft sawder*. He resembleth a dancing Master in that he payeth much attention to his *feet*. He keepeth time like an Horologer, and like a tailor is particular about his *measures*, and hath a strong propensity to *cabbage*. He is like a cobbler, for his claim upon the public is his *all*, and if it prove *bootless*, alas for him! like a cobbler also his productions are worthless if *unsold*, and he generally conceiveth his *last work* his best; like an apothecary his ware is often a *drug* in the market, and much thereof is enough to make a man sick. He resembleth a grocer, for he dealeth in *figments* and *figures*, dispenseth sweet things, and is frequently *spicy*, in which case he assumeth often a *grosser* tone than consisteth with decency.

He is supposed like the cameleon to live on air, whereby his style becometh inflated, but this is an *airy* delusion, for he needeth kitchen diet, and his Pegasus goeth not without a feed. Like the jovial friar of old, who though a *flyer* was far from *stewpid*.

"Mysterious and prophetic truths he never can unfold 'em  
Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold ham."

If he getteth not salt to his porridge, his compositions will not be savoury, and if his grub be coarse, of course he riseth not above the level of Grub Street. What he giveth out dependeth mainly upon what he taketh in, thus when he feedeth on the flesh of *deer*, he will digest it into love lays; when he eateth *game* his *flights* will be *high*; when he discourseth about *spirits*, he must feed upon *soles*; and although true holiness should never be *crusty*, yet he must devote himself to *pastry* if he would produce aught excellent in *savoury piety*. He affectioneth ever the more luxurious viands, and when he falleth down to *chops*, is usually *chop-fallen*, and like a gambler trembleth at the prospect of coming to his last *steak*.

The vocation of the poet is to perform impossibilities, to increase the supply of animal food by making

extremes *meat*, to bring things together in *metaphor* that never *met afore*, to make similes of things that are not similar, to be *superlative* in *comparison*, and positive in hypothesis, to soar into the unknown without getting beyond the intelligible, to project his mind out of his own personality, yet not be beside himself! He painteth the face of Nature in varied hues, though he useth only ink, he availeth himself of *vales*, *pondereth* upon *ponds*, *brooketh* not that a brook should escape him, neither would he that a *wood* should be unsung or a *wood-nymph unwooded*, he knoweth the *value* of the *valleys*, and gazeth with *hilarity* on the *hills*, he hath a *feeling* for the *fields* and still *more* for the *moors*, he taketh not offence at the *fens*, he *complaineth* not of the *plains*, he seeth no *disgrace* in the *grass*, nor imputeth *treason* on the *trees*, but in all things only desireth to find in Nature occasion for his Art.

As a contributor to *Punch*, English or Indian, he mingleth the *acidity* of satire with *sweetness* of expression, infuseth therein the *spirit* of genius, and diluteth the whole with watery or milk and watery amplification. He dealeth in confectionary, preserving the fruits of greatness in *candid* praise, and cooking up the failures of imbecility in a fashion which is meant to be a *little tart*. His inevitable fault is to be dreadfully inconsistent, for whether his conception be rational or irrational, or indeed whatever may be the ratio thereof, that of his expression must always be *inverse*.

KARNOS.

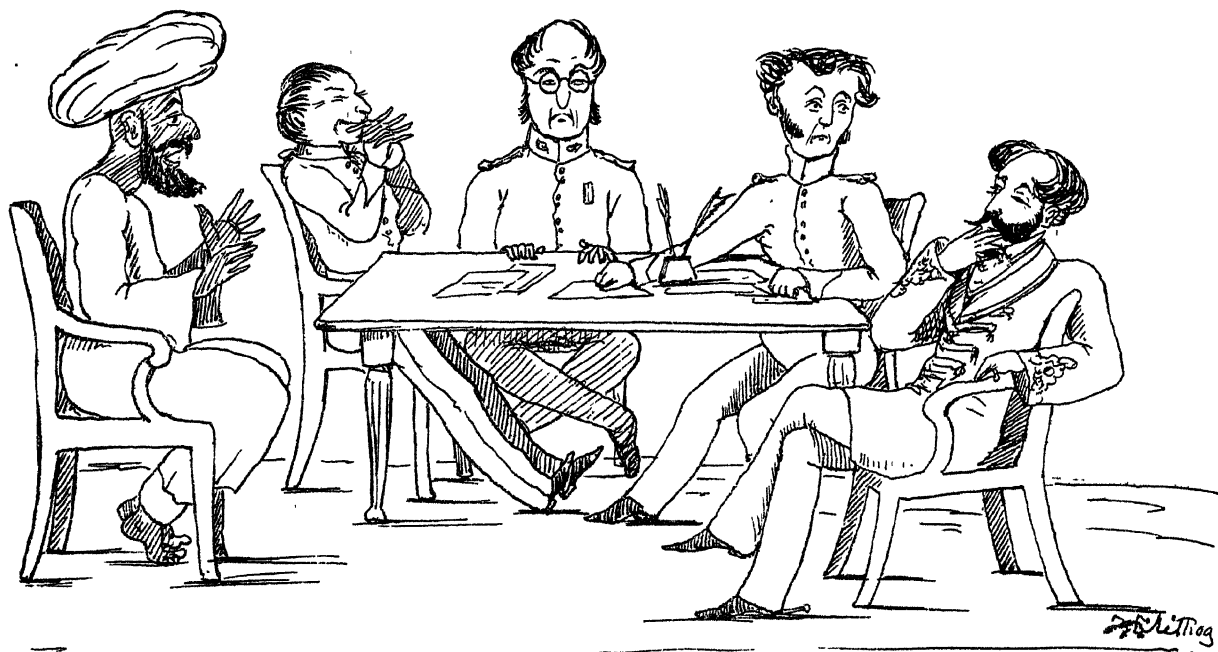
## AN APPEAL TO THE CLOTHING BOARD OR WANTS OF (YOUNG) INDIA.

(AN ILLUSTRATION OF THAT SAYING IN *Military Law* (!)  
"IT IS NOT THE *fact*, BUT THE *intention* WE SHOULD CONSIDER")



N. B.—The Hindoo child is to be represented naked with merely a STRING round his waist for decency's sake, which illustrates the INTENTION.

## LITTLE PECULIARITIES OF OUR FAST MAN—No. 1.



*Fast Man.*—"AR-MOONSHEE SAHIB, AR-MOOKABIL TANZIMAT ISTAGHFUR ILLAHI ZAINOOLABDEEN MOOHAFIZUT GOOSTAKHEE ANWAR SOHEILEE PARESHAN."

*Comflustrigated Moonshee.*—"KYA SAHIB?"

*Cnscientious President.*—"YOU SEE SIR, THE MOONSHEE CANNOT COMPREHEND YOU."

*Fast Man.*—"WEALLY!! NOT COMPEWHEHD ME!!! GOOD GWACIOUS, WHAT A DEMNED IGNOWANT FELLOW HE MUST BE!!!!"

(President and Committee are shut up.)

## JENKINS IN INDIA.

OUR friend the *Englishman*, in his issue of the 6th of the October, has cruelly allowed Jenkins to make a further exposure of himself, the Plush wearer is indignant at the honour of a salute having been paid to the memory of a plain untitled gentleman, whose only claim consisted in his merit; he also sarcastically remarks that "when Her Majesty's uncle, the King of Hanover, died, the Bengal Government took no more notice of the lamentable event (did *you* cry, Jenkins) than if one of her Majesty's poodles had expired" (why speak so contemptuously of Poodles, Jenkins? the world may set it down perhaps to jealousy.) Therefore concludes he, "an old Company's Civilian is rated far above a member of the Royal Family of England." Now Jenkins may in consequence of limited education be ignorant of the fact, that both men and things can only be rated according to their value, that value means worth, and worth depends on usefulness, that the "old Company's Civilian" was rated highly because he had been a most valuable servant, a most worthy

man, and most useful to millions of human beings, by his successful efforts to improve and secure their welfare and happiness. If Jenkins will submit to a course of Electro-Biology, he may perhaps discover the defunct scion of Royalty to have been equally useful, on the same terms as he may find a piano to be a horse, or a cucumber a cannon.

## A NICE QUESTION.

As the eyes are said to be the windows of the mind; can a person who has blacked the eye of another be brought up for window breaking?

WHAT does it cost in India to keep the flies out of your sitting room?

A couple of chiks.

## PROJECTILES

WHAT are the best modern weapons for firing round shot? *Revolvers.*

WHY does a game cock resemble one hundred lakhs of rupees? Because he's a crower (*crore.*)

## POETRY OF THE POTTERIES.

## SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD 'UN.

Devil take the fellows ! fellows ! fellows !  
 Cursed cute Commissioners, rascals as they be !  
 Dared to blame the Government ! Government ! Govern-  
 ment !

Worst of all, who dared to find a fault with me ! !  
 Now, confound their impudence ! impudence ! impudence !  
 Just as if they had been complimentary,  
 Here they come to breakfast ! breakfast ! breakfast !  
 Munching of my muffins ! guzzling my tea ! !

There's an end of all things ! all things ! all things !  
 Bloody "flat rebellion" will walk the world alone !  
 If a set of fellows, asked for their opinion !  
 Dare to give a true one, or say their soul's their own ! !  
 Dare to think a Governor ! Governor ! Governor !  
 Possibly can blunder, or can be a drone ! !  
 Then to come to breakfast ! breakfast ! ! breakfast ! ! !  
 Such a vile ingratitude never has been known ! ! ! !

Bid 'em go to Jericho ! Jericho ! Jericho !  
 Bid 'em ne'er again come visiting to me !  
 If you can with safety, kick 'em down the staircase ! !  
 Any how, insult them, gents although they be ! !  
 Nasty spiteful wretches ! wretches ! wretches !  
 How can I annoy them further let me see,  
 Send 'em in a bill for breakfast ! breakfast ! !  
 Charge 'em seven annas for muffins and for tea ! ! ! !

## COLONEL MOWBRAY.

"Full of the art of brewing beer."

DR. JOHN WALCOT.

COLONEL Mowbray was a man of varied learning, "bearded like the pard," and excessively "genteel." The word *genteel* has been so often proved to be the great, and only stand by of "snobs and gents," that I need not in the present slight sketch enlarge upon its signification. Suffice it to say, that any man who has pretensions to good-breeding, or education, would not allow this word to pass his lips save in a Pickwickian, or facetious sense.

Colonel Mowbray in the eyes of his own little world, was considered a wit, and a man of taste. His world was a small planetary system. He represented Jupiter, and his admirers acted the part of satellites to him. He had the most overweening conceit, and on all occasions would select anecdotes to impress his audience with a sense of his vast importance, especially towards those, whom he condescended to humour with a smile.

A smile from Colonel Mowbray was like a faint streak of light trying to burst through an impenetrable fog.

His face was a heavy, dingy, mahogany-coloured one, and rarely showed the slightest symptoms of good humour. He was a "good liver," however, and this

was what principally gained him a name. He was fond of having young men at his table, who considered his tales racy enough to inspire the copious administration of liquor, to keep themselves from actually being convulsed at the witty Colonel.

"Really Colonel," lisps the greatest dandy of all the satellites: "You are the most comical man I ever met. I really must keep notes of your stories. You make Joe Miller a perfect *"gudda."*

"Glad you like 'em," roars the Colonel. "I was always celebrated for good port, and good stories, when I was a boy not bigger than that—(touching a decanter)—I was considered a perfect wit, an actual repository of racy humour. My father never expected to rear me; he said I was a deuced sight too clever, and that I was sure to die young. Clever babies, he assured me, always did. It was only natural to expect that precocious geniuses should snuff themselves out." The Colonel has sipped his first bottle of port, he invariably sets a story as he drinks his first glass of the second bottle.

"Now gentlemen," roars the Colonel. "You must keep silence. I am going through my usual custom of telling a story with my first glass of my second bottle of port. I have done so now for 2918 nights, two more, and I shall have completed 8 years.

"I recollected when I was in the Peninsular, one night, we had all turned in early, and I was determined to have an undress, so jumped in with only my night-gown on and stockings. In the night, we were alarmed by a sudden attack, I had no time to dress, so went out in my night gown. The wind was very high, and strange to say took my gown right up into the air—burst every button off the same, and was carried away just like a balloon, leaving me with only a pair of stockings on—I had to go on and in the advance was wounded. Next day at 12 o'clock, I was picked up, in this state, and brought into camp, having learned a lesson not to strip again on service. I was fearfully laughed at, and called "night gown" for years afterwards. This, gentlemen, is a fact—and now for my glass of port."

ZETA.

## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

## MEASURES OF SURFACE.

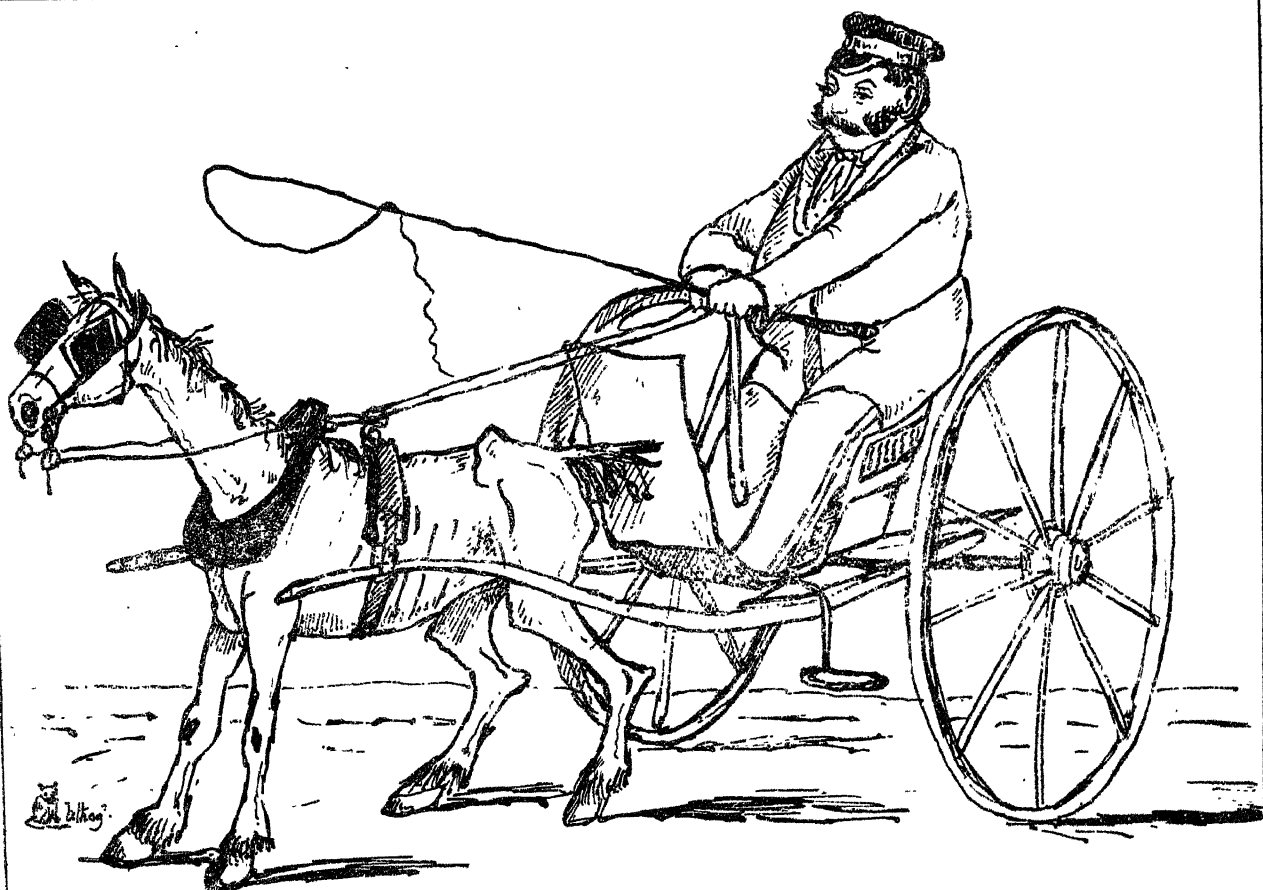
If 9 square feet make one square yard, how many feet would a sailor require to square the yards?

## MEASURES OF SOLIDITY.

If a gallon make one peck, how many will make one peckish?

## MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

If 27 11-32 grains make one *Drachm* (*Drām*) how many will make a *Drama*?



PERHAPS THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WAY OF A DRAG.

### MILITARY MATTERS.

(THE IDEA BORROWED—THE MATTER ORIGINAL.)

*Colonel.*—An old fashioned name for a man, who possesses a competency, and passes the summer of his life in England on good allowances. A jolly-fat-red-nosed member of society laughs gruffly, and tells stories of Tiger and Elephant shooting.

*Lieut.-Colonel.*—One stage removed from a Colonel: not quite so much his own master. Constantly bickering with the people at Head-Quarters, whom he considers a regular set of blockheads.

*Major.*—The name given to a man who commands 10 Companies on Parade, and who is invested with temporary command to order unlimited Drill, &c.

*Captain.*—A very happy man after 26 or 27 years' service, the time occupied in gaining his company.

*Lieutenant.*—A bullied member of the profession, who gets plenty to do, and more kicks than half-pence.

*Adjutant.*—A young man fond of his cloth, wearing it from choice.

*Quarter Master.*—One who picks up old bullets, and sells them.

*Ensign.*—A most remarkable creature, who manages to live upon air, and the knowledge of receiving 202-12-5.

*Drill.*—The act of performing a certain number of possible and impossible manœuvres in a given time.

*Skeleton Drill.*—Bring Invalids before a Medical Committee.

*Sunrise.*—The most disagreeable "rise" that can be taken out of any one.

*Bugle.*—An instrument of torture generally used by an inefficient blower, so as to awake in earnest all lovers of Parade.

*Sword.*—A blunt instrument, supposed to invest the wearer with an air of importance, and a hit-me-if-you-dare kind of look.

*Gunfire.*—The report of a loud piece of ordnance, generally selected to sound the departure of sleep from our eyes.

*Full Dress.*—A set of clothing that is meant to encumber the wearer, and support "Snips."

*Sword Exercise.*—The healthy and amusing exercise of reducing as many persons to the level of "terra firma," as you can.

ZETA.

## PORTRAIT PAINTING EXTRAORDINARY.

*To the Editor of the Delhi Sketch Book.*

SIR.—The *Lahore Chronicle* of the 10th Decr. has an advertisement, which contains the following: "Parties wishing to have portraits painted are requested to communicate with the Manager of the *Lahore Chronicle* Press, who will be kept acquainted with Mr. Carpenter's address."

Now Mr. Carpenter being the portrait-painter, I have been sadly perplexed to find out wherein the gain would lie, were a person, who might wish his features to glow on canvass, to write and divulge this wish to the Manager of the *Lahore Chronicle* Press. I, for in-

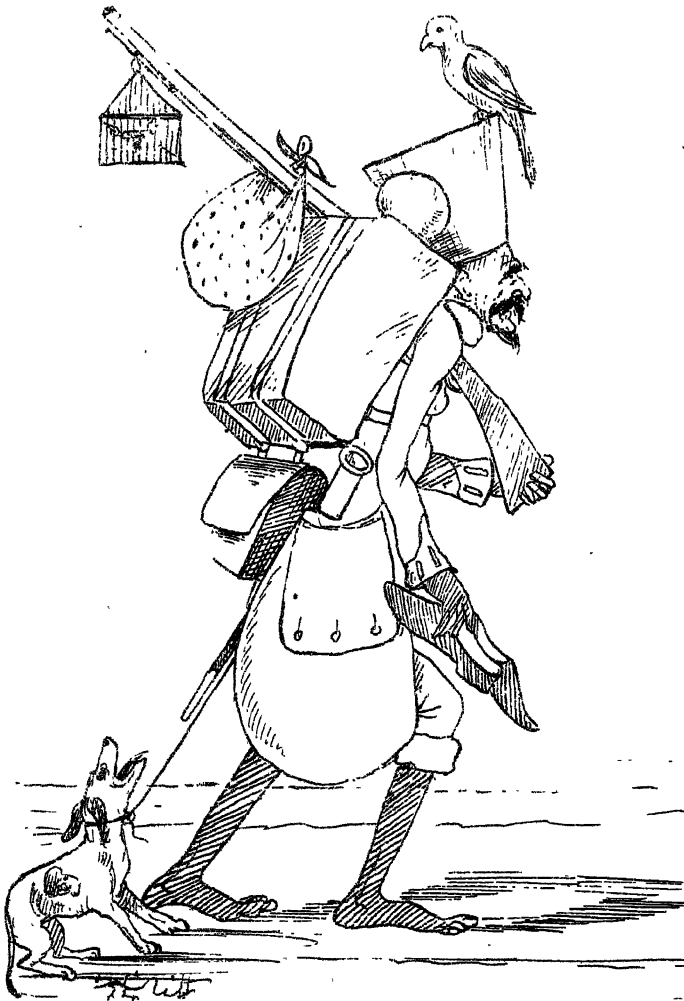
stance, am "fulfilling my destiny" about two hundred miles from Lahore, and am violently wishing to have my portrait taken; so, if Mr. Carpenter has got an invention (it must be something between a daguerreotype apparatus and an electric telegraph, I imagine) which will take likenesses at that distance, I am his man; but if I cannot be convinced of the reality of this invention, why I shall most certainly not write to the Manager of the *Lahore Chronicle* Press, to tell him I wish for something that I do not see the remotest chance of my ever obtaining.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

## OLD REGIME.



PORTRAIT OF RAMASAMY ON A MARCH.  
(Dedicated to the Cholera.)

## NEW REGIME.



PORTRAIT OF RAMASAMY ON A MARCH.  
(Dedicated to comfort and common sense.)



## STRANGE IF TRUE.

THE *Delhi Gazette* in a late issue published amongst the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, one prohibiting the introduction of "Great Goats" into the Hospital: such articles "being intended for the use of the effective and not the sick soldiers." This is a funny business altogether, and it either proves that most of the men in Her Majesty's service in India are Welshmen, or that our contemporary substituted a G. for a C. in Coats. We think the latter the most reasonable conclusion to come to, and if it does nothing else, it proves our contemporary to have a great deal of *Gee* in him.

## D. T.

WE learn from the *Times* that many persons in America have gone mad from addiction to Table-turning, rapping, and the like. It is not the first time that people's intellects have become affected from a too free use of spirits.

## SHARP.

"THEY call this the *Bog o'Behar*," said a griff who had been six times spun in an attempt to pass the Interpreters' examination, "but I've stuck so often in it that they ought to call it the Slough of Despond."

THE *Lahore Chronicle* lately observed that there was one wholesome practise in the middle ages, the punishment for sorcery. It is at any rate certain, that such a custom would not have affected our contemporary, who is notoriously no conjuror.

## ASTRONOMICAL.

WHEN Diana is represented by the moon, she is generally either in Perigee or Apogee; when represented by a Statue, she is in *effigee*. The above is not worth an F. I. G.

## QUERY.

WHY is a man's toe protruding from his boot like the Russian declaration of war.

Because it is a manifest toe, (*Manifesto* !!)

## INTERESTING NOVELTY.

THE *Lahore Chronicle* of 7th December informs us that "it is many years since the Indian army was first raised."

We wonder where *you* were raised!

## TO DUCKS.

WHEN is a Bombay Officer likely to thrash his wife?  
When he's going to *Tannah* (tan her.)

## DOLEFUL.

WHICH is the most melancholy paper in India?  
The *Morning* (Mourning) *Chronicle*.

## SEASONABLE.

WHAT is the difference between Lynch Law and Skating?  
The former is a *summary* and the latter a *wintry* proceeding.

WHY is an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen generally a great stick?

Because he is a *Pallisade* (*Palace Aide*!)

WHAT fruit is an interfering person like?  
A *medlar* of course!

## LITERARY.

Our correspondent in Paternoster Row says he heard the following conversation between two literary characters a few weeks since.

1st *Lite*.—"You see my little book got a lot of butter the other day."

2nd.—"Yes! so I hear; but you seem to forget that you sold it all to a cheesemonger."

## OUR GRAN'MA.

THE *Hurkaru* lately took us to task, somewhat ill-naturedly too, for some ungrammatical expression, we unwittingly allowed to appear in our pages. The other Calcutta papers have been in the habit of calling our respected contemporary "Dame Hurk"—"Hurky," &c., &c. We are less impertinent, and merely promise in future to mind our *Gramma*.

## VERY BAD.

WHY is a Boxwalla like a Religious Fanatic?

Because he's always talking of his *creed* (Kureed)

N. B.—This was made by a very small boy—and he was instantly deprived of his pudding.

WHAT street in London is most celebrated for the consumption of sausages?

*Cateaton* street to be sure!

(This is a *dogma* of our own, and may not be *rat-ified* by the public!)

## A QUESTION FOR LADIES.

WHEN is your Ayah entitled to the name of Medicis?

When she is a *Wee nuss*!

Besides Englishmen shouted never say *die*!

## TO MANIACS.

WHY is a narrow chested tall man generally impertinent?

Because he is an arrogant fellow, (*a narrow gaunt fellow*.) This explanation is absolutely necessary.

## FOREIGN.

WHY does a very humble German never require anything to be explained to him?

Because he is always *de meaning* himself.

## THE LAST CASE OF RUSSI-PHOBIA.

The latest instance of *russee-phobia* is a man hanging himself in a fit of insanity.

## TO LEGS.

WHO was the greatest gambler that ever came to India?

Sir Stamford *Raffles*!

## TO COMMISSARIAT OFFICERS.

WHAT is the cheapest kind of gram?

*Ana gram*!

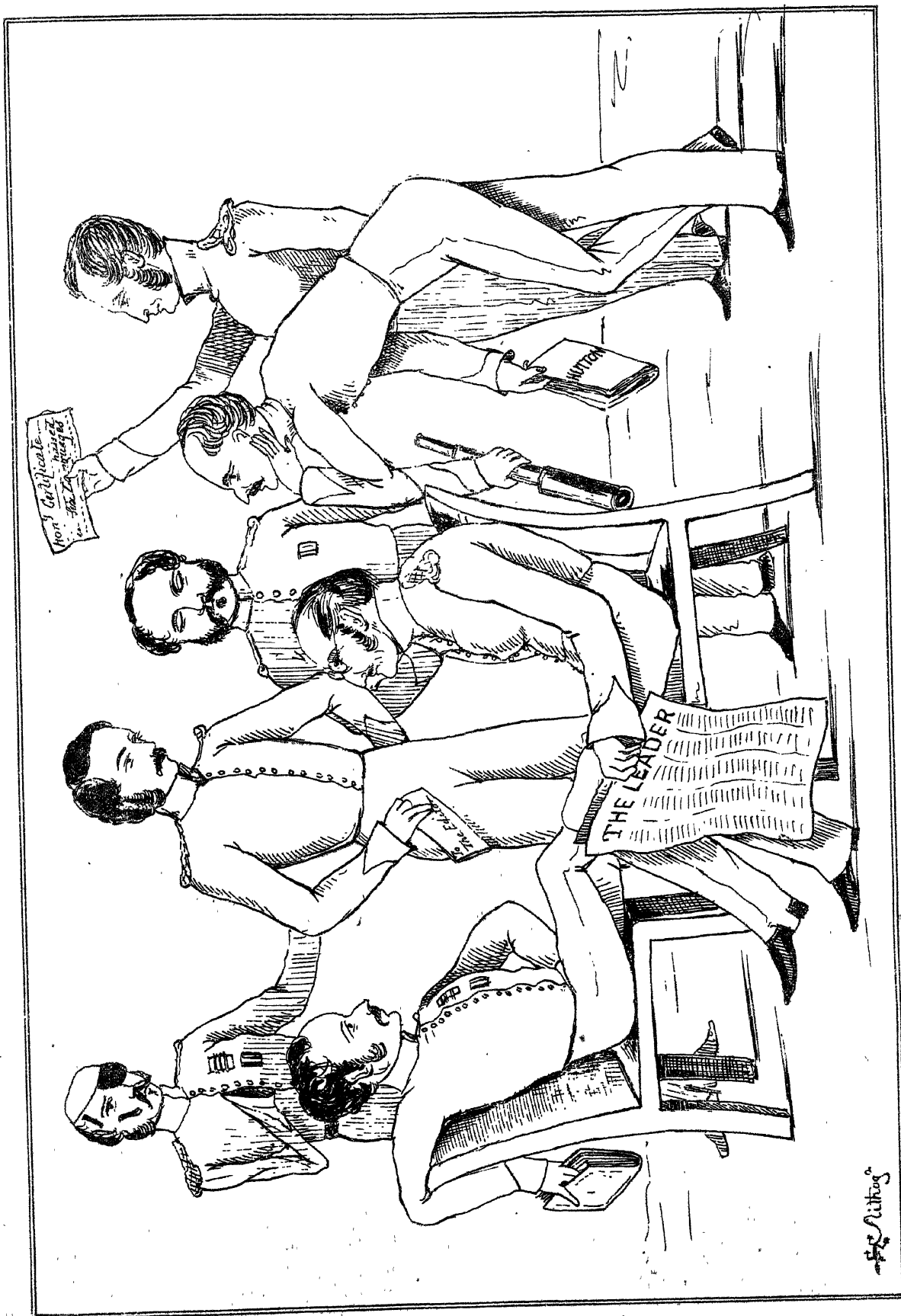
## CLASSICAL.

WHEN did Achilles go to the dogs?

When he went to *accoutre* himself!

WHEN did Cleopatra cease to be abusive?

When she abandoned her *galley* at Actium!



## THE "REFUSE!!"

THOSE WRETCHED MUFFS WHO HAVEN'T GOT INFLUENTIAL UNCLES.







## OUR IDEA OF WHAT AN IRREGULAR SHOULD BE.

### THE NEW CODE FOR THE ARMY.

A GREAT deal has been lately said and written about the New Army Code. We, in common with many others, have waited patiently for its publication, but as it is very evident that it will never be issued from Head-quarters, and as we have been favored with a private copy, we cannot be so selfish as to keep at least a portion of it any longer from our readers. To render it more easy of comprehension, we have illustrated the portion now before us, the next will probably contain some equally "stirring" subjects.

### MARRIAGE.

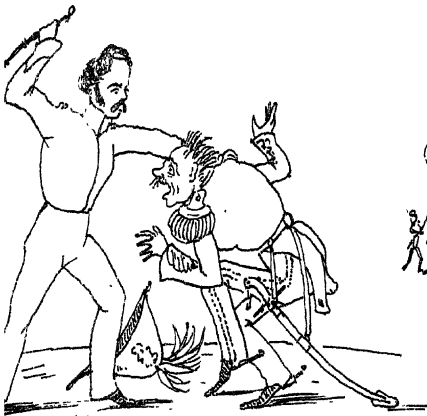
*Under difficulties*  
The *Delhi Gazette* announced lately, that the Revd. A. B. "assisted" by the Revd. C. D. married So and So to So and So. What a desperate resistance there must have been, that two Parsons were required to tie the connubial knot.

*Made easy.*  
The owners of the Passenger ships coming to the port of Calcutta are beginning to advertise their vessels as "carrying a Chaplain." If then the cuddy table is to be the altar, we suppose the foretop will be Gretna Green.

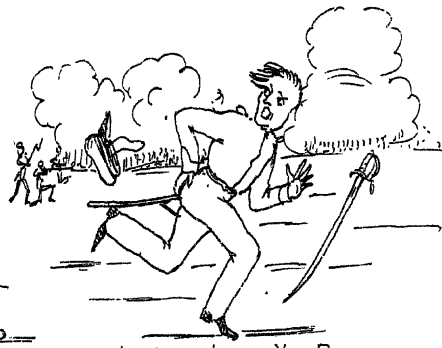
### A LITTLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Mr. Anaximander Brown wooed Miss Amanda Smith, and asked old Smith's consent to the match. "Get out of my sight Anaximander," was the stern reply. Mr. Brown did accordingly "Ax" Amanda, and ran off with her too.

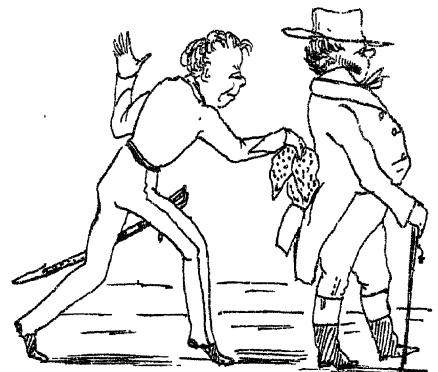
# ANY OFFICER OR SOLDIER WHO SHALL



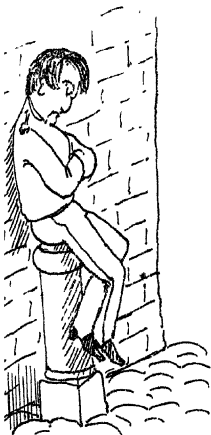
Strike a Superior Officer —



or, Misbehave before the Enemy — or,



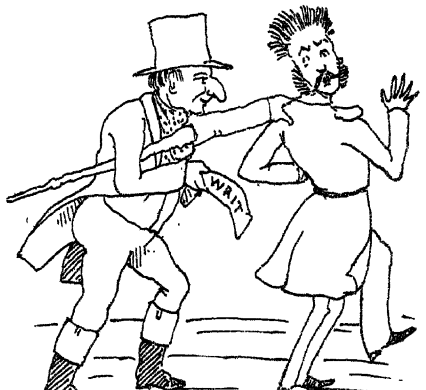
Go in Search of Plunder — or,



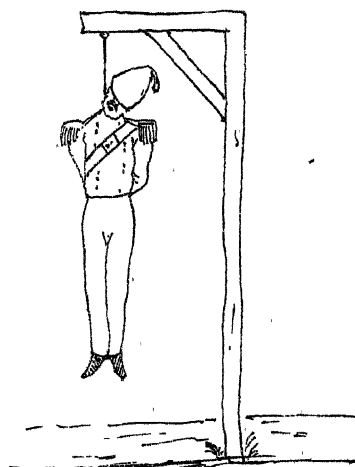
Be found sleeping on a Post —



or, Do violence to any Person bringing Provisions — or,



Be taken Prisoner for want of due Precaution



Shall suffer Death —



TRANSPORTATION —



or Such Other Punishment

*Scutcheon*

AS BY A GENERAL COURT MARTIAL MAY BE AWARDED.



## PLEASING—THOUGH COMMON.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PRESIDENT OF A  
MONTHLY COMMITTEE.—No. 2.

*The Committee is composed of a very "pucca" (i. e. strict) Captain, uncommonly slow, and of two Members who like work done expeditiously.*

*Captain (looking daggers at the Sergeant).—*"Well, these casks (150, which are totally unserviceable by being eaten by white ants,) are perfectly good, I suppose you are just going to issue them, are you not? *(The Captain knows very well they are bad all the time, but thinks that Government is always imposed upon by Departments.)*

*Sergeant.*—Them's hunserviceable sir, the Harnts has eaten 'em.

*Captain.*—All d—d nonsense, *(kicking over a cask that falls to pieces as he does so)* that is a perfectly strong and g—cask. *(The President would have said "good," but the result proves the contrary.)*

*Sergeant.*—There, sir, didn't I tell you so, "the officer" too said they are quite unserviceable

*Captain.*—This may be a little worse than the rest, but I am quite satisfied it even could be brought into use (who the d—I wants your "officer's" opinion, I as President of this Committee.)

*Sergeant.*—Yes, sir, it will do for fire-wood only though, and my officer's remarks are in the papers.

*Captain.*—Don't speak to me, sir, I have been 25 years in India, and I say the cask is good.

*Sergeant (touching his cap).*—Very good, sir!

*Captain.*—Now Ensign T—, be so good as to count the casks; I am sure there are not 150 here. *(Aside. —"These yellows always put down more in the reports than Committees ever survey.")*

*Ensign T.*—There are undoubtedly 150 casks here.

*Captain (looking at the Committee Reports).*—Yes, 150 casks with bungs. Come, come, Sergeant, this will not do, I see two there without bungs.

*Sergeant.*—They are somewhere about, sir, I will find them.

*Captain.*—Find them, eh! when? where? why are they not here now? you'll find yourself under arrest if you don't mind, by Jove you will.

*(The Committee have to look at fifty other different kinds of articles, and a full hour has passed in examining these casks.)*

*1st Member to 2nd Member.*—I say, this old fool is going to keep us here all day.

*2nd Member to 1st Member.*—Why, my good fellow, we have about FIFTY more odds and ends to look at yet.

*Sergeant.*—Here is some mustard, sir, as his unfit for issue.

*Captain (bursting with his innate spirit of contradiction).*—Unfit you say? let me see, *(tastes it.)* Just as good mustard as any one need ever wish to eat, *(makes a horrid face which speaks quite the very opposite.)* Come! come! I am not to be made a fool of—surely a man who has been 25 years in the service knows good mustard when he sees it. *(The 1 resident here looks like a very ill-used individual, and wants to make the Sergeant imagine he has been fed almost all his life on mustard alone, so distressed is his aspect.)*

*Sergeant.*—Very good, sir; I will put it down good!

*Captain.*—Most undoubtedly

*N. B.*—Ten days after this the mustard is condemned by a Medical Committee as bad.

*Sergeant.*—Here is some tea, sir, which is damaged by a case of castor oil bottles being broken over it.

*Captain.*—Not much the worse for that, eh? Let me see, *(tastes some,)* just taste that Lieut. W—, the tea is as good as any I have ever drunk, *(addressing the Member.)*

*Lieut. W.*—Thank you, I'll take your word for it, I don't much like castor oil, and particularly not so early in the morning, but taste some MORE Captain, and make QUITE SURE before you pronounce it "good."

*N. B.*—*(The Lieutenant is very tired indeed, and has some ultimate and vicious reason for making this proposal, and the Captain to prove he is "right" takes up a large handful and eats it at once.)*

*Captain.*—Most excellent tea I assure you.

*Old ropes, boxes, bags, and goodness only knows what not, are afterwards surveyed, when in the midst of the work, the Captain is seized with very unpleasant pains, and imagines he is going to have Cholera.*

*Captain.*—Now, Sergeant, make haste and let me see the papers, I really do feel very unwell, and think it is like an attack of Cholera, *(makes a rush towards his buggy.)* I say Lieut. W—, please enter the remarks just as they are, except the mustard—*(is driving off.)*

*Sergeant.*—Is the tea to be returned as good sir?

*Captain (shouting from his buggy).*—No, no, by no means, it is perfect poison.

*Lieut. W. (to the other Member.)*—I say old fellow, I managed the old chap, eh? Thank goodness he eat that last huge handful of "castor-oil-tea!" or we should not have got away till midnight at that slow pace.

*2nd Member.*—A most capital receipt for expediting all Committees, and I shall remember it on all such occasions.

*Sergeant (touching his cap).*—Hope the gentleman haint very ill sir? there's a great deal of the Cholera about just now.



*Lieut. W.*—O ! no, he will get over it I dare say before long, it was uncommon *strong tea* that Sergeant, eh ? Hospital tea I fancy, eh ? That is used for Hospital purposes I mean.

*Sergeant.*—For Europeans sir, and also for Hospital use, but really, sir, this is now half castor *hoil*, it will make the men *hill* to take it.

*Lieut. W.*—Never mind, Sergeant, the Captain is of course the *best judge* (now he is at any rate) of these things, I'll bet he will not taste tea in a hurry again, that is, tea brought before a Committee.

*Sergeant* (who only now seems to have a clear idea of the state of the case).—Perhaps it was the hoil sir ?

*Lieut. W.*—I think such is very probably the case, Give me the reports.

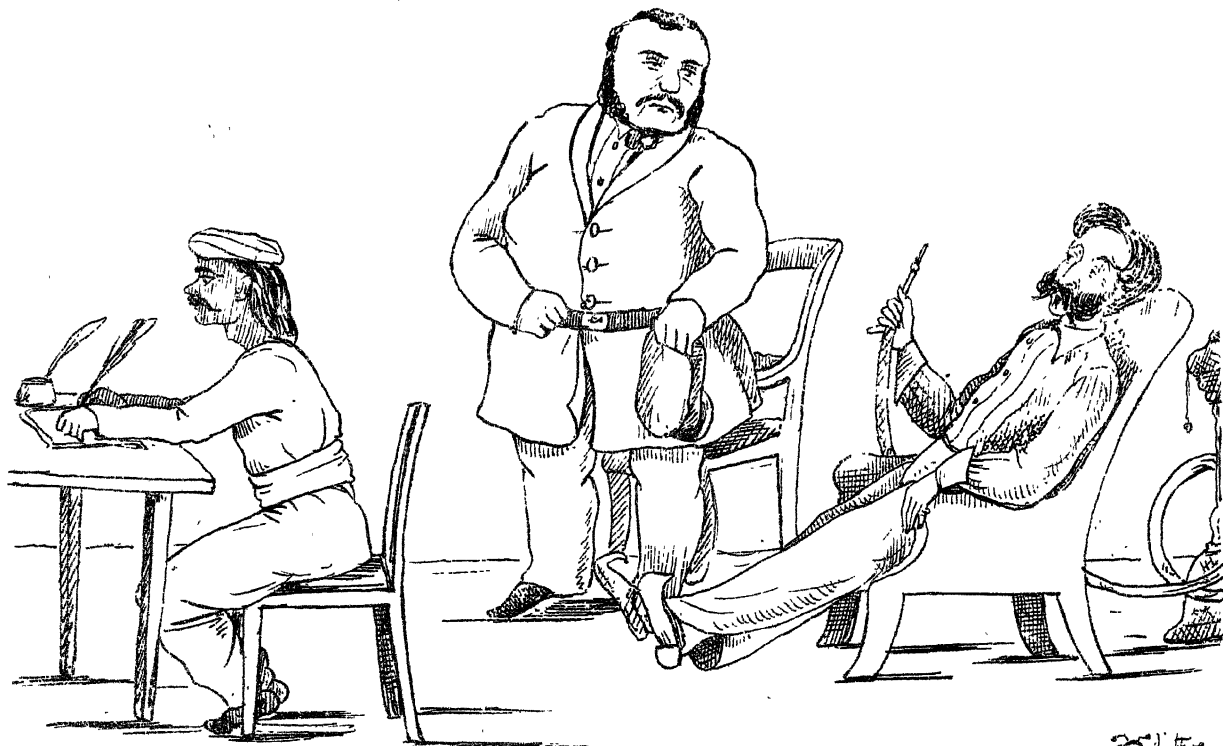
To show the absurdity of all the strictness of the Captain, all the articles except the mustard, are put down as they were before in the Committee reports, and such proves the folly of too much care in cases where there is no

necessity for it, when really weightier matters are passed over with hardly a thought.

#### MISS CUNNINGHAM.

Miss Cunningham, otherwise known as Miss Sly Bacon, having gone the whole hog in the way of Prose-lytism, has found it a bore to be imprisoned by the Grand Duke of Tusk-any, although she could not have been guilty of a rasher act than to distribute tracts in spite of the prohibition of the law. Instead of distributing tracts, we imagine that she will now *make tracks* out of the dominions of the Grand Duke. But Miss Sly Bacon ought to be very thankful that she was only imprisoned in Tusk-any, for had it been in Bologna, she might have been cut up into Sausage-meat by this time, or even carried to the Steak, and broiled like St. Lawrence on a Grid-iron. It might appear that Miss Sly Bacon had been egged on to involving herself in this broil, but it is evident that the gravy men (gravemen) of the charge against her, lies in her hostility to the conventual system under which her imprisoned sisters can only see their friends when they appear at the grille.

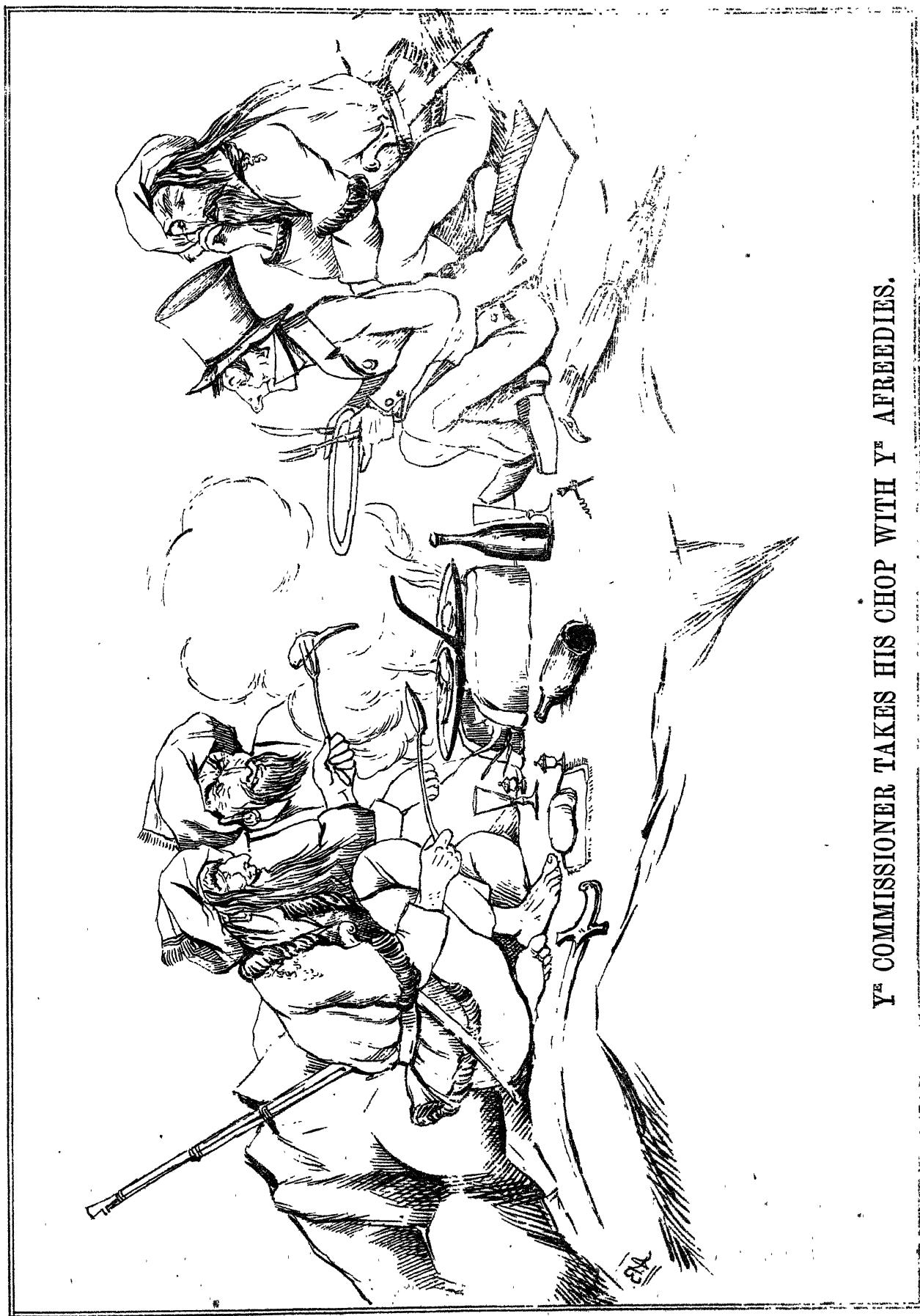
#### LITTLE PECULIARITIES OF OUR FAST MAN—NO. II.



*W. L. King*

*Considerate Friend.*—"WELL, I'LL SAY GOOD BYE, FOR IT'S THE LAST DAY FOR THE MAIL, AND NO DOUBT YOU WANT TO WRITE TO YOUR MOTHER.

*Fast Man.*—WEALLY, I HAD QUITE FORGOTTEN THAT THERE WAS SUCH A WELATION. BABOO, JUST WRITE TO MY MOTHER, WILL YOU.



Y<sup>E</sup> COMMISSIONER TAKES HIS CHOP WITH Y<sup>E</sup> AFREEDIES.



## THE CALM BENDEMEER.

*(Not according to Thomas Moore.)*

THERE's a snug little Pot-house in Whitechapel Road,  
And Cab-drivers drinking there all the day long,  
Where many a cloud in my youth I have blowed,  
As I sat in the tap-room to hear the rogue's song.

That bar and its porter I never forget,  
But oft when alone when I feel rather queer,  
I ask are the Cab-drivers drinking there yet?  
Are they still at their brandy and water and beer?

Soon the cash was expended that found me in lush,  
But grog-blossoms were gathered before 'twas all gone,  
And so brightly my nose with carbuncles did blush,  
Like the sun in a fog that it ruddily shone!

Thus drunkenness culls from the drink as it flows,  
Memorials to speak of it many a year,  
And I wear a remembrance stamped on my nose,  
Of that bar with its brandy and water and beer.



## FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

WHAT is the meaning of the letters R. S. V. P., under an invitation to a Fancy Ball?

Answer.—Red Stockings and Vite Pumps.

WHY does the Emperor Nicholas never patronize a cane-bottomed chair?

Because it is not a *rush un*.

THEY say that Laman Blanchard is coming out to conduct the *Mofussilite*. We fear that with no body to depend upon, but Lame Ann Blanchard, our contemporary will be in a more tottering condition than ever.

Is the lady a spinster or a widder?

## NOT FIRST CHOP.

WITH reference to the Sketch on our opposite page, we have been requested by a member of the Punjab Administration to mention that it was not the Afreedees but the Muttonies with whom the Political ate his Chop. Furthermore that said Chop was broiled on the identical gridiron which had the honor of grilling *Saint Lawrence*, (no relation to "Brother John.") It is evident at any rate that the hospitable hillmen, whether Afreedees or Muttonies, had a steak in the country; but we would advise these frontier politicals that although it is very well to partake of the Chops of the hill tribes, they had better avoid being mixed up with their broils; for on such occasions one is very apt, not only to be well peppered, but suddenly to find all the fat in the fire, as the Latin Poet remarks, *grave est fraeliuum*.

We understand that before this interesting tiffin party broke up, the Afreedie chief drank to the health of the Brigadier, whom, as they irrelevantly expressed it, they thought very *small beer* of.

## PATRIOTIC.

On dit, that Mr. K—p, the spirited Reducteur of the Fonetic Gruntikal, has it in contemplation to raise a small corps for local purposes, should the political horizon continue cloudy in the direction of the North West. His classic taste has already dictated the selection of a motto from one of his newest and most favorite quotations. It will consist of the words "stet pro ratione voluntus," meaning (as our gallant contemporary understands):—"We volunteer solely for our rations." Thus gracefully nailing to the mast the voluntary principle in all its glorious integrity.

We are further informed that the whole of the Printing Establishment have enrolled themselves under the spirit-stirring banner, and that the corps already numbers five of all ranks. The badge, which we trust is destined to be as glorious as the Lamb of the 2nd Royals, or the mint sauce of the Commissariat, is, need we say it, the well known "hundred of grass."

WE observe the *Lahore Chronicle* advertising "William Ham and Son, Bakers," at Lahore. They make the bread *between them* we presume, or we might have turned the opportunity afforded us to some account. The Messrs. Ham should announce themselves as "under the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich"—and we have no doubt that they are adepts at *Bacon* (Baking.)

## SHOCKING.

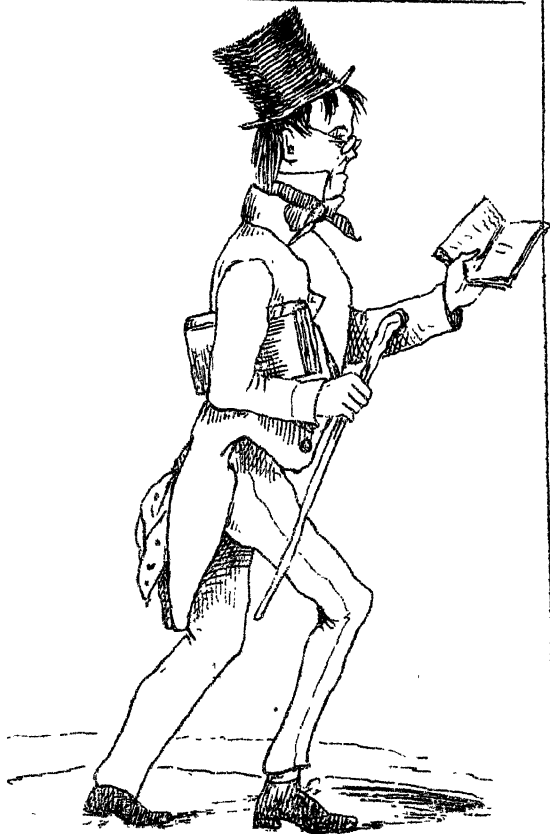
WHEN is a Cobbler like a celebrated Orator?  
When it's a sherried'un. (*Sheridan!*)

## THE SUB'S ROOM.

THE room is dark, for it is night,  
 One candle sheds a solitary light,  
 The lonely Sub, with melancholic look,  
 Devours with eagerness some Book.  
 No wonder that he starts, and listens now,  
 (See a cold sweat is on his brow),  
 The Book is horrible, some goblin thing,  
 With goblin Books, I cannot sing.

The room contains a solitary chair,  
 A broken couch from which protrudes the hair,  
 A ruined lamp, a picture of "Old Nick,"  
 A shovel—tongs—and candlestick,  
 A few books ranged upon the table,  
 With whips and bridles (better in the Stable)  
 Some "odds and ends," valueless and small,  
 A trunk containing very near his all;  
 At least those things that cost their wearer  
 Most money; hidden from the Bearer,  
 A Dog, a Cat are sleeping on the floor,  
 And greet their master with a purr or snore,  
 A bird of some kind in a wicker cage,  
 With constant chirp, attempteth to engage,  
 But master pores, with still more eager look,  
 Upon the self-same goblin book.

ZETA.



UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM NONE BUT YOUNG  
 MEN OF GENIUS AND APPLICATION WILL  
 OBTAIN CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

## NAMELESS HORRORS.

Oh! why should men because they're good  
 Dress up like solemn quakers;  
 Or roam about with dismal looks,  
 Like gloomy undertakers.

II.

And when the "hursute" ornaments,  
 By order they should grow;  
 Still show the hairless upper lip,  
 Not acting "comme il faut."

III.

These hills are dull enough I'm sure,  
 The cold wind blows without,  
 And man should let his moustache grow,  
 To guard from frost his snout.

IV.

This must not be, it cannot be,  
 This is too bad indeed;  
 Gramercy, who would call as friend,  
 This shapeless Invalid.

V.

With nerveless arm, and shuffling gait,  
 On some Paharie's track,  
 One thinks that when he ventures out,  
 He never will get back.

VI.

They say to Chunar they are doomed,  
 Oh, what a tune they'll play,  
 When they have really work to do,  
 On Invaliding pay.

VII.

But on Nāg Teeba's lonely peak,  
 Or farther mountain's crest,  
 They'll pitch their tents, alas poor souls,  
 To shun "Courts of Request."

VIII.

O! who an Invalid would be  
 Doomed such a course to run;  
 To fly to des'late haunts whene'er,  
 They're pestered by a Dun.

IX.

O! what a sad anomaly,  
 From countless friends to run;  
 And live like Crusoe all alone,  
 For fear of No. 1!

X.

When off to Chunar they have set,  
 What will those merchants do;  
 Who have appeared at ev'ry Court,  
 To claim their *simple* due.

XI.

I fear me much that they will have  
 To compromise in *fine*;  
 For all Cheroots, that they have smok'd  
 For Brandy, Punch and Wine.

XII.

And serve them right the dirty dogs,  
 They charge more than they should,  
 And then *blow* out their fatted sides,  
 With vile, promiscuous food.

## XIII.

And when unto the plains they go,  
For "*buraf's*" charms they flee;  
They sit like ravens on their perch,  
And "give" up each rupee.

## XIV.

The rascals have a joyful time,  
Good claim, "*perwasht*" too;  
Besides the great, enormous gain  
That on their goods accrue.

## XV.

And there are some who side with them,  
And say their stores are good;  
The reason's obvious for they  
Are fatt'ning on their food.

## XVI.

But at the close of every year,  
The merchant sues *and gains*;  
But not for months, for master has  
Deserted to the plains.

## XVII.

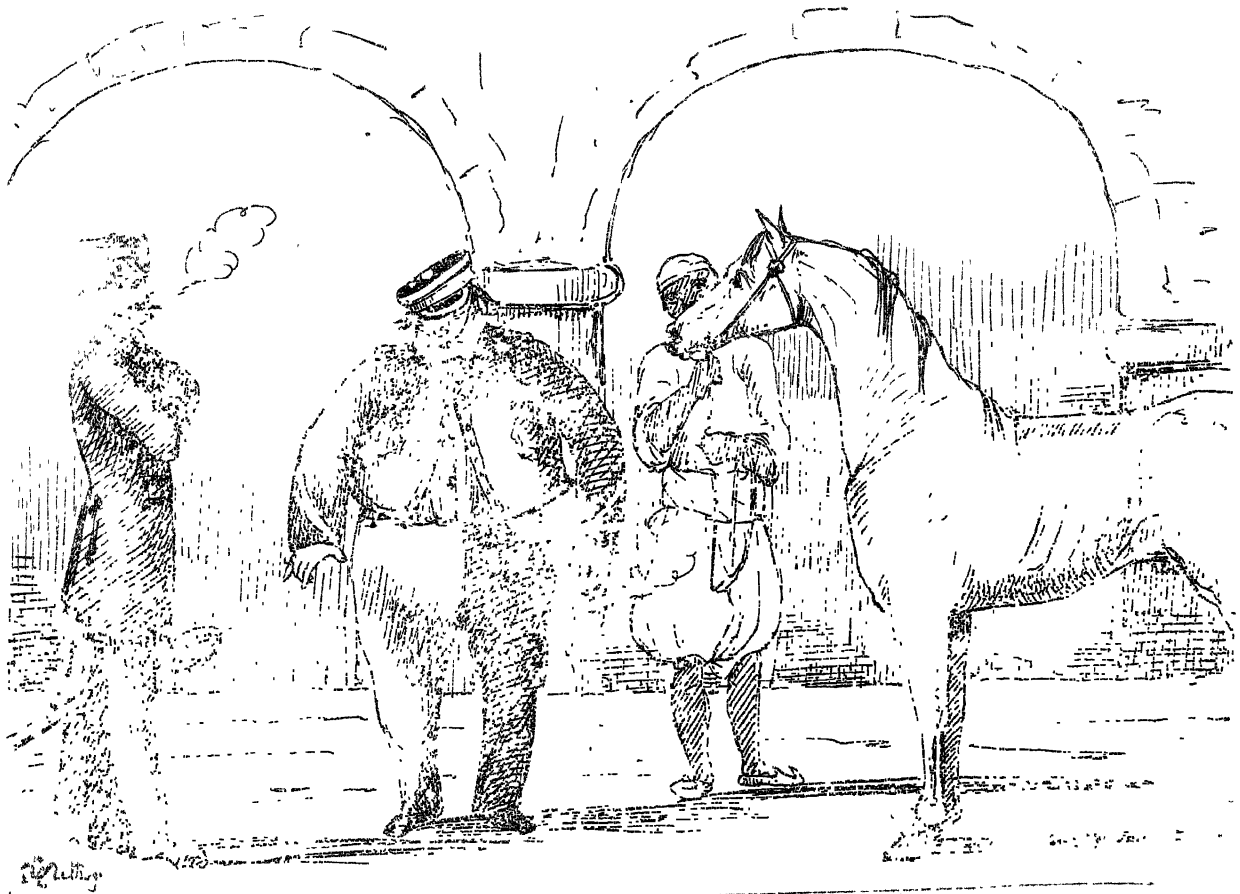
But never mind the money's gained,  
And what doth merchant care,  
He can full well afford to wait,  
To clutch his Lion's share.

## XVIII.

Oh! banish from these jolly hills,  
These rascally Bazaars,  
That causeth all of us such pain,  
And all our pleasure mars.

"INVALIDE."

## HORSE-DEALING.



Cornet Bumpshus.—HE LOOKS POOR?

Vet. Surgn. Coffin.—'E *is* POOR—'E A'NT UP TO MY WEIGHT, AND I 'ATE TO SEE A 'ORSE A EATIN' 'IS ED ORF.

Cornet B.—EATING HIS Z. EH? I TELL YOU WHAT VET., IF I WAS GOING TO FEED A HORSE ON LETTERS, I THINK I'D BEGIN HIGHER UP THE ALPHABET, AND TRY IT ON FIRST WITH A LITTLE A.

[ VET. SOLD—HORSE *not*. ]

## PLEASANT.



*Kind Hostess.*—"CAPTAIN JOHNSON, I DON'T MIND ASKING YOU, BUT *will* YOU DANCE WITH MISS JONES, POOR THING, SHE HAS BEEN SITTING ALL THE EVENING."

*Emma.*—"WHAT A BORE! I KNOW HE WAS GOING TO DANCE WITH ME."

## ORRID.

Who was the first Ancestor of the Earl of Sandwich?

*Ham!* (*Noah* he wasn't—we think we hear a west country gentleman exclaim on reading this.)

## WORSE.

On which days of the year does time fly most rapidly?  
On the *fast* days.

## WORSE.

When does an Irishman make fun of his potatoes?  
When he takes *the rise* (their eyes) out of them!

## WORSEST.

When do human beings eat hay?  
When they think it *meet*!

## A JOVIAL PUN.

Why is a merry making at a Tavern like the Reform Bill?  
Because it is an *innovation*!

## PROFESSOR VON FOGELFAKER'S LECTURES.—No. XV.

## ON NOSES.

THE excellent Mr. Samuel Slick has declared that a man is nothing unless he has got a theory; I am happy enough to agree with that very intelligent man, one whom I am proud to call, with reference to his politics in particular, a Fogelfakerian. A theory, gentlemen, is an inestimable advantage; it enables one to account for everything, above all most excellent are those theories which explain as easy as A. B. C. all the ins and outs, turns and changes, queearities, eccentricities, hopes, fears, passions, powers and weaknesses of the human mind, without any reference to those exploded fallacies of conscience and will. Self-consciousness or self-control but prove that a man's desires are simply the result of organization, and that his actions must necessarily follow from his desires—a very delicious doctrine gentlemen, no doubt. It will of course be at once perceived that I allude to phrenology and physiognomy—valuable sciences both, quite unobjectionable indeed if regarded as simply indicative, but the shape of our heads and expression of our faces are the results, not the causes, of our moral and intellectual condition. The true efficient cause is to be sought elsewhere, it is that cause which I purpose now to explain—yes, gentlemen, I too have a theory. I maintain that it is the nose that makes the man, that not only *indicates* but *creates* character, for if, as I propose to prove, certain forms of noses are really and inevitably connected with certain forms of character, it is of course clear, either that the character moulds the nose, or else the nose must mould the character. Now gentlemen, how *can* the character possibly form the nose? I admit that the development of particular faculties may enlarge the portions of the brain by which they act, as rowing enlarges the muscles of the arm and walking those of the leg. But there are no brains in our noses: our noses in fact are organs of nothing except breathing, smelling and sternutation, and it is a triumphant fact that the men who sneeze the most and loudest are not the men who possess the largest noses. The expression of the mind also becomes stamped upon the countenance by the habitual muscular twitching of eyes, lips, cheeks, brows, forehead, &c., the shadow of the passion that passes oftenest over the face, becoming at length stereotyped there, but the formation of the nose cannot be accounted for in this manner, as it involves a difference of size as well as of shape, and because noses can only be twitched one way, therefore as it is evident that the character cannot form the nose, the conclusion is of course inevitable that the nose must form the character. *How* it does so, I do not pretend

to say. I merely state the broad fact, and leave others to account for it who can.

As usual the instinct of the world has unconsciously perceived and acted upon this great fact, though I believe I may with all proper humility boast myself as the first who has ever set it forth as a theory, the common instinct of mankind, I say, has recognized the nose as an index of character as well as of countenance, a handle to the feelings as well as to the face, consequently the world lays great stress upon noses. It talks of "counting noses," of "putting one's nose out of joint," of "paying through the nose," "snapping one's nose off," being led by the "nose," "poking one's nose into any thing," it "turns up its nose" as a sign of the greatest contempt, and "pulls a fellow's nose" in token of the direst insult. Now all this proves that the nose has always been considered and acknowledged as the most prominent portion of the intelligent machine, the leading article, as it were, of the Periodical—Man.

The principal forms or types of nose, with the peculiarities of character which they produce, are as follows: first the

*Proboscis Vulgaris*, or *Common Pump-handle*. A long projecting nose, pendulous and flaccid towards the tip: this nose, evidently an attempt on the part of Nature towards a trunk or third hand, betokens a grasping and avaricious disposition, and a tendency to employ other people as tools; it predisposes its possessor to become an Electioneering Agent, Land-Steward or Pawn-Broker, it also predominates in Christian money-lenders, stock-jobbers and attorneys, its trunk-like or prehensile character manifestly induces the propensity to *grab* so common to all these classes.

*Quadra Pugnax*, the *Roman Nose*, speaks for itself; it resembles a bill-hook or Butcher's cleaver, an instrument contrived for hacking and hewing, especially flesh, it is thus the natural index of great warriors. Cæsar, our own Iron Duke, almost all heroes in fact, have been provided with this kind of hatchet, to enable them, as it were, to *axe* their way through all difficulties. I regard this form of nose as peculiarly illustrative of my theory.

*The Rostrum Psittaci*—Parrot's Beak or Hook Nose inclines its possessor to treachery and deceit, every thing that he says or does having usually a hook at the end of it. It also imparts the power of fishing out secrets, and the tendency to rake for emolument in dirty ways. The wearer of this type of nose, moreover, from having constantly such a crooked object before his corporeal optics, becomes sympathetically inclined to tortuous views in his mental vision: the Jewish race af-

fords so perfect an illustration of this branch of the subject, that it is needless to go any further.

The *Nasus Truncatus* or *Common Snub* indicates mean and vulgar manners, short sighted and illiberal views, for as very few men are able to see further than their noses, it is evident how very restricted must be their foresight in whom that organ is a short one. By the same rule where the nose has no point the observations can have none either, bluntness of nose is also paralleled by bluntness of character, snub-nosed people are however usually obstinate, and particularly fearless in opposition to others, because they need not fear having their noses snapped off as they have got little or none to snap.

The *Nasus Canicularis* or *Pug* is a variety of this kind; it indicates a dogged temper and in general a predilection for dog's-nose or schnaps vulgarly called a hair of the dog that bit you, or rather (as it stands in the original Hebrew) of the dog whose snout is upon your face: this nose affords a curious example how extremes may meet, a *Pug* nose having all the appearance of being curtailed, this accounts for the perversity and contradictiveness of the wearers of such noses.

The *Rapum Scandinense* or *Turn up* is a magnificent illustration of my theory; it is directed exactly the way it should not go, the character it indicates is consequently bumptious and wrong-headed. It scornfully turns away from its native earth, and its wearer is consequently a sneerer and conceited; it aspires to be exalted higher than the eyebrows, and of course the wearer becomes supercilious. People with this kind of nose are generally petulant, pragmatical and ambitious, the universal tendency towards nasal sequence taking of course in them an upward direction; the remarkable ugliness of this type probably originated the remark "as plain as the nose on your face." In the least inelegant species of the genius, the *Petit Nez Retroussé* or *Little Turnip Radish* not unfrequently found among females, the usual results of the organization are flirtation before and Xantippe-ism after marriage, two phenomena only so far differing as that the one regards the acquisition and the other the exercise of power.

The *Bulbosus Vinolentus* or *Bottle Nose* betokens of course a strong tendency, to drinking; a wife who desires not that her husband should have an inclination to lick her\* will do well to avoid this type, it is very common in the Southern States of the great American Republic, where its development is supposed to be owing to the constant contemplation of pumpkins, being however an abnormal condition of snout; it

\* Probably a mistake for liquor.—*Prin. Dev.*



can scarcely be legitimately brought into consideration with reference to my theory, the same may be said of the *Nasus Sordidus* or dirty nose, the *Nasus Contaminatus* or *Snuff-taker's* nose, the carbuncled, pimply, or otherwise unnaturally disfigured noses. Such indeed is my respect and veneration for noses in general, that I would suggest, for the sake of vindicating their honour, that all such abnormal types as have just been alluded to should be sternly and unhesitatingly cut off as malicious and wilful degradations of the noblest feature of the face. Yes gentlemen, I take my stand

upon my nasal promontory, as I may say, upon the point of my Nose, an acrobatic feat probably without precedent. I claim for my theory the merit of perfect originality, and I do not doubt but that the brief sketch I have just given of its (in every sense of the word) leading features, will have fully convinced you that it is the only rational hypothesis that has ever been given to account for the infinite varieties of human character.

KAPROS.

## CONVENTIONAL FALLACIES.---NO. I.



Your most obedient Servant.

CRITICIZING the last number of *Saunders's Magazine*, the Editor of the *Bombay Telegraph and Courier* says with reference to the verse by H. G. K. beginning

"Unnumbered dimplings of the calm."

"There is something strange in the association of ideas, we cannot read the verse without thinking of dumplings, and we are not by any means destitute of a taste for poetry."

We doubt this; we would rather incline to a belief that the Editor was thinking of his own head, and that his taste is more in the dumpling than the poetic line.

A DINNER FIT FOR A CASSOWARY.

SAND beef and Iron-e-shtew.

MUSICAL.

WHY is a fiddle like a large legacy?  
Because it is good for tune.

A NICE POINT.

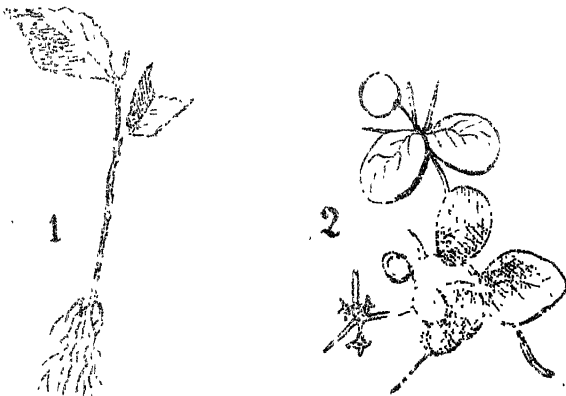
We understand that the students in the Delhi College have come to a dead *Locke*, because the Mahomedans object to any discussion of Bacon.

It is not generally known that the late William Pitt, on account of the profundity of his character was called "bottomless Pitt."

QUERY.

Is Sir Egerton Bridges any relation to the Colossus of Rhodes?

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BOTANY OF INDIA.



1.—SPECIMEN OF A GOVERNMENT TEA PLANT IN THE DHOON.

2.—THE TEA PLANT OF COMMERCE, FOUND ALL OVER THE PENINSULAR OF INDIA, AND TO BE HAD IN ITS PREPARED STATE OF ALL THE FIRMS OF "NUBBEE BUXES" AND "GO-BINDS."

## DR. LETTSON'S CELEBRATED PRESCRIPTION FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Give her a ring, a plain gold ring,  
It is a potent spell  
To those who ask it faithfully,  
And those who wear it well.

And from the wondrous influence  
It's magic casts around,  
Despair and sorrow flee away  
And love and joy abound.

If ye refuse the plain gold ring—  
Oh if ye do deny;  
Despair and sorrow wait for her,  
And she shall quickly die!

But if ye make the plain gold ring—  
Oh! make it thick and strong,  
For love and hope shall strengthen her  
That she may wear it long.

## AN ENIGMA.

We did think something—we will not say exactly what—of the *Fonetic Nus* Cope's anglicised Hindoostanee; but what *does* the *Moff.* mean by this?\*

"w Pw N o Rm J Cw VIEW OF CAPE TOWN."

and

"w w w w T B S E S O F E X C H N G E R R N G E D  
D E C w w L L g."

We pause for a reply!

## ZOOLOGICAL.

WHAT law would a young ranunculus, about to enter the transition state, describe himself by?

The *legs tail I own is.*

\* See *Mofussilite*, 15th Decr., ult.

## FACT.

A REFORMED rake is said to make the best husband; but an improved plough makes the best husbandman!

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

AN old lady writes to say that since the combined fleets have come to the Phosphorus, she is afraid they will set the Black Sea on fire.

## MATERNAL.

WHY is a Mother like a turban?  
Because she's *amama*. (*Amama*.)

*Vide Shakespeare's Dictionary.*

## TO COOKS.

WHAT stitch is most useful to Cooks?  
The *dish stitch* (*distich*.)

## ASTROLOGICAL.

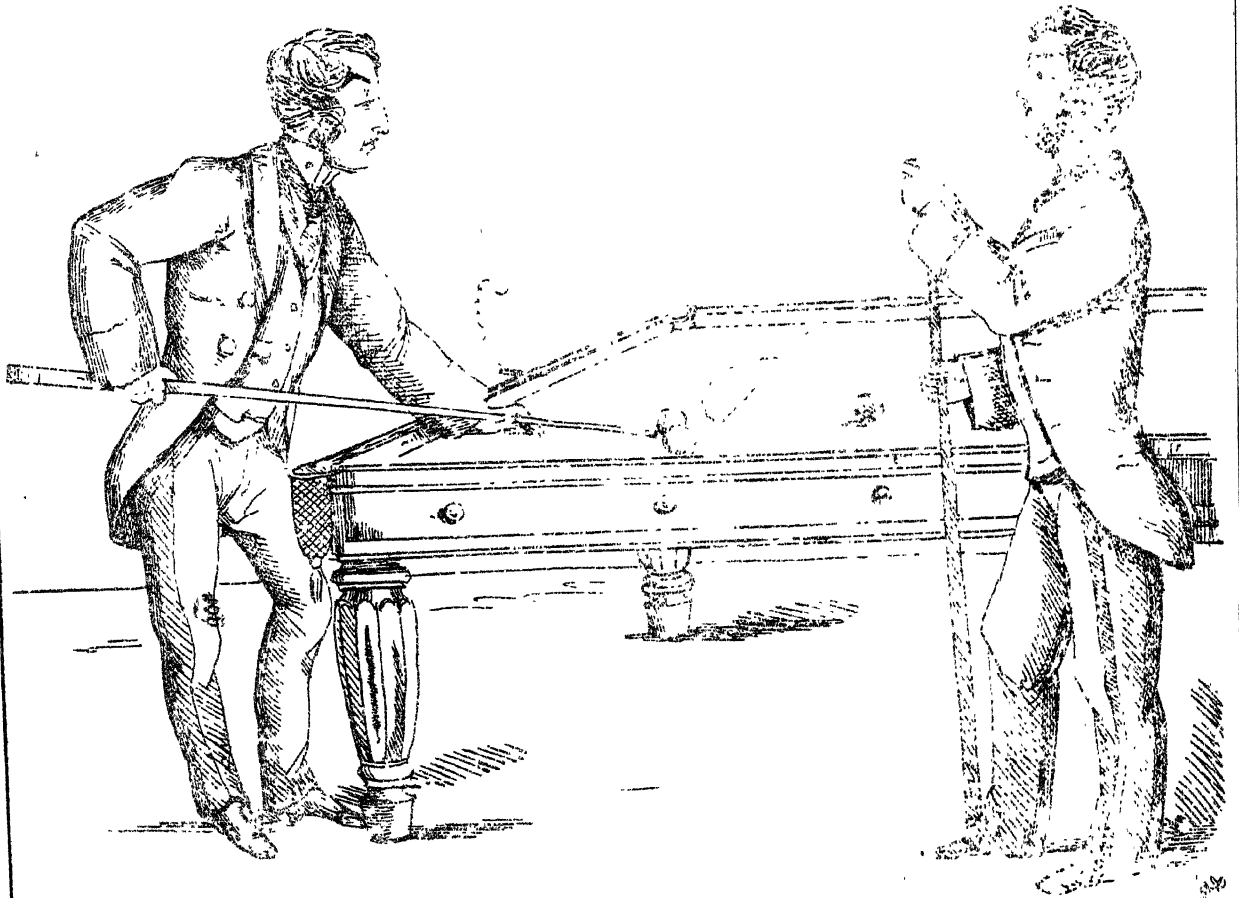
WHY is a Comet like Broom?  
Because it's a *jharoo*.

## A VERY POPULAR DELUSION.



(Officer who has not worn his full dress jacket for some months.)—"DEAR ME, HOW ONE'S CLOTHES SHRINK IN THIS COUNTRY!"

## THE ROYALS IN INDIA.—NO. XVII.



1st Gent.—“DID YOU DANCE WITH THE STUNNER LAST NIGHT, FWANK?”

Fwank.—“NO—THE FACT IS IT DOESN'T DO TO GIVE GIRLS OF THAT KIND TOO MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT.”

## CLERICAL.

WHAT celebrated ecclesiastical character does a donkey's panier resemble?

The wickar of Bray!

## THE CHINESE REBELLION.

THE latest news from China is to the effect that the Rebel forces had entered the province of *Chihli*. It is more than probable therefore that they will get well peppered.

## EHAW!

WHY is a person travelling south from Maidenhead like an Arcadian nightingale, with neck extended and in the act of opening its mouth?

Because he is going to Bray.

## COOL.

WHAT Steamer in the Indian Navy ought to be a nice (*an ice*) steamer?

The Feroze (*froze*) to be sure!

## TO OLD MAIDS.

WHY do old maids prefer the company of cats?  
Because a fellow *feline* makes us wondrous kind.

## DUTCH TOWNS.

WHAT towns are most celebrated for geese?  
The *Hans* towns.

## A QUESTION FOR BIOGRAPHERS.

WHY was the celebrated Sir William Howe like a Tom cat.  
Because he was a *Billow*.—*Bill-ow*.

## A STUNNER.

WHY is a man in a fit of apoplexy always intelligible?  
Because he's very deaf in it. (*Definite!*)

## THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.

WHY is a whitewashed Mahomedan Temple like a Russian?  
Because it is a *mosque* of vite!

## CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

SOME people are grateful if they are returned to a seat in Parliament, but when Mr. D'Israeli was returned they gave him *three cheers!*

## A CHINESE PUZZLE.

WHO is the greatest Cannibal of his day?  
The Emperor of the Manchew Dynasty.





### THE MODERN SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK.

"Sir Leicester receives the gout as a troublesome demon, but still a demon of the patrician order. All the Dedlocks in the direct Male line, through a course of time during and beyond which the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, have had the gout.

Hence Sir Leicester yields up his family legs to the family disorder, as if he held his name and fortune on that feudal tenure. He feels that for a Dedlock to be laid upon his back and spasmodically twitched and stabbed in his extremities is a liberty taken somewhere; but, he thinks, "we have all yielded to this; it belongs to us, &c. &c."—Vide Bleak House.

# THE DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

MARCH 1, 1854.

[NO. III.]

MY DEAR PUNCH,—I am “*a stane chipper*,” that is to say, a collector of Rock specimens, fossils, plants, birdskins, (not rabbit skins *yet*!) old ladies’ teeth, virgin toe-nails and other curiosities! Now being lately on a collecting expedition along the track of the new road via Simla to the Moon, I chanced to sit me down “by the side of a murmuring stream” to rest and refresh both external and internal nature, when suddenly my eye, (I have rather a restless and roving eye, dear Punch)—lighted upon something white, lying at the foot of a distant bush. Imagination immediately whispered in my ear,—it is surely Julia’s pocket handkerchief; what happiness to recover it and present it to the dear creature politely bending upon one knee; but then came another whisper in the other ear, which said something very impertinent about the difficulty of gouty old gentlemen getting up again! Gad! there was some sense in the whisper though, for Julia is only just 16, and I,—I—am,—why, as I said before,—I am a “*stane chipper*,”—what else! So scrambling to the spot as fast as the rugged nature of the ground would permit. I found,—what *do* you think I found, sweet Punch! Why—not Julia’s fogle—but by all that’s beautiful I found the following copy of verses which, from the allusions they contain, was evidently dropped several years ago by some rhyming chiming member of a Mission into Thibet! Who’d a thought it, cried I, that such a valuable record of “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,” would have so long remained preserved amid the snows and thaws of a Tartar climate, to be at last rescued from oblivion and handed down to our *posterio*-rity as the Scotch say, by an auld feckless collector of odds and ends like me! But here it is Punchy my boy,—just “*nate as imported*,” as my old Irish Grandmother used to say to her bottle of smuggled poteen!

*Memoranda made midst many manifest and multifarious dangers, difficulties and disasters during a mission to the magnificent mountains of Moonland.*

1.

Ye Gents, who in the Provinces can pass your time at ease,  
How truly should I thank ye for a bit of Bread and Cheese!  
The winds are blowing round me chill, my nose is red and blue!  
My belly aches with hunger, and I’ve nothing left to chew;  
A fossil is so very hard to bite it is no fun,—  
And I can’t agree with Paddy that “it’s harder where there’s none.”

2.

The Eagle soars above my head,—I fire—but cannot hit him,  
And if I did he’d fall so low, ’twould puzzle me to get him;  
The wild sheep snorts to see me here, among eternal snows,  
And when I cock my gun—he cocks—his tail, and off he goes,  
Thus birds and beasts seem all agreed, alack-a-day ochone,—  
Since I came here to bone them all,—to send me back all bone!

3.

The “Kin,” or “Skin,” bounds up the rocks, like any mountain goat;  
O how I wish his knobbed horns were down Lord H—’s throat,—  
For sending me to such a place deprived of all my blisses,  
My feather bed, my warming pan, my pinches, wigs and kisses—  
This “Kin” or “Skin” an Ibex is, which o’er these mountains trundles;  
No *kin* or *skin* to me, it seems,—for when I-*becks*, he bundles!

4.

The “Tehr” *tears* up the hills like mad—the Gooral in the mist is,—  
I cannot even see the brutes!—*cor meum multum tristis*.  
*Sorrow*—*Jurrow* and wild *Bow-wow*, escape! In sober sadness,  
I’ve half a mind to cut my throat, to save myself from madness;  
There’s only one thing stays my hand, and tempts me to consider,  
’Tis that my wife would jump for joy, at being made a “*vidder*!”

5.

We’ve loaded all our coolies well with fossils, stones and skins,  
But the fossil stones have cost us all the flesh upon our shins!  
All day we feel consumptive,—all night in a decline,—  
Alas, to think what evils flow from want of meat and wine!  
O what could tempt a married man to come to Tartary,  
When he has got a wife at home, a *very Tartar she*!

6.

They bring us lots of sour milk and offer it for barter;  
But though they call it milk,—to me, it seems like *Cream of Tartar*!  
Of spirits they are very fond and often grow quite frisky,  
For t’other day they whisked away a bottle of good whiskey.  
This was the saddest blow of all, and very wrath we grew,  
For though we’ve dew on mountain sides, ’tis not like mountain dew!

7.

To call this valley *Spiti*, a mistake must surely be,  
For though I’m often hungry, yet the devil a *spit* I see;  
The Pass by which we entered too, is called Hungrung;—to me  
This seems to be a great mistake it ought to be *Hungry*!  
O what could tempt a traveller, for skins into Ladak,  
Where want of food will scarcely leave a skin upon his back!

8.

The Bears are barely bearable,—the Leopards scarcely civil;  
The Dogs are quite dogmatical and tease us like the devil!  
The Tartar girls are like baboons, in filth each dame reposes,  
Their eyes are slantingdiocular and squinting at their noses!  
I’m told the Llamas of Peru, a marked disgust exhibit,  
At the thoughts of consanguinity with the *dirty beasts of Thibet*!

9.

The Tartars purchase "Bricks of Tea,"—and eke *like bricks* they drink it!

Mixed up with Attah, Salt and Ghee, more vile than you can think it!

Kashgar they say is up in arms, Yarkund is gone to help 'em; The Chinamen swear they will eat the mothers that did whelp 'em; So we shall see a grand flare up, when once we cross the border,—And "John," of course, will interfere to call them all to order.

10.

But honest John was never known to spend his money gratis! A fact from which each warlike state may guess what t'other's fate is!

Kashgar, Yarkund and China too will furnish "*casus belli*," Till each and all have been put down and pommelled to a jelly. My eyes what pickings *we* shall get, composing this here Mission, We'll fill our bags with crips of gold, nor stay to ask permission!

11.

But what's the use of gold to us, when dying of starvation? O dear, O dear, what will become of our time-honoured nation,

When *we* are dead, and stiff, and cold, decayed and old and rotten? One comfort still remains to us, '*We'll never be forgotten!*' Our noble deeds will live in fame, our names will live in story, When we are little cherry-bums begirt with wreaths of glory!

12.

Adieu fair World! grim Death is near,—I feel him slowly coming,—Yet I'll be bound that wife of mine her instrument is strumming!

Starvation stares me in the face, my hunger's growing stronger, Tis very clear if I don't eat, I cannot live much longer. We've eaten all our coolies up, our shoes and socks and hats, Our Mission's very nearly gone unto the dogs—and cats.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Write to the Bengal A.S.S and say, we all have done our duties, And if they'll come in search of us they'll find thrce fossil beauties.

Toko.

## THE RISING GENERATION.



*Precocious Youth (logr.)*.—"OH MAMMA, HERE'S THE GENTLEMAN YOU SAID WAS SO LIKE A KITE."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

WHETHER the celebrated London *Toast* Master was related in any way to the Master of the *Rolls*.

## MATTER OF FACT.

*Enthusiastic Traveller, log.*.—"Oh! how I want to see the Rhine."  
*Experienced Tourist.*.—Yes, but you must see the Rhino first."

## COURT MARTIAL EXTRAORDINARY.

At a General Court Martial assembled at Delhi, on the 31st January 1854, Lieutenant Colonel Feckless Fogie, late Brigadier at "Wewontsayware," was tried on the following charge, preferred against him by Major General Sir Savage Tartar, K. C. B., Commanding the Division.

## CHARGE.

For gross imbecility, showing a total unfitness for his late elevated position, in the following instance:—

In having, when desired by the Major General to parade his Brigade for Field Exercise, made the following lame and most lamentable excuses—"that really he couldn't—he did not know how—he had been in charge of Company's Bullocks for the last thirty years, and, it was very hard on him expecting him to understand anything about military matters—that he had a pain in his stomach—that he had gout in both feet, and a tendency to blood to the head, which prevented him from mounting a horse—and, finally, that seven separate Committees of Medical Officers had stated that for 15 years past he had been labouring under acute disease of the heart, and a total derangement of his nervous system."

Such conduct being subversive of Military discipline, and contrary to the Articles of War.

The Court Martial assembled at the *Delhi Gazette Press*, and was composed of the different contributors to the *Sketch Book*.

Lieutenant Colonel Punch Fils, C. B. and A. D. C. to nobody that he knows of—presided.

The witnesses for the prosecution were first examined. Major General Sir Savage Tartar, K. C. B., deposed on oath—

That Brigadier Feckless Fogie was a d—d old Fool! (Here the youngest member of the Court, Ensign Downeychops, rose and reproved the Major General for swearing.) The Major General said he was very sorry. It was a d—d bad habit, and d—d if he could help it. But as he had said, Fogie was a useless old fool. Never got anything out of him but "I don't know." Always the same answer to everything. Had only once ventured an opinion on any subject connected with his Brigade. When asked by whom the companies should be dressed when in Quarter Distance Column, had replied by "the Quarter Master out of the Regimental Fund."

Here the Major General handed in to the President a small bundle of chits containing excuses for not attending Parade when ordered, which closed his evidence for the prosecution.

*Cross-examined by the prisoner.*—"Didn't I give good dinners when in command of the Brigade at "Wewontsayware?"

*Answer.*—"Don't know,—never dined with you myself—but judging from your generally appoplectic appearance should say you did. Too good perhaps!"

*Witness was directed to withdraw.*

2nd Witness for the prosecution.—Captain Nowing Smart, Major of Brigade, was called into Court.

Knew the prisoner. Was his Brigade Major. Had to attend his quarters daily, nominally on business, but really to give him all the gossip of the station. Brigadier was a good old fellow, but no soldier. Generally signed his name in the wrong place. Always received witness in pyjama's. Cigars and Brandy-panes were invariably produced. Brigadier cared more for flirtations than Field movements, occasionally told stories himself of youthful wickednesses.

*Cross-examined by the Court.*

Certainly did not consider the prisoner set a good example to young officers, nor an ornament to the Service. As to his imbecility, he was undoubtedly a fool in all military matters, but he did not profess to be anything else. So far he was candid. Piqued himself on understanding the constitutions of Bullocks, but never pretended to know anything of the constitution of the British Army. Had only seen him twice in uniform, so could not say whether he usually fell over his sword. Thought it very likely.

*Witness withdraws.*

3rd Witness for the prosecution.—Cornet Rattletrap called into Court.

Brigadier is a jolly old brick. Gives no end of leave, and never "dicks" anybody with parades, or Reviews, or botherations of any kind. Also gives excellent feeds,—capital spread—with Champagne to the mast-head. Thought it would be a deuce of a pity to smash the old boy. Only once saw him on horseback—months ago—when he reviewed witness' Regiment for the first, last, and only time. Rode like a tailor,—with his knees in his mouth, as if he was going to have breakfast laid on them. He, witness, had a Billiard match on that day, with which the review interfered, so could not stand it, after the Regiment marched past. Happened to be mounted on his country-bred charger, "Cannibal." For a lark, and to get done with the Parade, he, witness, pretended to fall off his horse. Tied up his reins, and said "S—S—S—S—St. to him, boy," as one sets on a bull dog—just when the Regiment was on the passing line, trotting past in Review—"Cannibal" was up to the trick, and went straight at the group round the flag, like a tiger, or a round of grape. Witness never saw such a sight in his life! Positively laid down and yelled with laughter. Old Fogie fell off his horse like a sack. Witness



thinks it probable he was praying. He certainly was on his knees. Brigade Major, Orderlies, visitors, ladies, carriages, and every description of person not on duty scampered off in different directions for dear life. Old Fogie was fortunate enough to get a dooly, and was marched off to the Hospital, where he stayed till "Cannibal" was recaptured, about noon. Nothing would induce him to leave his asylum until he received positive intelligence on this head. Parade was of course dismissed, and witness won his match at Billiards.

*Cross-examined by the Court.*

Certainly did not think the Brigadier's conduct dignified, but deuced amusing!

*Prisoner declines to cross-examine.*

*Witness withdraws.*

*The case for the prosecution is closed.*

*Prisoner is called upon for his defence.*

Weeping copiously, he says that he is a persecuted man. That Tartar is a Queen's Officer, and has a spite against him. Confesses that he does not know much about Brigade manoeuvres, but is quite capable of drawing his pay. Knows to a pie what he ought to receive every month. Begs the Court will have mercy on him. Will promise to study the Drill Book for four hours a day. Hopes that the President and Members will give him the pleasure of their company at dinner on that day week. ("That we will, old boy," from young Downey-chops.) Was ten years with his Regiment, in which he did his duty to the satisfaction of his superiors. For the last 30 years has served with great distinction in charge of Government Bullocks. Understands that C. B. stands for Cow Boy, and cannot comprehend why he has not been made a K. C. B., because he is a Kapital Cow Boy.

The prisoner did not hand in any testimonials of good service or high character, as usual. The above is an abstract of the defence, which was frequently interrupted by floods of tears. The Court was closed.

**FINDING.**

The Court find the prisoner guilty of the charge preferred against him.

**SENTENCE.**

The Court having found the prisoner *gilty*, have great satisfaction in performing a most pleasing duty by sentencing Brigadier Feckless Fogie to be electroplated for the period of 12 Calendar months and then to be *chased* out of the army.

**AN ANTEDILUVIAN JOKE.**

WHEN Noah borrowed the money to build his monster ship, the wags of the day said he was bound on a voyage to the *Arctic* (*Ark tick*) regions!

**SONGS OF THE HIPPOCONDRIAC.**

*A Confession.*

My Mother! you may chide me—  
My Brother, you may smile;  
But I only wish you knew my pain,  
And could feel it for a while.

You frown, and laugh my Mother,  
My Brother—why that glee?  
Is this compassion for your child,  
Is this your sympathy?

I know I have been walking,  
But then 't was just one mile;  
You know its measure on our map,  
"One mile to Mayfair style."

Oh Mother dearest, ease my pains,  
Oh Brother cease to smile,  
I know the cause of all my grief,  
It must, it must be—"bile."

ZETA.

**THE HARDWORKED AND ILL PAID CIVILIAN.**



*Military Man (loqr.).*—"HOLLO! BROWN, HOW IS IT WE NEVER SEE ANYTHING OF YOU NOW."

*Young Civilian.*—"PON HONOR—AW—DON'T KNOW—AW—SO HARD WORKED—YOU KNOW AW."

*Military Man.*—"WHY, WHAT THE—HAVE YOU GOT TO DO?"

*Civilian.*—"AW—MORNING'S RIDE—ONE HOUR AW KUT-CHERRY—AND AW WHAT WITH SMOKING MY CHEROOTS AW, AND MY BEER AW—BESIDES WRITING LETTERS AW—I HAVE NOT AW REALLY AW A MOMENT TO MYSELF AW."



MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF Y<sup>E</sup> ENGLISH IN IND.



POPPE GOETH Y. WEAZLE.

*W. H. H. H.*

## MR. PIPS—HIS DIARY.

FEB. YE 10TH.—Didde drive downe with my friend Wagstaffe in his buggy, which surely do take ye shine out of all ye buggies in ye place for slownesse, to a Hoppe, which is ye newe modishe name for an assemblie for dauncying. Truly a goodlie sighte to beholde, and many faire damsels, and witty ones and sprightelie withalle. I didde marvell much in good sooth how such things as Batchelours could be, when such fascinations didde imperille their hartes. But Master Solomons (of ye Cowe Batterie) do say.—“In ye multitude of Beauties there is safety,”—on ye counter-irritacyon principle as I do suppose. Much dauncynge, and mighty harde worke it do seem to be, in ye enfeebling climate of Eastern Inde, good lack were so much labour to be imposed on ye convicts, all our Philanthropists would cry oute against ye grievance!!

Also a Daunce called “Poppe goeth ye weezel,” because, as my friend Wagstaffe do say, ye olde gents do *weeze all* when they do daunce it. But truly I put scant faith in master Wagstaffe his derivacyons, but do rather opine that ye name is a politick scheme of ye ladies to accostome ye younge men to ye word “poppe,” so that eftsoons they may poppe ye question instead of ye weesle.

Nothing new in ye daunce save only ye name, all ye reste made up of sundrie olde contre dances. But good lacks there be nothing new under ye sunne, for even ye Polka be nothing more than ye olde Lavolta, for dauncynge whereof my greate Grandmother didde obtain such fame in ye dayes of good Queene Besse.

KARNOS.

## FACT.

A BULL Dog is a coarse kind of Dog, but a Grey-hound is a *Coarser*.

## A BLOW.

WHEN is bladder like a Rose?  
When it is full blown.

A GENTLEMAN who had been threatened with the Bow String by the Sultan, was heard to remark that the *Sublime Porte* was rather astringent (*a string gent.*)

## VERY BAD.

WHY is an old Soldier more addicted to drink than a recruit?  
Because he is a *vetter 'un*, (veteran.)

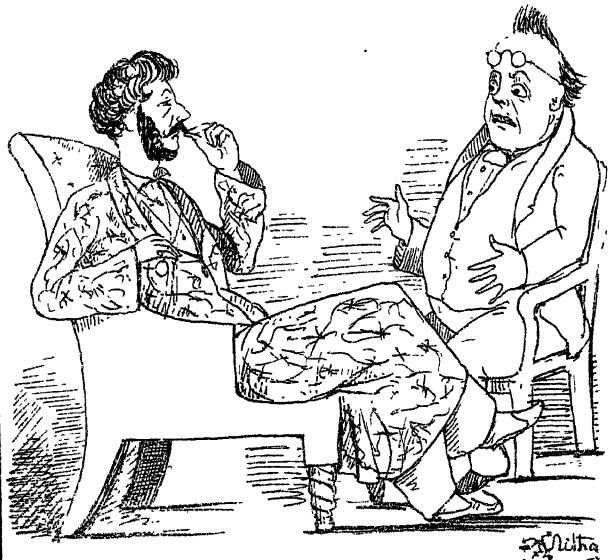
## NO BETTER.

WHEN is a fever like a pair of unmentionables?  
When it is *check'd*.

## QUICK POSTING.

WHAT is the fastest kind of posting in these days?  
The Electric Telegraph posts.

## LITTLE PECULIARITIES OF OUR FAST MAN.—NO. 3.



“WEALLY I WAS OBLIGED TO CUT MY BWOTHER, WETCHED CWEECHAW. HE FWITTERED AWAY ALL HIS PWOPERTY IN PAYING TWADESMEN’S BILLS!!!”

## HOLY PLACES.

THE *Mofussilite* in a late issue has an article with the above heading. After giving a list of them “Cited by the *Quarterly Review*”—our contemporary proceeds to say—“although the first of these is in part as old as the second century, and claims to be built over the very spot, itself a cave, in which the event it commemorates took place, yet, as the *Quarterly* observes, it is open to grave objections. One of these is that the cave has recently been discovered to be a tomb, &c.”

We think the fact of its being a *tomb* a very *grave* objection: and the fact of our contemporary bringing the matter forward undoubtedly establishes his paper to the title of a *khubbur ka khagaz*.

## TO BLACKLEGS.

WHAT Island is most celebrated for gambling?  
Faro Island!

The above was communicated by a friend of the late *Dyce Sombre*.

## TO TEATOTALLERS.

WHY is a nice young man at a small tea-party like an unleavened cake?

Because he is a *chap-at-ee* (chap at tea!)

WHY is a student like the Trafalgar square fountains?  
Because he pores (pours) over a *work*.

## PATERNAL ADVICE—No. II.

My son, if you wish to be easy  
 And free from annoyance and strife—  
 If you'd like to have nothing to tease ye  
 While walking your journey through life—  
 If like a wise man you had rather  
 Have nothing but comfort in store—  
 Then take the advice of your Father,  
 And never make friends with a Bore.

A knave is a thousand times better,  
 At least when you know him for such,  
 Just take him au pied de la lettre,  
 And then he can't injure you much ;  
 A knave may have skill for your using,  
 A knave may have science and lore,  
 A knave may be often amusing,  
 But what can you hope from a Bore ?

An enemy stern and vindictive  
 Is a very bad thing I admit,  
 Who cares not what pangs he inflict, if  
 He find opportunity fit ;  
 But howe'er he abuse his occasions,  
 At least you've had warning before,  
 You've a chance of defence or evasions—  
 But what can one do with a Bore ?

He bestows all his tediousness on you,  
 He crams you with *friendship* till sick,  
 And leans so confiding upon you,  
 That compassion forbids you to kick !

But while self-restraint you're employing,  
 Not to knock him down flat on the floor,  
 He never once dreams he's annoying !  
 How can he, poor beast, he's a Bore !

A Bore is a pitiless Vampyre,  
 He sticks to a man like a leech,  
 Contrives all his motions to hamper,  
 Cuts off all his topics of speech ;  
 He is always at hand out of season,  
 He has always some grievance in store,  
 He is hopelessly callous to reason,  
 He is always—in short—he's a Bore.

He's wax to each frivolous rumour,  
 To liberal impressions he's flint,  
 He can't take a joke with good humour,  
 And, confound him, he can't take a hint ;  
 His opinions are terribly hazy,  
 His self-love is morbidly sore,  
 He's enough to drive any man crazy,  
 In fact, in a word, he's a Bore.

If you wish on your shoulders to straddle  
 A real " Old Man of the Sea,"  
 If you like egotistical twaddle,  
 The chap for your money is He ;  
 But if you're not thoroughly cub-ish,  
 But have a few notions in store,  
 And don't wish them smothered in rubbish,  
 Oh never make friends with a Bore.

KAPROS.

## THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE ELITE.

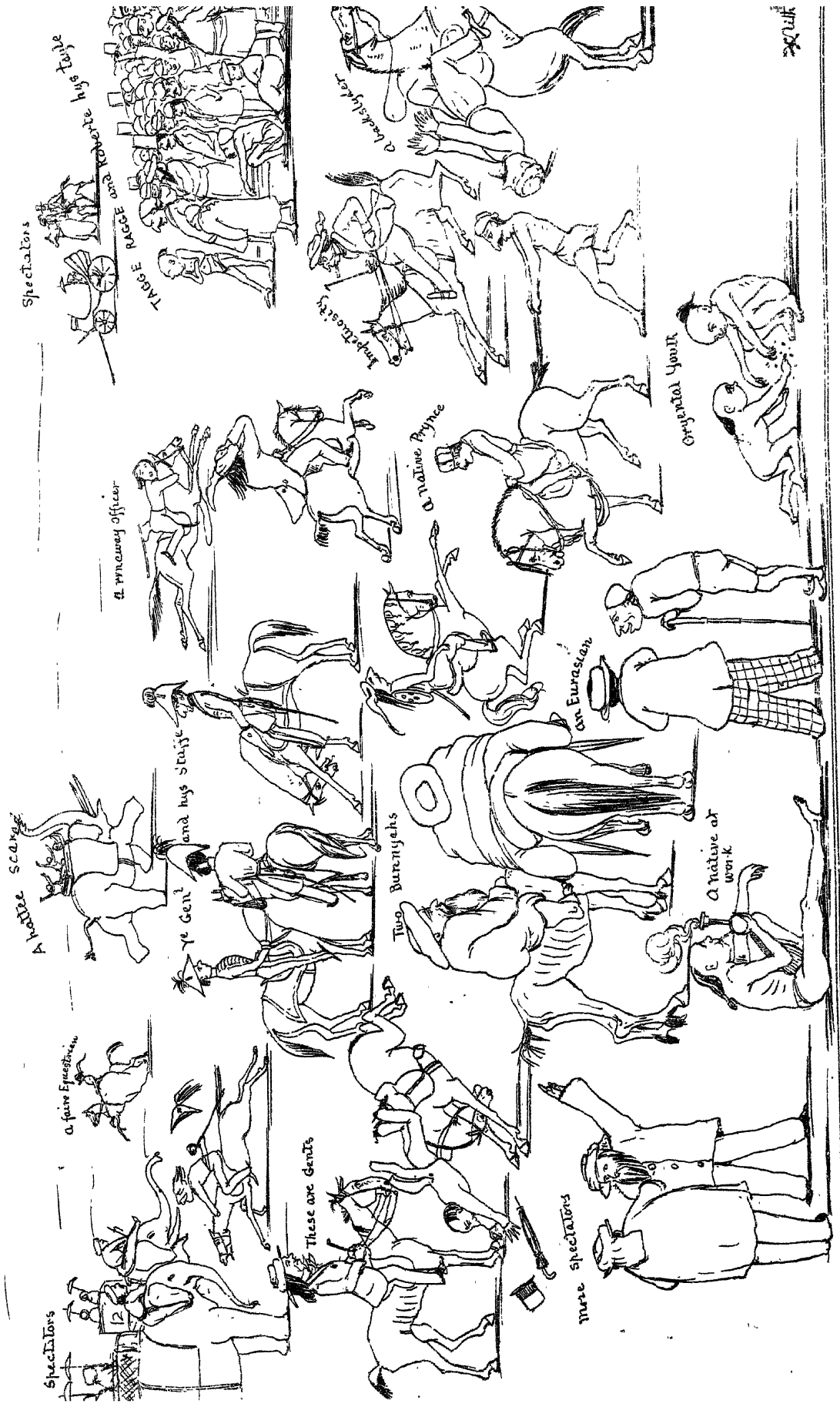


THE STYLE OF "THE REFUSE."



THE QUIET GENTLEMANLY STYLE.

THE ELITE ON CIVIL EMPLOY IGNORES THE MOUSTACHE—



Spectators

a pair of horses

A native scotch

Ye Gent and his stage

These are gents

Two Burenyahs

more spectators

A native or woman

an Eurasian

A native boy

A whinaway officer

oriental youth

Impetuosity

A black rider

Spectators

RACE

more spectators



## NEWS FROM THE MOON.

It is well known that I have been for a considerable time a devoted cultivator of the art of clairvoyance. I have been subjected by my esteemed friend Professor Von Homboggefolken to a course of Bio-electro-magnetic-mesmerism, and he has succeeded in developing the Od force in me, to an extent hitherto unparralleled in the history of science. My predictions with respect to the late lamented navigator Franklin must be fresh in the minds of all, the envious malice of ignorance alone can affect to deny the correctness of those predictions, for I suppose it will be admitted that every individual of that ill-fated expedition *will* eventually turn up—at the day of judgment—and as to my account of the manner in which they were employed when I saw them, I should like to know who can prove for certain that it was not true!

I had long been anxious to extend my researches into other worlds, to decide the much vexed question as to whether the stars are inhabited, but the difficulty of procuring any small article belonging to any body in those localities, for a long time prevented my success. I endeavoured to open a communication with the Dog Star by means of a lock of hair from the tail of a fine Newfoundland, and with Gemini through the instrumentality of a lady who had recently had twins, but I do not pretend to say that I met with any considerable success; at last, however, by employing a small piece of lunar caustic, I was placed in rapport with the Man in the Moon, and since that time have been unremitting in my researches among the Lunatics, the results of which I now propose to submit to a discerning public.

The inhabitants of our Satellite resemble in every respect those of the dominant planet, except only in the article of Brains, there the inferiority is painfully conspicuous. The sound practical sense, the good taste, the high moral integrity and general intellectual energy, that so markedly distinguish the people of this world, are almost entirely wanting among the Men in the Moon, as will appear from the report of my own observations in a state of society utterly different from any thing ever seen here below.

Upon my first spiritual visit to the Moon, I was introduced to a sort of ceremony, apparently religious from the earnestness with which it was carried on, whereat a number of Lunatics of both sexes were assembled. A few of the males seated in a corner, were busily engaged producing from certain implements of wood and metal, noises not altogether unpleasing to the ear, while the remainder, paired in couples, one of each sex, were moving about, advancing, retiring, meeting one another, wandering from side to side, and turning about to no apparent end or object that I could per-

ceive, unless it might be to be able to talk amid the confusion without the necessity of minding what they were saying. This slow movement, however, which struck me as having a rather dull and lugubrious tendency, was soon over, and then began a wild outburst of enthusiastic fanaticism, which reminded me somewhat of the Dervises in Turkey, only that the Lunatic exhibition was far more earnest and impassioned than theirs. Each male Lunatic seized upon a female, grasping her round the waist with ferocious ardour, and on a given signal they all commenced spinning round and round with a velocity that must have added their brains if Providence had not mercifully withheld from them such encumbrances. I concluded, that this orgiastic rite was typical of the revolutions of the Heavenly bodies, Planet and Satellite whirling round for ever in their orbits. The Lunatics are of course Star worshippers, as is proved by these assemblies always taking place at night. They make use of certain liquids which have the medical property of inducing a high degree of Pythonic exaltation, drinking large glasses full with beautiful self-devotion, and often spilling a little on the ground towards the approach of morning. Probably as a libation to the departing stars. The most favored of these potables are Milquepunch, Kneeghuss and Goos-buri, (called by the uninitiated Sham Pane,) I noted down several of their devotional expressions, technical, theological terms which have of course no synonyms in our earthly dialects. They were continually on the lips of both males and females, and as far as the sounds can be expressed in our characters, may be written down as Bosh, Jolly, Larky, Muff, Spoony, Spicy, Nobby, Stunning, Clipping, &c. &c. &c. I must, however, in justice remark, that some of the older people shook their heads at these expressions, which they regarded as heretical innovations on the old system, which permitted no words to be employed save such as were in the Dictionary. I was informed, however, that the rising generation had actually compiled a dictionary expressly for this esoteric or sacred language of theirs, which is called Slang as that of the Hindoos is called Sanscrit. I also noticed that the male Lunatics would often say short sentences in an under tone to the females to which the latter replied O Phi.—a phrase probably equivalent to our Amen.

Amid all the pride of successful investigation, and all my delight at being enabled to make such a valuable addition to the general stock of knowledge, believe me, I felt a delight in my heart of hearts, deeper and purer still, when I reflected how free from all these absurd and irrational practices were the people of our own more favoured planet, in the whole of which I will venture to affirm, nothing, in the slightest degree corresponding to the above description could be found!!!





"MY EAR-RINGS, MY EAR-RINGS, THEY'VE DROPP'D INTO THE WELL—

AND THE SHORTEST WAY TO GET THEM IS TO *tumble in myself!*"

### THE FATE OF TURKEY.

WE have been informed, by "our own Correspondent," that at a certain large station, very notorious for the violent *party* spirit that has recently been displayed there in Dinners, Balls, and other gobbling Hospitalities, a general meeting has taken place of all the Turkeys in the neighbourhood, to take into consideration the grievous mortality that has recently occurred among them, and to concert measures to obviate any future recurrence of the evil.

The Revd. Phil. Morg was unanimously requested to take the chair, and the business of the day having been briefly explained:

—Peeroo, Esquire, begged to address a few words to the meeting. He had little fear for himself, for he was well known to be a tough old bird, and he fancied he could give any of his opponents more than they could stomach, he rather plumed himself upon it: he only wished his enemies might be compelled to swallow his pinions (meaning probably opinions), he would be bound they would find them rather difficult to digest. But he did feel deeply for the fate of his brethren tender creatures, unqualified to resist the sharp tooth of adversity. He said the treatment they received was infamous; in their intercourse with mankind, they either ended by getting into hot water, or else got roasted in the most unfeeling manner. He wished to know whether this

state of things was to continue, it stuck in *his* gizzard most confoundedly. It might be called a proof of the high estimation in which his race were held; he might be told that the value of a Turkey was more than doubled by the recent occurrences, but he confessed he felt no pride whatever in the reflection—it was all vanity. He concluded by proposing that a petition be got up, to request the human race at large to abstain from Turkeys and take it out in crows, which would be found far superior in the way of food.

Monsieur Dindon, evidently of French extraction, seconded the motion. He felt that the arrangement proposed would benefit mankind as much as themselves; crows must necessarily have been intended for food, as they were notoriously worthless for any other purpose; they were worse than worthless, for they were constantly stealing his (M. Dindon's) grub, and he did not deny that he had a crow to pick with them on that account. He drew a touching picture of the unhappy state of Turkey in Europe; he trusted, however, that the condition of Turkeys in India might yet be ameliorated: he could see no reason why his species should be so sadly victimized. The unfortunate race of Ham indeed might be said to be under a curse; but why Ham and Turkey should always go together; why the latter as well as the former should fall under the avenging knife (and fork) he confessed that he, for one, could not perceive. He ventured to suggest that if every Turkey were to habituate himself, by easy degrees, to taking small quantities of arsenic with his daily food, they might make themselves so unwholesome, that mankind would in common prudence abstain from having any thing to do with them. (strong murmurs of disapprobation.) The worthy gentleman was proceeding with his harangue, when,

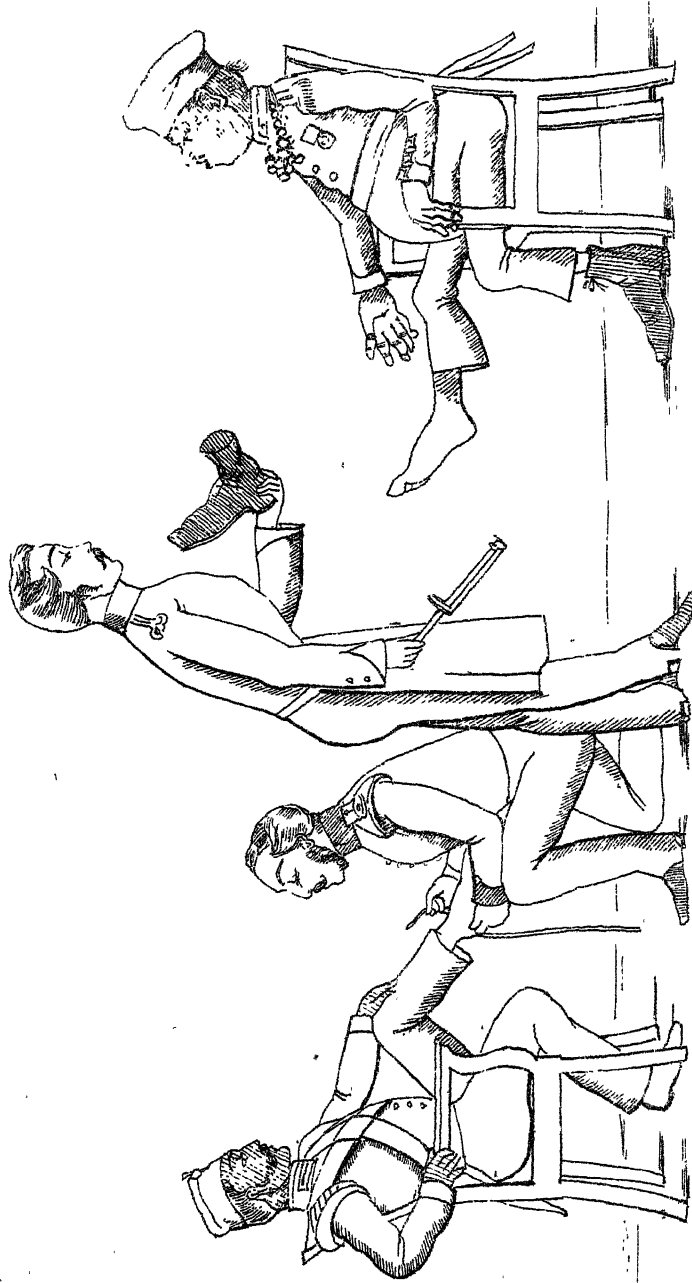
The Rev. the Chairman interposed with the remark that there were strangers present. He did not wish to be illiberal: he did not mean to allude to the respectable Cochins and game fowls, who had honoured their meeting with their presence. But he protested against the admission of geese, a line must be drawn somewhere; he perceived several of those objectionable parties, and unless they were compelled to withdraw, he must dissolve the meeting.

An order was forthwith passed, amid great uproar, for the expulsion of every goose, in accordance with which "our own Correspondent" was, we regret to say, most unceremoniously kicked out!

WHEN is a sorrowful lady like an ink-stand?  
When she is rather pensive, (*pen-sieve*.)

WHEN is a murmuring fellow like a drunkard?  
When he whines (*wine's*) over anything.

## A NEW DUTY FOR OFFICERS.



“The Commander-in-Chief has observed that the Shoes of the Native Soldiers generally are so badly fitted in every way, and especially as to length, the men are quite fatigued after a march.”

His Excellency calls the particular attention of Officers Commanding Native Regiments to this matter, and directs that it be made the duty of Officers Commanding Companies to see every Soldier properly fitted, the greatest care being taken that the Shoes are of full length; that next, Commanding Officers must bear in mind, to the Soldier's arms and ammunition, his Shoes form the most important article of his equipment for services in the Field.”—*Vide Bombay G. O.*



## THE ANATOMIE OF THE DOCTOR.

BY BURTON, JUNIOR.

THE Doctor would fain make out that he is regarded as a benefactor in the world. "Opiferque per orbem dicor" is his motto, yet the evils of his fellow men are very meat and drink to him, and he liveth at his ease only by the diseases of others. He also boasteth himself a conservative, and that he is indeed the only true *piller* of the state, yet he often exciteth intestinal commotions, and availeth himself of *physical* force to produce a radical change in the constitution. He is a stern moralist indeed, who often putteth pride to its purgation, and turneth the haughty stomachs of the great "usque ad nauseam." He bleedeth for the good of his fellow citizens, and even when he trepanneth a man, it is but for his benefit. Like a good Samaritan he bindeth the wounds of the injured and poureth in (castor) oil and (ipecacuanha) wine with liberality truly amazing. He is emphatically a patient man, and would fain have every man his patient. "Sick itur ad astra." He understands that whenever a man really complains, there is a real complaint to be attended to, although there may be no illness whatever, therefore he never finds a patient's pretences empty so long as his purse is full, and if any lady of rank should happen to be sick of fancy, his own sycophancy keeps pace with all her requirements. He advocateth brewery, though not a disciple of Malthus, for he findeth late Hops about Christmas time very improving to his practice, and would be sorry also to see the public houses shut up; when a drunkard ails, he can at once discover what *ale meant*, and very often kindly assisteth him to his early bier. He is liberal in his conduct, for with respect to his medicines he giveth and taketh not again, he hath ever a plaister for a broken head, and giveth draughts freely though not on his banker. Yet he meeteth with base ingratitude from mankind, for every one chiefly desireth to keep him out of the house, even they who most frequently need his services, do yet constantly affirm that they hate the very sight of a Doctor! He mostly weareth black garments in honor of his defunct patients, and carrieth a stick to repel the vengeance of the living; as to the dead he feareth not them, for he hath a special recipe for *laying ghosts* in his very appearance which *depresseth* the *spirits* as soon as seen. In his youth he walketh the Hospitals to obtain a footing in his profession. In after life he sporteth his carriage to prove that he is devoted to his business through *wheel* and *woh*. He fitly writeth his prescriptions in dog Latin, that they may be regarded only as nonsense *a cur said*. He deemeth not his medicine a thing to *carp at*, yet whenever disease hath *flooded* an entire household, he considereth

it only the more necessary forthwith to *drug it*. He affecteth eccentricity to make the public *stare* by which he may ascend to fame. His art is the Alpha and Omega of human existence, embracing both the beginning and the end, for he bringeth many into the world and sendeth many more out of it. He looketh upon every disease as a *case meant*, and recognizes it through the *panes*. He is abstemious; for he dependeth greatly upon *pulse*, and strange to say thrives best in a bad air, indeed as a general rule he gets on best in the worst seasons, and other people's plagues are invariably his profits, for his own behoof he deemeth mineral remedies best suited to his wants, especially *argentum* and *aurum*, which he frequently rendereth *potabile* in the form of good wine, to conclude, it is to be particularly noted that he never taketh his own prescriptions, for he knoweth that the only curative ingredient thereof is Faith, in the efficacy of which he cannot expect to partake, as it requireth ever to be added to the original concoction by the patient himself.

KAPNOS.

## THE RESOLVE.—NO. II.

Now this is really shameful,  
Indeed it's far too fine;  
The Doctor says—I'm growing fat—  
"To-day you must not dine."  
I have not tasted dinner  
At least for five weeks sure;  
And as for beer and brandy,  
My drink's been "aqua" pure;  
These Doctors are ridiculous—  
I cannot longer starve;  
Besides I'm losing science,  
And shan't know how to carve.  
My dear friend Lucy Pettitoes,  
That dear, delightful Charmer,  
To see me looking such a fright,  
I'm sure it will alarm her.  
I'll leave these Doctor's stuffs alone;  
No longer now I'll fear,  
And once again I'll be a man,  
And drink my glass of Beer.

ZETA.

## DOUBTFUL.

THE *Delhi Gazette* in a late issue, touching upon Major Jacob's pamphlet says, "and he had the good luck to be despised by Sir C. Napier, for every man is in luck now who was despised by Napier, since the wayward hero is dead and his enemies are rioting over his bones." "We take upon ourselves to doubt at least a portion of the above, viz. that part averring that every man whom Sir C. Napier despised is in *luck now*. We know at least one not 100 miles from Government House, Calcutta, who was not loved by the late Chief.

WHEN are Skeletons alive?  
When they are *bons vivants*!

### "CONCORDIA DISCORDS."

THE appointment of Adjutant is considered by many a *bootless* office, and the happiness it is supposed to afford does not *last* if the said situation is *SOLELY* taken on the *spur* of the moment. An Adjutant is the proper person in a corps to keep the Army List up to *date*, as the *steps* of those in it are (or should be) as dear to him as the *apple* of his eye. He should be excused if he is often found to be a great *bore*, as the Commanding Officer fully expects him to be acquainted with the whole (hole) of his *drill*—he must also be rather a good hand at "leap frog," as he has to *mount* all the guards in the regiment. He is also the Commanding Officer's "walking stick," being his *staff*, and is therefore *handled* just as that personage thinks fit. An Adjutant is supposed to have a good *gait* (gate) and *carriage*, and what is very wonderful, he is always expected to *carry* these with him wherever he goes, consequently *all* Adjutants should be both *strong* and *rich* men. He must *drive* away all other thoughts and *pull* entirely with his Commanding Officer, therefore being in the same *coach*, his *reign* (rein) would be very *short*, and no *trace* of him would be found if he did not *bridle* his passions; that is he must not care a *bit* for all that is said to him. The Adjutant must also be a highly inquisitive kind of being, as he has to listen most attentively to *all reports*, and after this he acts as a common *coolie*, having to carry every *case* to his commanding officer; often he gets *into* the *wrong box*, and thus experiences a great *deal* of trouble if he is not very "*teak*," for if he makes a single *false step*, he is *nailed* at once by the other subalterns, and after many a long debate he is finally obliged to *shut up*. Notwithstanding all this he has much to cheer him, and although he has to act in the servile capacity of a *Porter* or *coolie*, he soon gets *stout* on it, as he drinks plenty of the commanding officer's *beer*. Like that pleasant beverage (when it has been well shaken on the *flat* roads of India) he eventually *gets up* in the service and is some day *drawn out* of his corps (resembling the cork of a bottle) and obtains some better staff appointment. When this happy end is attained, he is pretty well *up a tree* (i. e. the *tree* of promotion) in a new *branch* of the service, where he cares not for the *rough barks* of his malignant enemies—they have then to turn over a new *leaf* and bully some one else. The Adjutant now probably forgets all his *steady* ways and joins some *irregular* corps; he has little to do but to *whet* (wet) his sword and *dash* on the enemy—these being the sort of *actions* then required of him. If the people of the quarter he is located in happen to be *ripe* for revolt, he may very probably *reap* the *fruit* of valour; that is to say, if he

does not fall in the *field*, in which sad case instead of honors he may close his eyes in *endless night* instead of getting the "*warrior's veil*," commonly called *knight-hood*. Should he however only be *upset*, *wounded* and covered with *dust*, he can easily purify himself by becoming a Companion of the Bath; when he prospers he may be surrounded by a *pack* of *knaves*, who will take the opportunity (when they see he *rides* in the service) to *take a rise* out of him by insisting on calling him a *trump*, and who will be most attentive or *wistful* (*whistful*) to all his wants. He must now be a *good hand* at discrimination, or the *game will be up* with him, because *ALL hearts* are not to be taken by *diamonds*, and very often too they require a *club* to keep them in *check*, which is known to all to be so common in the game of "*beggar my neighbour*," and which must ever be as long as there are any mortals left to pay the "*Debt of Nature*." When the Adjutant's *turn* arrives to *march* off this *stage* of existence, to another world, a few rounds of musketry will loudly proclaim to remaining mortals that alas! "*Man's life is indeed mere smoke*." Consider this oh! ye Adjutants, and be affable! i. e. put it in your pipe, &c. &c. &c.

### BURMESE TITLES.

WE observe in the *Rangoon Chronicle*, that a Captain D'Orgoni has been well treated at the Court of Ava. We do not quite understand our contemporary's idea of what treating well is, seeing that the Captain has only had the rank of *BOGEE* conferred on him. If we remember rightly, the above term is in general use at home for frightening obstreperous children into obedience, and it cannot therefore, we think, be considered a very high honor. The gallant Captain will however be a perfect tiger amongst the *baba lok* in Europe.

#### SNEEZING.

WHY is a pinch of snuff like a pick-pocket?  
Because it is likely to be brought before the *beak*!

WHEN is a widow like a plant?  
When she is in mourning habit and wears her *weeds*.

#### LITERAL.

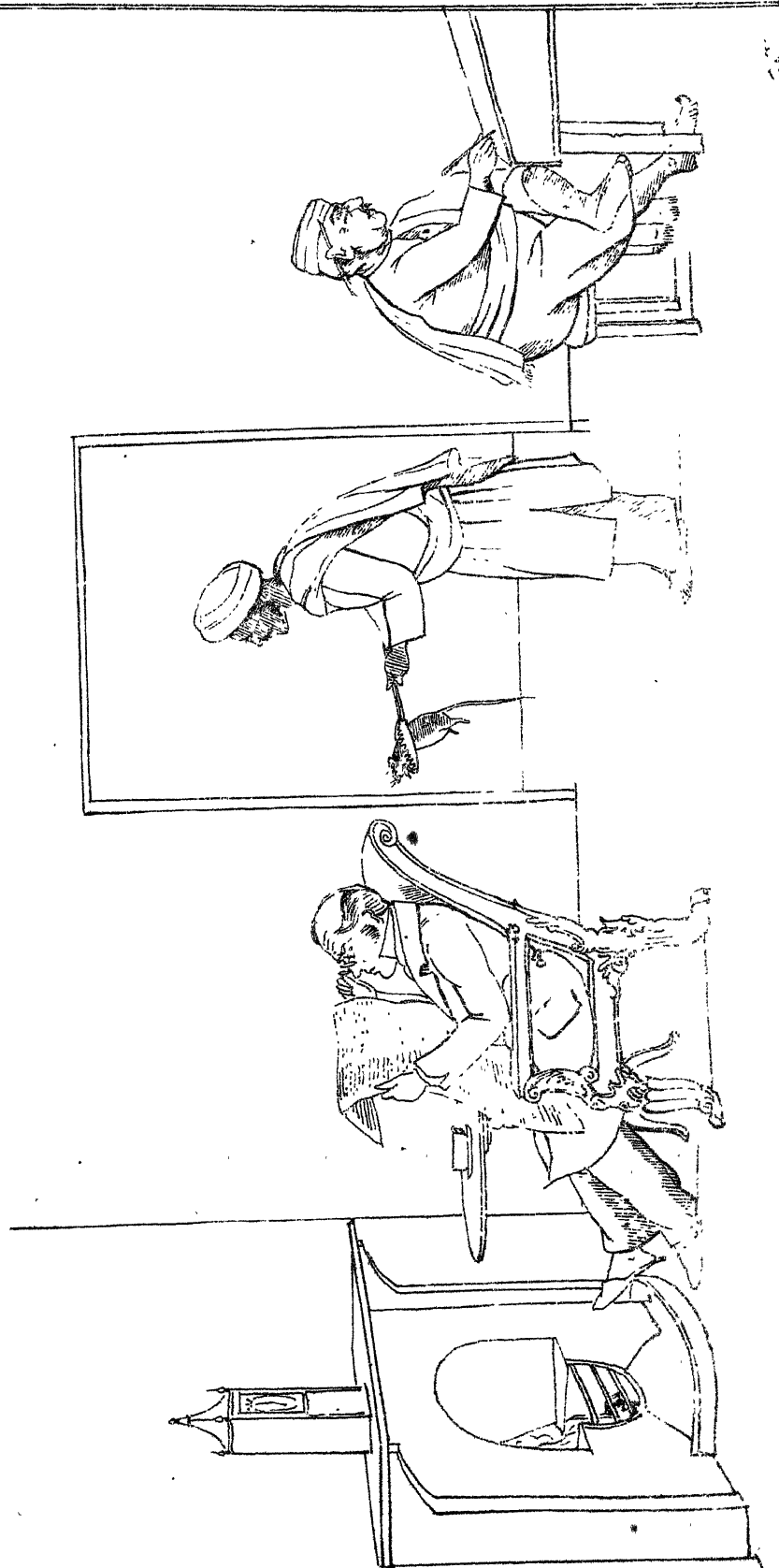
A Cicerone who had shown an English traveller the Pope's residence at Rome, was asked if there was nothing more to be seen. He replied in broken English—"No Milord, I have shown you *all vat I can*, (Vatican.)"

POWERS of Attorney are, according to advertisement, to be had at the *Delhi Gazette* Press; but if a man wants to see a power of Attornie, he'd better go to Calcutta.

#### VORACITY.

WHY are small birds more voracious feeders than the rest of the feathery tribe?

Because they take their food in by *pecks*!



OUR COMMISSIONER IS RATHER HASTY IN DELIVERING JUDGMENT.

*Attentive Native, loqr.*—"EK AUR CHOOR PUKRA, SAHIB."  
*Our Commr.*—"OH BOTHER—TEEN MAHINA JAIL KANA DO!"



## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

*Children should obey their parents, and consequently Adjutants ought to obey their Commanding Officers. Here is a beautiful example of a very obedient Adjutant.*

*Major Waters (addresses a number of officers).—Gentlemen, let me advise you to take very weak broth during the hot months, and not meat; which will give you all the scurvy. What say you? Do you all agree?*

*Ensign Fresh.—I hate your slops!*

*Lt. Joy.—Better put one's head in an old woman's night-cap and wear long stockings at once.*

*Lt. Dash.—By Jove, we are still only mere boys, eh? We don't know, of course, what is good for us. Please sir, may I eat butter with my bread? Grandmother says it makes little boys' stomachs swell, and they become restless at night.*

*Lt. Short (who keeps looking out of the window).—Come to India! d—d hot! told to eat no meat! live on broth! can't be done! what next? Feed on snakes! eel soup! better by Jove!*

*Major.—Now gentlemen, I am very sorry to see you all disagree with me, but as you will not take my advice, I must exercise my authority. I insist therefore that you live on soup. (Addresses his Adjutant)—Mr. Follows, will you agree sir!*

*Adj. F.—Of course I will, Major; I prefer soup to anything else.*

*Major.—Then sir, order the Mess Khansaman to prepare only soup—very weak I mean—from to-day.*

*Adj. F.—I will give the order forthwith sir.*

*Major.—Now gentlemen, there is another thing I have to insist on, and that is, you must all dine at 3 o'clock and not in the evening.*

*Lt. Joy.—Let's have treacle and brimstone also, Major; it keeps one's blood in a proper state.*

*Lt. Dash.—Please sir, may I wear boots? I am sure I am now big enough for boots sir? I don't like my trousers made like little boys' sir, all buttoned before and behind!!!!*

*Major.—I tell you what, Lt. Dash, you are impertinent sir, there are such things as orders sir, and if you do not obey them you must stand the consequences, hold your tongue, I say sir.*

*(Lt. Dash here turns away, but instead of holding his tongue, he puts it out and makes a face.)*

*Lt. Short (still at the window)—3 o'clock dinners! treacle and brimstone! little boys! big boots! trousers buttoned behind! good heavens! (looks at his own inexpressibles) can't be done! cut the service first! bolt! fly! evaporate! anything! society! morals! must be attended to! second childhood! hang India! all fools! confound the service!*

*Major.—Mr. Follows, do you agree to dine at 3 o'clock sir, or not?*

*Lt. F.—By all means Major, I really dislike late diners exceedingly.*

*Major.—Then order this sir, from to-day, and see that it is strictly attended to; dinner to be removed exactly at 4 o'clock.*

*Lt. F.—I will do so sir.*

*Major.—And gentlemen, you must not drink more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of Beer each.*

*Ensign Fresh.—Water is much the best Major, cheaper too!!*

*Lt. Joy.—I vote for a small piece of toast in the water Major, we may have that, may we not, sir?*

*Major.—I see no great objection Mr. Joy—but bread, sir, is expensive, and adds to your Mess Bills, however you might take half a small slice each—not more decidedly.*

*Lt. Joy.—What a dear considerate old fellow.*

*Lt. Short.—Mild beverage! very! no drunkards! perfect fish! cool heads! considerate ass! toast and water! cheap Mess Bills! blown out—become porpoises! horrid!*

*Major.—And gentlemen, I observe that the children of the regiment go to the "band" in little "red" boots, this is highly improper, they must wear "black" ones or not go out.*

*Adj. F.—The married men, Major, are none of them present, shall I put this in orders?*

*Major.—Yes, do so, it is utterly impossible that there can be any kind of discipline in a corps where the "ladies" allow their children to appear in "red" boots. People out of the service are strictly prohibited from wearing red jackets, and doubtless the order also includes those who wear "red" boots.*

*Lt. Short.—Got no children! thank God! d—n little "red" boots! cut their legs off! want no boots afterwards!*

*Major.—Also gentlemen, you must take it in turns to act as President at table every day; if you cannot come yourselves, you must apply for leave to stay away or get some one else to do your duty.*

*Lt. Joy.—I shall entertain some European and keep him for this work.*

*Ensign Fresh.—A case by Jove of "please sir, I want to go out," as little boys say at school for various reasons.*

*Lt. Short.—President at table! get some one else, pay them! keep away! little boys! school! want to go out! various reasons! indecent! eat no dinner! disobedience of orders! Court Martial! struck out! much better! dem it!*

*Major.—And gentlemen, when you appear in public, you must always wear uniform!*



*Lt. F.*—Is this to be considered a Regimental order for the future, sir? I think it is a very necessary one indeed.

*Major.*—I wish you to put in the order book to-day, Lt. Follows.

*Lt. Short.*—In public! red jacket! d——d flunky! sword on too! fine instrument! good carver! bound to do so! Orders! small daily stipend! ordered to go naked! MUST obey! very cool! cheap! no tailors' bills! rather indecent! never mind! good officer subservient! head quarters! good name! becomes a fool! for nothing! hang the service! cut it to-morrow! no cash! impossible!

### ANOTHER FAIR CRITIQUE.

BYRON—"The Assyrian came down, &c.

THE miser "came down like a wolf on the fold,"  
And he feasted his eyes on his worthless gold;  
And the chink that it made was like waves of the sea,  
As they beat on the shore in their wild bounding glee.

2.

He looked at the Coin, and he laughed at its sheen,  
And said 'twas the brightest he ever had seen!  
And the white headed miser with fingers so cold,  
Laughed, jumped and embraced his glittering gold.

3.

But the morrow came round and the cold wintry blast,  
Saw the miser in death, his existence had passed;  
His eyes were close shut, his cold fingers were chill,  
And the heart that *had* bounded for ever was still,

### SHAKESPERE.

(*Vide Measure for Measure.*)

CLOSE, oh! close those eyes of blue—  
That were laughing with delight,  
For alas their smiling hue,  
Beameth with deceitful light;  
But, my poor heart quick restore—  
For it cannot love thee more.

2.

Speak, oh! speak not with that voice,  
Once believed to be sincere,  
Causing all hearts to rejoice,  
That its mellow'd notes did hear;  
But a single word—impart,  
And farewell, inconstant heart.

### DICKENS.

(THE IVY GREEN.)

Oh a precious cheat is the Boxwalla gay,  
That roameth through India wide,  
Chase him from the door—he is sure to betray,  
And then the *Sahib logon* deride.  
For his chit paper fine, he charges 'tis true,  
Just five times the price that he should;  
This Country's it is, though marked De La Rue,  
And warranted *bhood accha*—good. Oh a blessed cheat, &c.  
"ZETA."

CASE BY DR. MIS-MAC-METHUSALEH,

*Our (broad) Scotch Contributor.*

WHAT branch of Philosophy does the exhibition of Castor-oil Capsules to a patient resemble?

*Ans.* The Doctorin (doctrine) O'Meeta pheesics (Metaphysics.)  
(*Howls from an insulted public.*)

WHICH are the most wide awake beggars in India?  
The *Hoshiarpore 'uns*!!

### PYROTECHNICS.

WHAT Indian Firework reminds one of an old Baily Trial?  
A *Phool jhurrie*, (full Jury!)

### POLAR.

As one often sees a bear on the top of a pole, it is not at all remarkable that the Great Bear should be on the top of the North Pole.

### SMART.

A CORRESPONDENT writing concerning the progress of the Electric Telegraph calls it Electric-track-ery.

### VOCAL.

WHY is a sham fight like a high-toned voice?  
Because it is a false set to, (*falsetto*.)

### LEGAL.

WHAT article of furniture does a stationer's law suit resemble?  
A Book case.

### SWEET.

WHAT joke is most like a Treacle cask?  
A Punch 'un. A friend at our elbow says the above is worthy of a Hog's head. We say nothing.

### TO SCOTS.

WHY is a clever Scotch beauty addicted to man eating?  
Because she is a *cannie belle*.

### CLASSICAL.

WHY was the helmet with which Orestes broke his mother's head like a Scotch Bonnet?  
Because it was *Kill-ma-knock* cap!!!

### A MAKE SHIFT.

WHY does a Frenchman get angry when he has not a shirt to put on?  
Because he takes *affront* (a front.)

### EXECUTIVE.

Who is the best native to employ for building your house?  
A Bildar.

### THE MOOLTAN PRIZE MONEY.

PRIZE Money is generally looked upon as a wind-fall; but the Mooltan Prize Money appears to be a *nil* wind (an ill wind) that blows nobody no good except Lord Gough and the Lieutenant Colonels.

We observe that Rear Admiral Sir Fleetwood Pellew has been recalled. This is evidently because his ideas of Naval discipline were not very *pellucid*!

NOTHING LIKE FAIR PLAY.



*Anthony*

LET US FIGHT OUT MAN TO MAN!!!!







# THE DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

APRIL 1, 1854.

[NO. IV.]

## THE BRIGANDS.

A (VERY mellow) DRAMA.

### Dramatis Personæ.

MACARONI, (*Captain of a band of Brigands.*)  
MR. BRIGGS, (*an Alderman of London looking forward to the dignity of Mayor.*)  
HAREM SCAREM, (*a gent on the grand tour.*)  
PADDY O'ROURKE, (*his valet de "sham."*)  
MRS. BRIGGS, (*Mr. B's better half.*)  
MISS BRIGGS, (*her beautiful and accomplished daughter.*)  
*Brigands, &c. &c.*

### SCENE I.—A CAVE.

*Brigands grouped about—some on the look out.*

Macaroni.—Look sharp my lads, methinks I hear the roll  
Of wheels that oft have spoke to ears that tire  
Sooner than ours are ever wont to do,  
For every roll may with good truth be said  
To bring us nearer to our roll of bread.

### SCENE II.—ANOTHER CAVE.

*Enter Brigands with Mr., Mrs., and Miss Briggs—Miss tears her hair, Mr. and Mrs. kneel for mercy, the Brigands are non-plussed.*

Briggs.—Oh noble Brigand, please to let me go,  
I that am Alderman of London's city,  
And whom perhaps next fogs may see it's Mayor.

Macaroni.—Yes, go at once! No turtle have we here  
To stuff your greedy Aldermanic maw,  
Go you on Mayor, and take your better horse! \*  
But leave your daughter to our gentle care,  
And when you choose to stump us up her ransom,  
Be sure that like herself 'tis something handsome.

### ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter Miss Briggs pensively—Harem Scarem hastily.*

H. Scarem.—It is! It isn't! yes, again it is,  
Those eyes proclaim it to my inward soul,  
My Wilhelmina in this gloomy spot.

*Enter Macaroni.*

Macaroni.—Who talks of me and mine must know that here  
He stands upon a mine whose slightest shock  
Will send him to the middle of next week.

H. Scarem.—And pray sir! who are you? who dare to poke  
Your finger in my pie, your nose into  
My own affairs—mind that it isn't pulled!!

Macaroni.—I'm Macaroni! Captain of a Band,  
Which at my beck would tear you limb from limb,  
And scatter you like waves upon the beach.

H. Scarem.—Come on thou fiend, and man to man let's see,  
Who'll get his head cracked—who the victory.

(*They fight, Macaroni is killed, and H. Scarem runs off with Miss Briggs.*)

### SCENE II.—ACT II.

*Enter Paddy O'Toole with his master's trunk, he is surrounded by Brigands, who offer to make him Capt. of their band.*

1st Brigand.—If you'll command us then shall all this wealth,

This heap of gold and precious gems be thine.

Paddy.—Och! I'll command ye fast enough ye dogs,

And first command ye just to let me go!

2nd Brigand.—If you be captain such power shall you have,

That Kings might envy you, your slightest word

Shall be our bond—desire whate'er you will,

Whether it comes from Afric's burning shore,

Or from the centre of the ice bound north,

T'is thine—we'll leave ye to consider on't.

[*Exeunt Brigands.*]

Paddy.—Ochone! If I must turn thief at all,

I'd better do so when it's worth my while.

[*He takes all the jewels, &c. and exit.*]

*Brigands re-enter, find that Paddy O'Toole has absconded, their treasure with him, they rifle Paddy's master's trunk, which has been left behind—only one of the Brigands gets anything to mention,—he gets the gripes by drinking imitation British Eau de Cologne.*

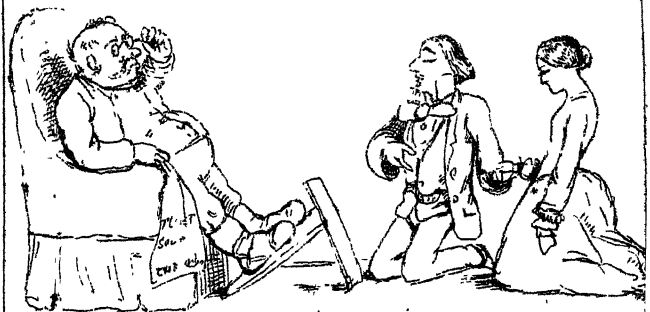
### ACT III.—SCENE I.—BRIGGS' HOUSE.

*Briggs (now Mayor) discovered sitting in an easy chair, his daughter and Harem Scarem kneeling.*

Harem.—Give us thy blessing father on our lot,  
Which we have joined since my happy fate  
Made me her rescuer from the brigands' hands.

Briggs.—As I am Mayor, you are a nice young man,  
For a small tea-party where three are asked,  
And two can't come—but blessings on you both.

[*Curtain drops—Audience is affected.*]



\* The grey mare is the better horse.—P. D.

### IMPORTANT MEETING.

THE Protestant Alliance held its monthly *meeting* on Friday last, because that being a fast day with the Roman Catholics, it was deemed advisable to exhibit a true John Bull dislike to starvation, by having what the President termed "*a jolly blow out!*" Accordingly after a good dinner and a tolerable skin full of wine, the Revd. Mr. Diddler, as Secretary, rose and begged to call the attention of the *Meeting* to the signs of the times. Nothing, said the Revd. gentleman, can be more indicative of the speedy restoration of the Jews than the stir that is now being made to admit them into the British Parliament. It was true, continued the Revd. gentleman, that very considerable opposition had been raised in certain quarters, but he was happy to say that the last accounts were more favorable, and he would now with the company's permission proceed to lay before them the state of parties at the period of the departure of the last Mail. It was feared that the admission of the Jews would pave the way for the overthrow of the Established Church, and *that* once effected, every parish would soon have its *Sin-agog!*—"If *Wrathschild* were once admitted into the House, who could be answerable for the peace of the kingdom?" inquired Mr. Cobden. On the other hand Sir Charles Napier saw no reason why the Jews should not be admitted into Parliament;—no change, he thought, could possibly be for the worse, for what could be more *barberous* than a *whig* Government, and for his part he thought that so long as *Vic-Tory* presided over the United Kingdom, none but *Tories* should be admitted to a share in the Government of the country. Mr. Cobden replied that his objection to the admission of *Wrathschild* did not so much rest upon his being a child of wrath, as upon the fact that he thought it improper and beneath the dignity of the British Senate to associate with a man who had so often figured in the *Stocks*.

A deputation had likewise proceeded to Downing Street, praying against the admission of the Jews into Parliament, as it was evident the Pork Butchers would soon be ruined by such a measure, and a whole *hamper* of hams would not then be worth a *pig of lead*.

Sir James Hogg declared that the Jews showed no particular antipathy to him, and he felt convinced therefore that the Pork Butchers need be under no alarm, as the very first Bill a Jewish Parliament would pass would be one to alter the name of swine's flesh.—The Jews, he said, were just as wide awake as Shakespear, and knew full well from experience that *Pork* by any other name would smell as sweet! A Pig would no doubt soon be termed a *Pork-upine*,—just as the poul-

terers in order to evade "*the law*," were in the habit of terming the harmless hare,—a lion! This change of name in short without intending to be guilty of a *Jew-de-spre*, he thought would be a very *Jew-dish-us* measure!

The Bishop of London thought the Pork-Butchers had every reason to rejoice, as the curse being removed from *Ham* during the millenium, the Jews may be expected to go the whole animal and cause a very considerable rise in the price of bacon. The Right Revd. Prelate thought it probable that this might constitute the "*feast of fat things*" spoken of by the prophets, but if not then he could not tell to what the prophecies referred. Considering too that there is to be neither indigestion nor dyspepsia during that period, he thought it but reasonable that the Jews should make up for lost time, and revel in a food that had hitherto been denied them;—he knew that considerable panic prevailed in some classes, but he was happy to see that the market gardeners, at the head of whom stood his respected friend Mr. Koap, Head Gardener to the Panjab of Lahore, instead of *raking* up imaginary grievances, were already extensively cultivating *Jerusalem Artichokes*,—and feeling assured that *stuffing* would never be out of fashion in England or among the English, some of the stalls in Covent Garden bore placards inviting the cooks to be *sage* in *thyme* and "*join the onion!*"

Lord John Russell declared his opinion to be perfectly in accordance with an old French proverb, that "*Le Jew ne vaut pas la chandelle!*"

Mr. Hume said he did not much care whether the Jews got in or not, for he had practised their ways so long that he thought himself more than a match for the biggest Jew among them.

Most of the Bishops declared with their accustomed elegance of expression that they "*would'nt care a d—n*" about the Jews getting in, or upsetting the Church either,—provided they would guarantee to them their *present paltry incomes*,—but if they would not promise to do this, then they (the Bishops) would feel obliged to *oppose the bill on principle!*

The Revd. Mr. Diddler here finding that he had got upon slippery ground, proposed to adjourn and join the *Eve-Angelical-Association* in the next room.

---

WHY is a Rat found drowned in a tanner's vat like a school boy who is being caned?

Because he's Rat-tanned!

---

SHOCKING.

WHAT portion of a Bill resembles part of a cow?  
Detail (the tail.)







## SOME CIVIL QUESTIONS AND READY ANSWERS

FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS.

## REVENUE.

Q.—What is the principle on which the Land Revenue of India is founded?

A.—To take all you can get—without killing your goose, which would immediately be cooked.

Q.—Give an illustration of the words "Surplus profit?"

A.—One Surplice prophet was a sporting writer, who foretold that the horse so called would win the Derby. Another kind there is, such as the Rev. Dr. Always Coming, who gives "tips" about the battle of Armageddon.

Q.—What are the chief features of an Indian village?

A.—Mud-huts, knavery, and pot-bellied children.

Q.—State an instance of a Rent-free Mouzah?

A.—A stocking that has never required darning.

[It is anticipated that the Committee will have to retire here for refreshment.]

## CRIMINAL LAW.

Q.—To whom does an appeal lie from the decision of a Magistrate?

A.—To his wife if he's a married man, like my superior.

Q.—If a party occupying a tenement suffers forcible dispossession, what is his position?

A.—That of a person who has been kicked out of doors.

Q.—Define perjury?

A.—The evidence of a native Deponent.

Q.—State the difference between an Act and a Regulation?

A.—The same as between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

## LITERAL.

Question by inquisitive Traveller.—During your long residence in India, Sir, have you acquired any information on the subject of Jain Temples?

Reply of cold-blooded Civilian.—Why, I can't say that I have but I can let you have a very stunning pattern for a Jean waistcoat.

## POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

A Peacock is a *More*, but a rush stool is a *morah*.

A feline animal is a *Cat*—but to provide necessities is to *cater*.

An officer of a ship is a *Mate*—but a Sweeper is a *mehtur*.

The female of a Bull is a *Cow*—but to shrink, is to *cower*.

To look solemn is to be *grave*—but a man that carves is a *graver*.  
(And more ad infinitum).

## VERY COOL.

A FRIEND of ours writes that the best instance he has lately known of a nice opportunity, was a few morning's ago when taking his early ride he went near the ice pits.

## PUNCH'S POPULAR PARODIES.—No I.

My earrings, my earrings, I have swapped them pretty well,  
And now to save my bacon, I some bouncing fib must tell!  
'Twas thus, a Gin-shop seated by, sung Ikey Abram's daughter,—  
A deep 'un she,—and very sly,—when full of Gin and water!  
To me did Moses give them when he found they wouldn't sell,—  
And if he hears I've spouted them, he'll dust my jacket well!

My earrings, my earrings, they were glass in pewter set,  
And I am sure they were not worth a pot of heavy wet!  
And when old Moses does return I will soothe him with the tale,  
That I dropped them in the well when drawing water in the pail,—  
For if he comes and hears that I have spouted them for Gin,—  
I'm very sure he'll scarcely leave a whole bone in my skin!

So I'll try to humbug Moses and make the snob believe,  
(Though all the while I'm gulling him, I'll laugh within my sleeve)

That musing on my lover when down my pail was gone,  
The earrings in my hand I held by the fountain all alone,  
When being half seas over from my hand the trinkets fell;  
Thus—tho' my love lies very deep,—yet his can lie as well!

## THE COMING MAN.



AND A CONFOUNDED LONG TIME HE IS COMING.

## A HIGH FLIGHT.

(By our balloomatic.)

Why was Mr. Kight annihilated when he ascended in a balloon at Bombay?

He went up a Veterinary Surgeon, and came down a veteran airy naught, (aeronaut.)

## EPISTLES OF ENSIGN GREEN.—NO. V.

TO HIS MAMA.

DEAR MOTHER,

You will wonder  
To hear I'm coming home  
From this horrid Indian climate,  
Where I trust no more to roam !

I've a medical certificate,  
I shall be with you quick,  
And I have not been shamming,  
For I'm really very sick !

And you must coax my father,  
You can do it if you please,  
To find for me some method  
To live at home at ease.

I'm sure he'd get me something  
If he would only search,  
A comfortable sinecure,  
Or a living in the Church !

I cannot stand this country,  
I'm always getting ill,  
With the dreadful Indian climate,  
And the hardships and the drill.

In fact our pay's not half enough,  
Our work is much too hard,  
Just fancy, three Parades a week !!!  
And twice a month on guard !!!

Sometimes at a Court Martial  
Three mortal hours to stay !!!  
And be bored with signing papers,  
Aye, sometimes five a day !!!

And when strict Commanding Officers  
These monstrous rules enforce,  
In this dreadful Indian climate,  
It's enough to kill a horse !!!

T'was this produced my fever,  
Inflammation of the brain,  
Dyspepsia, Liver, Horrors,  
And every other pain.

I know that Muff the Doctor  
Was fool enough to say  
That he thought I got the fever  
Out shooting snipe all day.

I know he traced the Abscess  
That gave me such distress,  
To the beer and brandy pawnee...  
That I used to drink at mess.

And the frightful indigestion  
That troubled me so long,  
All to late hours and raking,  
When I was not very strong !

Brain fever to exposure  
In Tiger shooting trips,  
And the Blues, 'mongst other causes,  
To the use of morning nips.

Did you ever hear such gammon ?  
It's really quite absurd !!  
Twas all the dreadful climate,  
Nothing else upon my word !

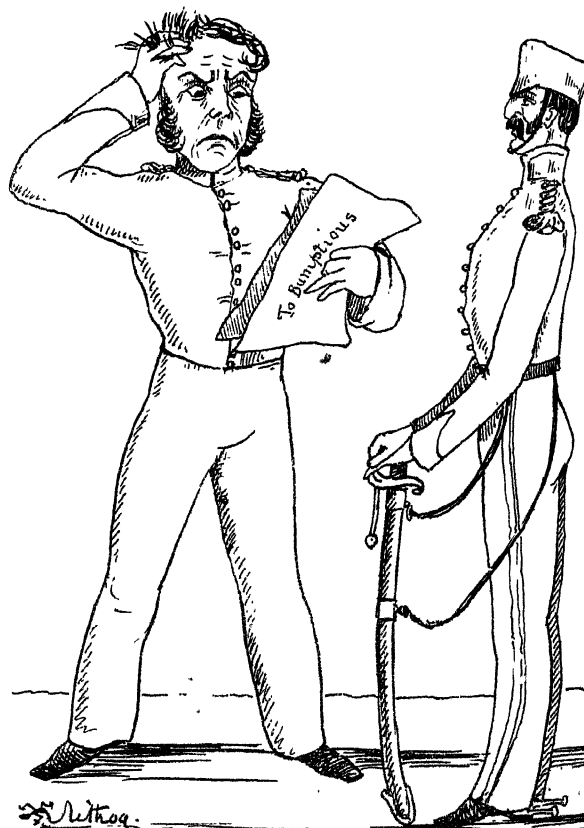
'Tis the dreadful heavy duty !  
'Tis the dreadful scanty pay !!  
'Tis the dreadful Indian climate  
That are driving me away !!!

Through these I've lost my stomach,  
I'm full of pains and aches,  
My hair's untimely grizzled,  
My hand so sadly shakes.

'Tis the horrid Indian climate  
Has made so bent and lean,  
Feeble, blear-eyed and yellow,

Yours sincerely,

JOLLY GREEN !!!



"MY WIGG !!"

TO COOKS.

WHAT is the best month for making Plum Cake ?  
The Current month.

Although we cannot "betray  
"our correspondent"



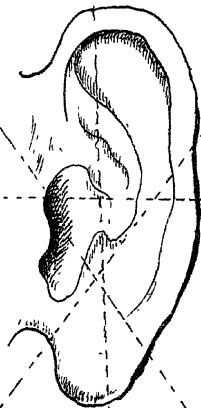
"And if I can only find out something to  
report to Head Quarters I get myself a  
good name!"



For of course it is highly de-  
sirable that suspected cor-  
respondence should be in-  
vestigated.



And how those reports do get to the  
ears of God, I cannot guess.

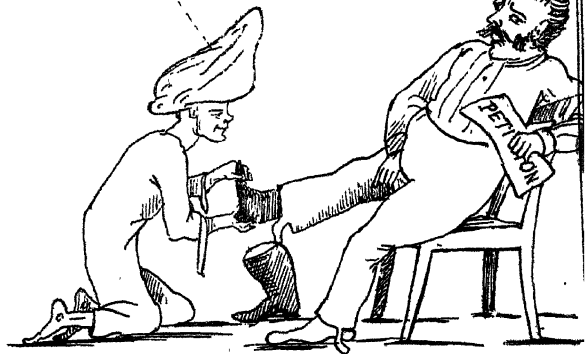


So the Col. wants to hush  
matters up does he?



And it is such a comfort to have  
servants that don't understand  
English (?)

And the young man had  
dealings with.....



And compound him, he had sent  
it back again. It shall go to  
The Court Direct!!

## THE SPY SYTSEM. CAN SUCH THINGS BE?



## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.

## INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE not much to complain of after all; I *did* think, when I went into the Invalids, that the sacrifice of future prospects, and want of regular employment would have been very distressing to me. I anticipated a dull objectless existence, and had sundry misgivings lest I might be tempted to take to drinking, as I have known some poor devils do in similar circumstances. But somehow or other it has turned out better than I expected.

I never was a very bright chap, but I had the grace to know the fact, and so was never troubled with ambition. I did not care much for display or luxury, just wanted to be comfortable, and that was all, and my pay as an Invalid Captain is sufficient for that.

It has often struck me, since, how fortunate it was that I met with that last disappointment. I mean, when I was just on the brink of matrimony with ..... but I'll tell you all about *that* by and bye. It was a hard blow to me at the time, but it only shows that we never know what is good for us, and ought not to grumble when a better wisdom than our own overrules our ends. Now if I had married, either my family would have been sadly pinched upon my present salary, or else I could not have invalidated at all, and *that* would have involved a dereliction of duty for which I never could have forgiven myself. You stare at *that*, eh? Well, well, it's just a fact for all that; thereby hangs a tale, as Shakespeare says, I'll tell it you some of these days.

Well, Sir, I am very comfortable here, have my pipe and my newspaper, and the young fellows to drop in after parade and tell me what is going on. My house, I am proud to say, is quite the cantonment coffee shop. I *do* like the young fellows that come out now-a-days, I believe they call me the Old Fogy, but that is a trifle. They are of a much better stamp sir than the griffins that I remember when I was young; a little *fast* perhaps, as they call it, not careful enough to avoid debt; but the soul of honor most of them, and as for conversation!! I'll be shot sir if they don't know everything!! I remember in the olden time half the griffins that came out could not write a decent letter, and as for the *ics* and *ologies* that the new generation have got at their fingers' ends, devil a bit of all that was heard of in India when I was a young man. Then one never hears indecent talk or improper songs now, except among the old stagers. Well, I say, I do love the boys, and they like me somehow or other, and often get me to tell my

old stories. So I cannot say I am unaccustomed to narrative, though it is but in a slovenly way, and as you don't seem to have anything better to do at present, I'll give you a few of my reminiscences as I happen to recall them, I don't pretend to method, or orderly arrangement or anything of that sort, but I can just give you a heap of unassorted notions like a pawnbroker's shop, and by the by, talking of pawnbrokers reminds me of one adventure of my early days, which young Sloper of my old corps used to call a practical illustration of

*The Law of Lombardy.*

Character very often depends oddly upon circumstances, Philosophers will tell you that every man is born with a set of predispositions as natural to him as arms and legs, like enough he *may* be, but he often acquires quite a new set in after life from the peculiarities of his condition. Technicality marks a lawyer in matters quite apart from his business, most doctors are materialists, most parsons credulous. Precision follows the merchant or banker into private life, soldiers and sailors are usually reckless, and tailors effeminate to a proverb. In short, sir, habit is second nature, and the man's disposition identifies itself with the principle that is most active in its owner's daily pursuits; what I am about to tell you is a queer instance of this, that came rather unpleasantly before my eyes when I was a young fool.

It was before I came out to this country, indeed among other things it was a reason for my expatriation. I was in a Solicitor's office at the time, where I had been sent by my poor father to learn the profession. He wanted to make a lawyer of me, a scheme to which I was decidedly opposed. I of course made it a point to learn nothing, *did* nothing indeed at the office but read the paper and scribble caricatures over the deeds. I used to wander about all over the town, it was not a very large one, in search of amusement, but as the only public exhibitions of the place were an old ruin of a theatre where nobody ever performed, a repository for tracts, and the Parish stocks, I need not add that I did not find much. Now there are only three resources for an incurable idle man, excluded from *les spectacles*: love, liquor, and gambling, and if he be a young one, the chances are a thousand to one that he falls upon the first—at any rate *I* did.

There was an uncommonly pretty girl living in the next street, whom I had often admired when passing the shop, for confound it, her father was a Pawnbroker, and it did strike me that she was not insensible to my admiration, nor greatly offended therewith. I was bashful and inexperienced, and could think of no way of making my advances, save the old established one, namely, by ogling

my fair enslaver at Church. I had, however, a very particular friend, Oscar Biggleswade by name, a man much more used to these sort of things than myself, and he quickly put me up to the proper way of proceeding. By his advice I prepared a very moving billet, which I slipped into Leonora's hand as she was quitting the Church after evening service. I was rewarded next day as I passed the shop with an approving smile, and on the following Sunday I ventured to follow and address her, my suit was favorably received.

Boys always get on much faster in love-making than gentlemen of maturer age, so it need not surprise you to hear that before that very first interview was over, I had proposed, and been accepted. Accepted! So soon! I thought it an incredible piece of good fortune. I *was* very young at the time. Well, I believe, as somebody has said, the course of true love never did run smooth, it did not certainly with *mine*, which *was* true love proper, at any rate.

In fact the Governor heard of it, as I afterwards found out, for he said not a word to me on the subject, but discovered some very important business which he wanted done off-hand at Vienna, and I was the only person he could trust to do it.

I will spare you the leave taking, it was a painful scene. I repeated the most fervent vows, and left my interests to the guardianship of my dear friend Oscar Biggleswade, who readily undertook to watch over them with the tenderest care. I introduced him to Leonora.

"He is my dearest friend," said I. "Regard him as my second self."

"Your duplicate, as it were," said the pawnbroker.

"Trust in him," I continued, "he shall be security for my truth."

I tore myself away. I went to Vienna. I was detained there longer than I had expected. At length, however, I was set free, and hurried back to the quiet country town, all love and eagerness to behold my Leonora. I sprang down from the roof of the coach and rushed to the pawnbroker's shop. The pawnbroker was standing at the door.

"Oh where," cried I, "is Leonora?"

"She has gone," replied he, "on the usual trip."

"Trip?" said I.

"Honey-moon," said he.

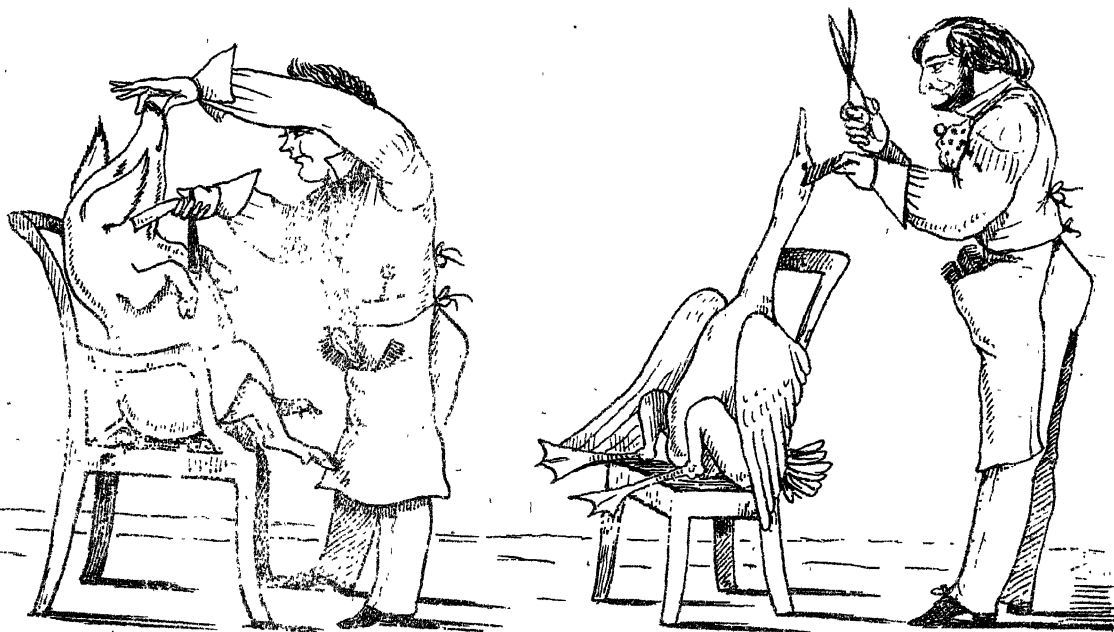
I thought I should have fainted away!

"Leonora," continued the pawnbroker, "is now Mrs. Biggleswade."

"Mrs. Big ——!" the name stuck in my throat.

"Exactly so," said the pawnbroker, "You perceive Leonora is a prudent girl, takes after me in fact, so as from all we could discover, you did not seem likely ever to redeem your pledge, she thought it was just as well to console herself with the Duplicate."

KAPROS.



AFTER THAT CAME A PIG TO BE SHAVED AND A GOOSE TO HAVE HER HAIR CUT.

## COLONEL FEE-FO-FUM.

"Some people may be Rooshans, and some may be Prooshans; they are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other natures thinks different."

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

MAN is an animal, and of all animals, the one that presumes most upon any piece of good luck. Let a Dog, or a Horse receive a favor, and see how it cherishes it. Let a Dog escape from its kennel after having been confined for an age, and it will scamper over hill and dale in an ecstasy, so also will a Horse; but "man invested with a little brief authority," generally misuses and misapplies it.

Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum was a specimen of this Class. In India "some achieve greatness," but the most "have greatness thrust upon them." Greatness is revolutionary, and as Time removes some of our Military Puppets from earth's fantoccini of action, greatness descends upon those that have escaped from his scythe. Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum had of course been an Ensign—Lieutenant—Captain—and Major, and in all these grades he may have lived wisely and well. We knew him not then! In the Indian Service an officer, if he behaves himself properly---drinks his Beer like a man, (*In Beer---oh! veritas*) and keeps his health; has nothing to fear, he is provided for in his season; he, in his turn, has greatness thrust upon him.

"All our work's a farce,  
And all from Grift to General merely players,  
They have their Line Steps, and their purchases,  
And each man in his time gains every grade."

(*Lahore Chronicle*, July 1851)

Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum was a man of "parts," He could patter Hindoostanee and Persian "like one o'clock." He had taken degrees in all kinds of languages; but in his turn he came to command a regiment.

In appearance he was a gentleman, that is to say, he dressed well and conducted himself properly at table; but to be a gentleman, respectability of thought, action, motive, and feeling is required. The heart develops our respectability. It is of little use to have the outward character, if you possess not the inward excellence. It is of little use to be a gentleman in appearance, if you are not one in heart, for the blandness of *gentility* (spare our crimson blushes for using this word) may go down with some, but a *true* gentleman has the name and character indelibly stamped upon him, that those who run may read it, on his face; afterwards it is developed in his actions.

Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum from his long study of Black Classics had quite forgotten that such things existed, as

"open column, right in front," advance by double columns of sections from the centre, &c. &c., and greatness, (in the shape of a regimental command, for which he was unfitted) being suddenly thrust upon him, he found himself one day on his own parade ground with nine or ten officers, and 356½ file, all ready to be "turned inside out," by word of command.

Loyalty might be distinguished in the keen flash of the eye, and the impatient glance of each of the 723 Soldiers, but Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum was not the man to gratify the martial, *peripatetic-greed* of that Regiment. It was a noble *pultun* was that 90th. It had seen service, and had left its dead upon the battle field. It had seen jolly days also, under those who could drill it fairly; but farewell now to all its greatness.

Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum made himself liked at first by his simplicity and blandness, and his juniors mistaking these outward expressions for gentlemanly feeling, were lulled to sleep, believing that a little "rubbing up" would improve him in Drill, and as he was trying to learn, (though in doing so, undrilling the regiment) and not being presumptuous they patronized him, yea even for a while liked him.

But things that had commenced quietly ended stormily, and Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum suddenly changed his tactics, and exposed his parvenu respectability. Unaccustomed we suppose to practise deceit, and not feeling comfortable in his gentlemanly garb, he changed his manner of behaviour and became a Turk; in doing so, he discovered all those mean spirited notions and feelings, that a little respectability had before covered and excused.

We know of nothing more dreadful than an ungentlemanly commanding officer. Place a gentleman in command, and he is respected, but your stuck up parvenus damme! we'll not have them.

Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum *may be* still in the service. This slight sketch may teach him a lesson: may he profit by the reflection of his character in print, but we caution him, and others of his class, not to *ape* the gentleman. Let them be what they are, and if sincere, their honesty of intention may cover a multitude of sins, but with low ideas, no one shall be called a gentleman, by

ZETA.

N. B.—In some play, we have nearly as follows:—

"The genteel thing is the genteel thing arter all, if so bees that a gemman bees in a concatenation accordingly." Let Colonel Fee-Fo-Fum put this in his Hookha for after dinner investigation.



Our esteemed contemporary the *Delhi Gazette*, in the paper of the 15th ultimo, has the following strange paragraph in his Summary of News.

"The *Citizen* learns that on or about the 1st instant, eight of the workmen who are employed in erecting the Electric Telegraph on Saugor Island, were carried off by tigers, and that the men have consequently refused to work."

Query, whether the tigers *permitted* any of them to work? As we read the distressing paragraph, it strikes us that the unfortunate men had very little choice in the matter. What will they say at home to this?

### VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.



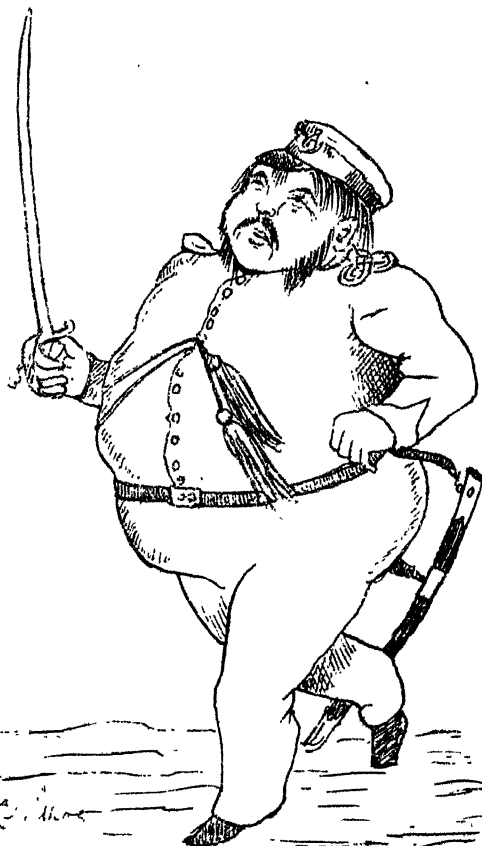
SCENE—MRS. DEUXTEMP'S BALL.—Time  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 P. M.

JONES (who has come before anybody—having in fact arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7, before the lamps were lit.)—"Miss Amy, will you allow me the pleasure of dancing a polka or waltz with you?"

MISS AMY (just arrived.)—"I am sorry I cannot! I am already engaged for 15 polkas, 17 waltzes, 9 galloppes, 6 schottisches, and 25 quadrilles."

[Poor Jones never does get a partner. I

### A LIGHT INFANTRY OFFICER.



#### A SCENE.

(Founded on Facts.)

Ensign — knows nothing of Hindoostanee. He has breakfasted at a friend's, and enjoyed grilled kidneys.

Scene—Night.

Aged Khansamah with clasped hands.

Khansamah (log.)---Haziree ke waste, kodawond, kya hookm?

Delighted, but unenlightened Griff, log.---Teen-char gudda tya kurro.

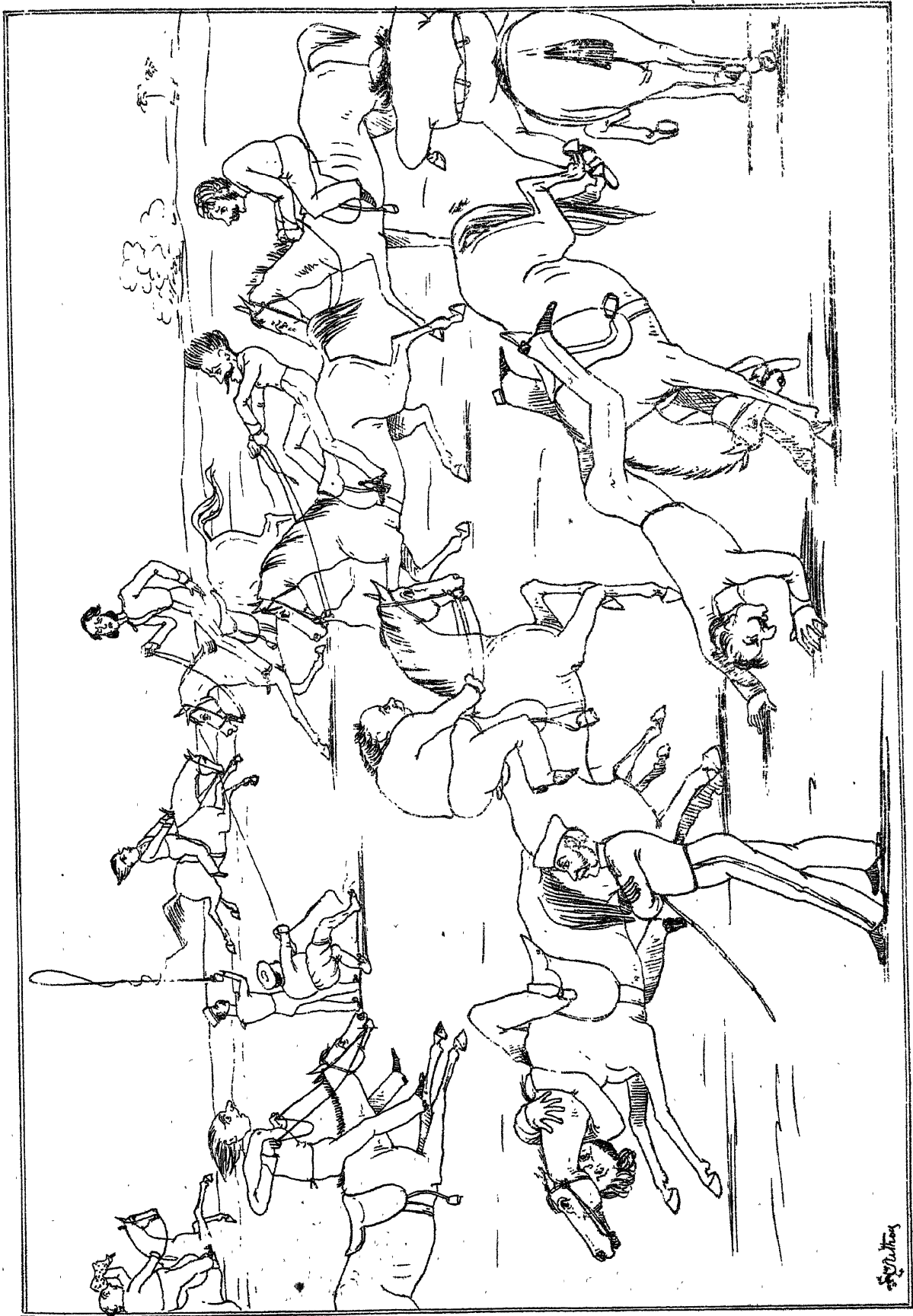
Aged Khansamah astounded!---Ap ke kooshee, hōzoor, lekin bhoot (with a long drawl) burra jaunwa hy?

Ensign — sees two or three Donkeys straying in his compound next morning, and on enquiring whose they are, hears they are "to be made sacred" for his breakfast.

#### A MILITARY QUESTION.

Why are regimental officers quarrelsome?

Because they are always "falling out" after parade.



THE OFFICERS OF THE BOMBAY STAFF STUDY EQUITACYON.



## A SCENE FROM AN UNFINISHED PLAY.

BY "ZETA."

## Dramatis Personæ.

*Sensitive Jehu*—Rather a "fast man"—very sensitive on some points, particularly figures, and military matters.

*Jackdaw*—A blustering individual, who is too prone to talk about "self."

*Quilp*—A gentlemanly character, of considerable talent, but given to "snub" others, on account of the superiority he holds his own opinions in.

*Wentworth*—A romantic young man, who tries "facetiae," but who signally fails in making an "empressment" on his audience.

*Gustavus*—A remarkable person who transposes his sentences in a "horrible manner."

*Jack*—A creature that will speak for himself in his proper place.

*Mrs. Arthur Beaufort*—A lady of fashion who strives to fascinate "every one."

## SCENE I.

*Quilp's Dining Room—Time ½ past 8. Jehu—Wentworth—and Jackdaw and Quilp present.*

*Quilp, (turning to Jackdaw on his right)*—But my dear sir, Dr. Johnson was a most extraordinary man, a man of profound erudition; I wonder you should consider him other than a very clever man.

*Wentworth, (interposing with a delightful lisp)*—In what respect, sir, do you think Dr. Johnson such a profound scholar? Certainly not in his manners. I recollect—aw—an anecdote of Dr. J., that I was told—aw—by a Lady of my acquaintance, that makes me think him a bear—positively a bear.

*Quilp, (with fiendish ferocity.)*—I thought Mr. Wentworth that you judged a man either from what you may have read of him, or known from very good authority; and not from silly anecdotes that are circulated often to one's disadvantage. Be assured the dead are made to carry the burdens for actions in life, that they had never performed; I advise you to study character—and men and manners more carefully—through a better channel, before you attempt to hazard an opinion: I speak thus plainly as a friend; for young men will have their say whether right or wrong.

*Jehu.*—I think you are rather hard on Wentworth, Mr. Quilp, I trust you will find him a deeper read man than you at present imagine him to be.

*Quilp.*—Pooh! I am not generally of such a nature as to judge men wrongly, Mr. Wentworth has shown

himself wanting, and his shallowness of learning by an attempt to run Dr. Johnson down by an anecdote.

(Enter Jack R)

*Jack.*—Good evening, Mr. Quilp, I have just called in to get a little advice. Ah Wentworth and Jehu (with apparent surprise) how are you. Pretty well, eh?—doing the fashionable. Ha! ha! ha! I hope I have not intruded.

*Quilp.*—How do you do Jack. Sit down, very happy to see you, always glad to see well read men, (with biting sarcasm) those that derive advantage from what they do read. Eh Jack?

(In the meanwhile Jack the Parasite, who has come for no REAL advice, helps himself to wine and desert.)

*Jack.*—Proud of your acquaintance sir—very proud I can assure you, but I forgot a very good joke I had to tell you. Such fun between Mrs. Arthur and Gustavus. I must tell you what it was! Gustavus met Mrs. A. and commenced in his usual way—"Ah, how do you do—You are pretty well I hope. I hope you are pretty well."

"Indeed Mr. Gustavus," responded the fair Mrs. A., "I am not very well, I'm in fact—very unwell."

"Yes, you are very unwell, very unwell you are," chimes in Gus. "I'm sorry—very sorry to hear it. Very fine day though, I hope it will be a fine day tomorrow"—and giving his hand, he made his bow, and bolted.

*Quilp.*—Truly ridiculous upon my word. But what news at the East end. Ha! ha! you fashionables will have it so!

*Jack Daw.*—Oh! ah! you see. I have had such arduous duties of late, that—ah! I have not mixed much with the elite. True, I dined with Sir Charles and lady Mary, but beside that I have been quite out of the world. Hard reading, &c. occupying all my time.

*Quilp.*—Very good—very good. A glass of wine Jack, just to clear your throat. Talking of wine, this port has been 30 years in bottle, and never once moved, quite recherche I assure you—and now gentlemen, shall we join the ladies.

(Exeunt omnes.)

## Advertisement.

WANTED—For the Archæological Museum, Delhi.

The Stick cut by — at Ferozeshah.

16 Rs. REWARD.

ANY one who shall find the 5 minutes lost by my watch between Allahabad and Meerut, shall receive the above reward.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

THE Marquis had a daughter,  
A lovely child was she,  
And the Marquis was as harsh and stern,  
As harsh and stern could be ;  
But still he loved his daughter,  
Even dearer than his gold,  
For she was the only child he had,  
And she was four years old ;

The little girl was missing,  
They dare not tell her Sire,  
For he was a stern and moody man,  
And terrible in his ire ;  
Three dreadful days they sought her,  
Ceaselessly every day,  
But to the Moody Father  
No word they dared to say.

The Marquis rode to the forest,  
As he always rode, alone,  
Something lay under an old grey cloak,  
As he passed he heard it moan ;

But the Marquis turned his head away,  
In deep disgust be sure,  
He always made it a principle,  
Never to look on the poor.

The child was found next morning,  
They told the Marquis then,  
They dreaded his wrath no longer,  
Though he was sternest of men ;  
" We found our dear young lady ;"  
'Twas thus the old Steward spoke—  
" Lying dead of want in the forest,  
" And under an old grey cloak.

There was weeping among the servants,  
There was wailing bitter and wild,  
Not an eye but ran rivers of water  
For the doom of that lovely child :  
But the Father's eye was tearless,  
In silence did he endure,  
But never again thenceforward,  
Did he turn his face from the Poor.

K.



THE NEW INFANTRY CAP.



PROPOSED NEW HELMET FOR IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

## MEDICAL.

THE Doctors tell us that phlegm is often the cause of death—we only know that the farrier's flame is often the means of saving life.

## A LEARNED CON.

Why is a Dealer in earthenware pots like an alligator?  
Because he is a mugger !

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON ARRIVING IN INDIA.

'Tis just three weeks since I arrived, I'm sure it seems three years,  
Both night and day some horrid thing tends to arouse my fears,  
I hate the place, I hate the people, customs one and all,  
And ah! I wish to this hot land, I'd never come at all.

Is this the land, the land of love, of luxury and ease?  
Is this the oriental clime? Oh how these gnats do tease.  
Is this the place where orange groves and mango blossoms rare,  
Tempt gentlemen to stroll at eve with gentle maiden's fair?

Good gracious! What's that horrid thing thus darting to and fro,  
I really think it is a bat, and I detest bats so!  
Last night a rat kept me awake, I never slept a wink,  
And dared not venture out of bed. It is a bat I think.

There's four o'clock, these horrid gongs of them I've often read,  
I thought them very charming things, but not when one's in bed,  
Since ten o'clock I've never slept a wink, and now 'tis four,  
Good gracious goodness there's a rat now nibbling at my door.

I thought the Indian ladies were all princesses at least,  
I thought all things were gold, and that they glittered in the East,  
I thought the men were all like that dear creature Mohun Lal,  
And all the houses palaces, I don't like this at all.

Oh dear! the heat o'erpowers me, I wish I could get air,  
But here alas! within this gauze, a gentle breeze is rare,  
I dare not lift the curtains, for the gnats would all rush in,  
The room is quite unbearable with all their buzzing din.

I hate the screaming jackals, I detest the croaking frogs,  
The dust that gathers in one day my toilet table clogs,  
The horrid gnats tease me to death, the ants and crickets green  
Collect in myriads round about my oils and bandoline.

'Tis nearly daybreak, oh those crows, I don't dislike their noise,  
Their welcome to the coming dawn all nightly fear destroys,  
Oh! mercy, there's that horrid gun, 'tis louder far to-day,  
Than it was when I first arrived, and Auntie swooned away.

Ah! there's my Ayah, and there's my tea, but if this is to last,  
My future never can be as has been the happy past,  
My eyes are red, my cheeks are pale, my beauty on the wane,  
I wish I could but feel the breath of England's air again.

GEORGINA.

### A NICE QUESTION.

A FACETIOUS CORRESPONDENT (he cannot be a high church man)  
asks us what becomes of all the days in the year that are *lent*, whether they are ever re-paid or not, and if so, at what rate of interest. We can only refer him to Mr. Borrow.

### EXCLAMATION IN A RACKET COURT.

*Unlucky gent.*—You may call this a *gain* guruh if you like, but I'm hanged if I hav'n't lost a couple of gold mohurs.

### THE GREAT GERMAN LOTTERY.

A MAN who takes a share in the Great Hessian State Lottery ought to get not only a prize, but something to *boot*.

### THE SPECULATOR'S DELUSION.

Fancying *Consols*, are really consoling.

## SONG

OF WHAT IS THE POOR GRIFF THINKING.

AIR— "*Of what is the old man thinking.*"

OF what is the poor Griff thinking,  
As he heaves that bitter sigh;  
His comrades around are winking,  
As they watch his tearful eye.

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Think not of thy sorrow ever,  
There is joy still in store for thee;  
Come pledge us before we sever—  
For we are the merry and free.

II.

They heed not the poor Griff sighing,  
And he flees from the place of mirth;  
Thinking and vainly trying  
To curse the hour of his birth.

*Chorus—*

Think not, &c.

III.

His heart is crush'd and his sorrow  
Is greater than he can bear;  
For he knows not what e'en the morrow,  
May add unto his despair.

*Chorus.*

Think not of thy sorrow ever  
There is joy still in store for thee;  
Come pledge us before we sever—  
For we are the merry and free.

ZETA.

## REBUFFS FOR THE SPOONEY.—NO. I.



SPOONEY ONE.—*I say, Charles, she told me last night that she would THINK of me—what do you suppose by that?*

CANDID FRIEND.—*Why, she told me this morning that she thought you a stupid puppy.*

[*Hopes of the Spoony are blighted.*]

## WAR WITH RUSSIA.

IN our present number we had intended to offer a few remarks upon this all-absorbing topic. We had our peacock pen ready nibbed and our red ink all *ready* to commence, but the following letter from a correspondent to the Editor of the *Delhi Gazette* kindly placed at our disposal, saves us the trouble. The letter is *genuine*, and consequently the more valuable, as expressing the views of an enlightened native on the important question now agitating the whole of civilized Europe.

*To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.*

DEAR SIR,—By inserting the following metrical lines you will certainly oblige me for ever.

I beg to bring notice into your Gazettorial paper that India is now filled with consternation on account of Russians invasion into, I think in this terrible war our English men will not be able to attack the giants, until they not incur the sufficient force on this declaration of war (about 60 Regiments, 25 Artillery more and also 45 irregular cavellary) for a short time until the war not cool on both parties.

In my poor opinion this is one of the best for general good and my goddess may regain whole India with peace and tranquility for ever but now some expenses required on this case.

And if any way can make treaty with Dost Momed then this fertile province can secure from the hand of tyrants and one or two best General must send from England who are well versed with the Military tactic because India is now attack on both sides one for the Russians and other for the treachery of Company, who plunder whole India without fear. However our request to the Government that we will must be granted by him same number of Army which I written in last page.

If my request do not accept by Government, the India must be lost by the English, therefore Most Noble our Governor General will consider. When the Russian will bring 700,000 armed men then it is better for our Governor General to collect about 400,000 armed men for some time until the war not decided into both sides or if any time our honoured masters can make peace with Russian then it is better than all.

And I will not fear it we will be granted so much Army from the Government we will rout the Russians in every battle if we will get 400,000 armed men on war.

I am certain person I will publish my name in the D. G. and I also send you Rupees for bearing of this letter again.

## A NEW COMMISSION.

THE gentlemen who have busied themselves lately concerning the banishment of pigs from Civil stations in India, are, we hear, to be henceforth denominated "the Commissioners of Sewers."

TWENTY GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS  
FOR NOT JOINING IN THE PURCHASE  
OF A STEP.

- 1.—Because you have been very lucky in promotion, and can afford to wait.
- 2.—Because you have been very unlucky, and nothing can put you in your proper position.
- 3.—Because not having a staff appointment, you are hard up for coin.
- 4.—Because having got a staff appointment, you are better off as you are.
- 5.—Because you intend to retire yourself, and therefore do not care about promotion.
- 6.—Because you intend to stick in the service, and therefore are in no particular hurry.
- 7.—Because you hope, if you don't pay, that some enthusiastic gentlemen will do it for you.
- 8.—Because you suspect that certain calculating gentlemen count upon your paying, to shirk themselves.
- 9.—Because others will not agree to the scale that you prefer.
- 10.—Because you won't agree to the scale that others prefer.
- 11.—Because you won't agree till you know what your share will be.
- 12.—Because others won't agree till they know the amount of their shares, and you doubt whether it be possible to please all.
- 13.—Because you have bought so many steps that you think you have done enough.
- 14.—Because there is only one step to be bought, and you think it's no use buying one step.
- 15.—Because you're the senior man, and hope to get it for nothing.
- 16.—Because you're the junior man, and it won't do much good to you.
- 17.—Because you've got a large family in India, and need your money to send them home.
- 18.—Because you've got a large family in Europe, and need your money to bring them out.
- 19.—Because you are a sickly man, and not likely long to enjoy your promotion.
- 20.—Because you are a hale hearty man, likely to see all your seniors under the turf before you.

WHY is a geologist like a constant attendant at a Ham Shop?  
Because he's always looking after *Am'o nights* (ammonites).

WHAT Sea was it sailors in former times most dreaded?  
The *Marshal sea*.

ON what tree should paper grow?  
The *Papier tree*.

INTERFERENCE AT LAST.



*W. H. R. 1875*

"WHAT AN INFERNAL SHAME THAT A CHRISTIAN (??!!) MAY NOT WALLOP A TURK."





THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

MAY 1, 1854.

[NO. V.]

**To Correspondents.**

*Several Sketches have been unavoidably postponed owing to want of space, we hope to find room for them in our June number.*

**THE LEGEND OF ALY.**

A BEGGAR sat by the side of the way,  
Uncommonly poor  
He was to be sure,  
And he had had nothing to eat that day.  
Silent and sad the beggar sat,  
With a scull before him instead of a hat,  
To collect the browns  
Of the country clowns  
Who were passing by him every minute ;  
With much compassion his state they saw,  
At his curious alms-box gazed with awe,  
But devil a one put anything in it !!  
To tell the truth they had nothing to put !!  
Subjects were they of a monarch stern,  
Who had yet to learn,  
That to fit the shoe you must measure the foot :  
So he squeezed his subjects in every way,  
Squeezed them hard  
Without any regard  
As to their ability to pay !!!

\* \* \* \* \*

There came a man of imposing mien,  
Sinewy, sunburnt, tall and lean,  
Scantily dressed,  
In a tattered vest,  
With a beard that hung all over his chest,  
And a sword half hidden his robe beneath,  
In a terribly seedy looking sheath.  
The shades of night were gathering fast,  
The beggar thought " this chance is my last,  
" Twill slip through my fingers if I let it."  
So he put up a pitiful cry for food,  
Without much hope of anything good,  
However much he wished he might get it.  
The traveller stopped : " My friend," says he,  
" Not the ghost of a coin there is with me,  
" But instead of pelf,  
" I'll give you myself !!!  
" Take me and sell me ; a man like Me  
" Should be worth, if valued modestly,  
" At least as much as his weight in gold !!!  
" Don't wait to be told  
" A second time, but speedily bring  
" Me as a slave to the foot of the King."  
" Sir," says the beggar, " I don't feel quite  
" Certain it's right

" To sell one's fellow creatures, in fact  
" A Gentleman passing along the road  
" By way of doing a generous act  
" Gave me a Tract  
" Of the Anti-Slavery....."  
....." Tracts be blown" !!!  
Cried the wrathful traveller, " What a joke  
" To quote such gammon as that to Me !  
" The question is one of Facts and Figures,  
" And as to your Anti-Slavery folk  
" They only object to selling Niggers."  
" Sir," says the beggar, " It's very well  
" But the truth to tell  
" Such a proposal I never heard,  
" And (excuse the word)  
" It's too much like a regular sell.  
" I make a slave of you !! Good Lord !!!  
" The thing is the merest absurdity,  
" You are ten times as strong at least as me,  
" Not to say anything of the sword !!!"  
Says the traveller then :  
" Like other men  
" I own I've a scheme of my own in view,  
" And what I intend  
" Is to serve my own end,  
" At least as much as to benefit you ;  
" Don't be slack,  
" Jump on my back,  
" And we'll be at the Rajah's Court in a crack !!!"  
The beggar took him at his word,  
And a thing occurred,  
Which I would not mention lest any should cry  
What an awful lie !!!  
If it was not confirmed in various ways  
By the written records of ancient days.  
The wondrous pair  
Flew off through the air,  
And alighted just at the foot of the stair  
Of the Rajah's palace, and there be sure,  
In they walked as calm and demure,  
As if only making an evening call,  
After having done nothing unusual at all !!!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Rajah was in a terrible fix,  
He had played such tricks  
With the peoples' wealth in the taxing way ;  
Had put on the screw in a style so neat,  
That he left them not only with nothing to eat,  
But with nothing wherewith the tax to pay !!  
So urged by need  
The king had decreed,  
After a good many quibbles and quirks,  
Got up by those who on system rejected  
All improvements of things which their sires had neglected ;  
Some growls at the " trouble" from indolent shirks ;

Opposition beside,  
 From that species of pride,  
 Which others' proposals invariably burkes;  
 From the tendency too  
 To despair of succeeding in anything new  
 In the timid and stupid that constantly lurks;  
 In spite of all these  
 He had passed his decrees,  
 For the liberal construction of national works!  
 Many a task did he begin

But for want of hands, or for want of tin,  
 Or for want of science, of all the worst,  
 All his experiments failed at first;  
 'Mid a general howl of rabid delight  
 From the praisers of olden times, who say  
 That yesterday's blunder binds to-day,  
 And nothing wrong can be ever put right!

The wondrous pair their wish declared—  
 The Rajah frowned and the Rajah stared—  
 He turned to the traveller first, says he

"It strikes me friend  
 "There's a hook at the end  
 "Of this curious tale you tell to me:  
 "So prythee explain and for once speak true,  
 "Why should I pay such a sum for you?"  
 The pride of the traveller then arose—  
 "When your majesty knows,"  
 Said he, "the work I'm able to do  
 "You'll think it cheap and you'll thank me too!!  
 "Whatever you will  
 "I'm game to fulfil,

"To build or destroy, to save or kill!!!!!"  
 Says the Rajah, "the first thing I wish to try  
 "Is an Anicut over the river close by  
 "That's number one"—  
 "Consider it done."

"Very good; then your second work  
 "Shall be to behead or poison or burke,  
 "Or somehow or other to overwhelm  
 "A monstrous Dragon that haunts my realm,  
 "That's number two."  
 "That also I undertake to do."  
 "The third, is to place,  
 "Before my face,  
 "Bound hand and foot with an iron chain,  
 "That rascal Aly Shah-i-Mordan,  
 "Who goes about preaching the Koran,  
 "And denounces our gods as idols vain!  
 "Bids his disciples believe no more,  
 "Like their respectable sires of yore,  
 "Mocks and slights  
 "Our ancient rites,  
 "Breaks through all established rules,  
 "And makes out our fathers a pack of fools!  
 "A fellow whom (not without reason egad) I call,  
 "Revolutionist, infidel, atheist and radical!!!"

Then said the traveller with a grin,  
 "That man of sin,  
 "Do I also undertake to bring,  
 "Bound in chains to the foot of the king!  
 "So shell out the tin!!  
 "For though I'd be loth,

"To seem suspicious or rude or both,  
 "Yet a promise is always a slippery thing,  
 "It's very small risk you run, 'tis plain,  
 "For if I don't do,  
 "As required by you,  
 "You can hang the beggar, and take it again!!!"  
 The gold was weighed,  
 The beggar dismayed,

Would scarce consent to come and be paid,  
 For he thought of the penalty to ensue,  
 In case the traveller made a mull,  
 Not performing in full,  
 All he had pledged himself to do,  
 But as beggars must not be choosers, he took  
 The glittering coin with an ominous shiver,  
 And walked down sadly enough to look  
 At what was about to be done to the River.

By the side of the stream a mountain high  
 Hung over the water frowningly,  
 A monstrous mass of cliff and rock,  
 That for ages had stood the tempest's shock,  
 One single touch of the traveller's blade,  
 And the mountain fell, and a barrier made,  
 On which the waters might roar and dash,  
 And chafe and tumble and foam and splash,  
 And do whatever wild waves *can* do,  
 But never might break that barrier through!!  
 His hand on the top of the dam he laid,  
 And his fingers five, five sluices made,  
 With gates and all things proper and good  
 To let out the water as they would!!

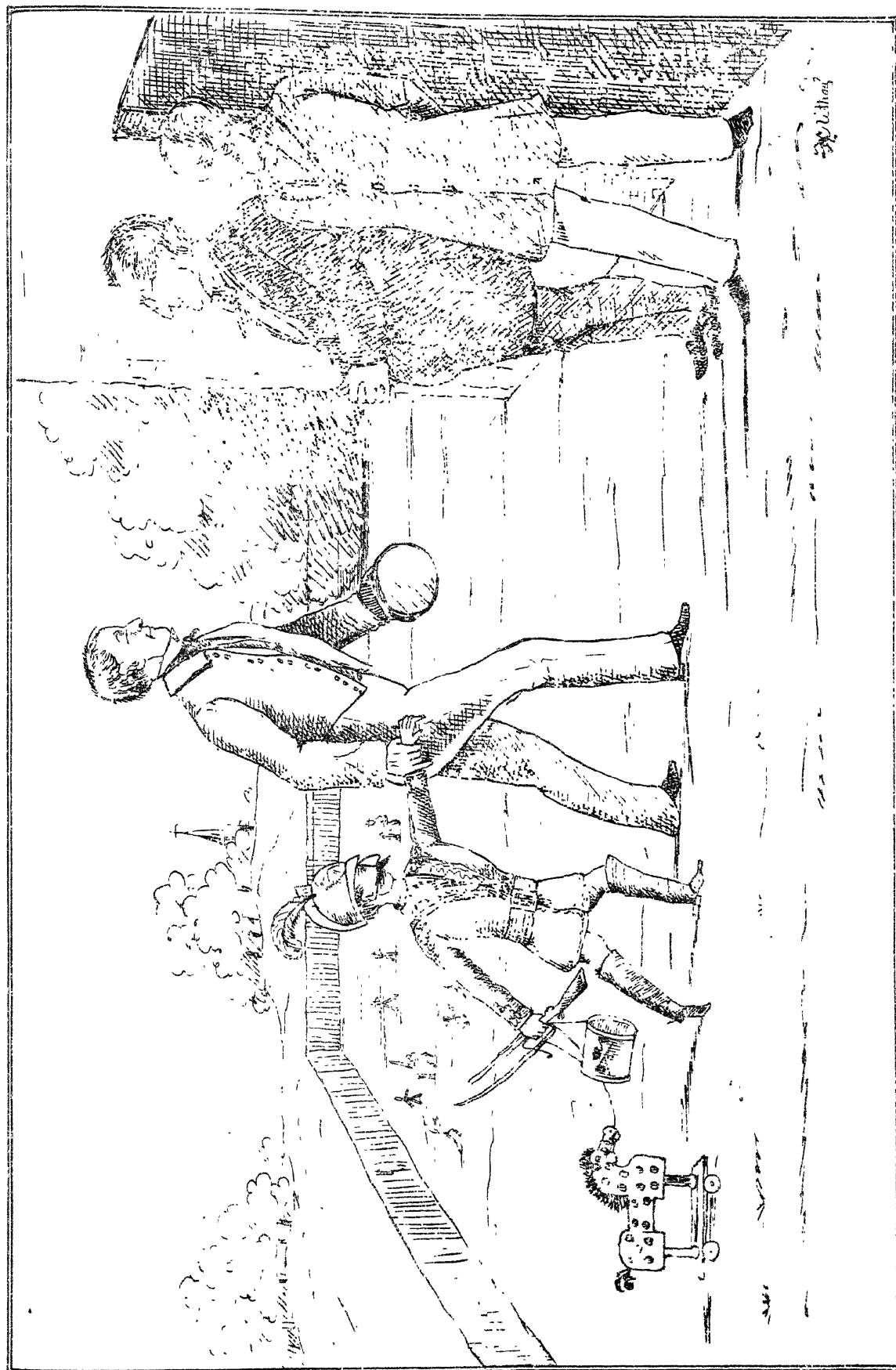
The beggar felt easier in his neck,  
 And the king exclaimed to the wondering folk,  
 "It is not always so bad a spec  
 "After all, to buy a pig in a poke!!!"

The traveller turned to try his hand  
 On the monstrous beast that infested the land,  
 A reptile or vermin gaunt and grim,  
 No amount of spoil could satisfy him;  
 He plundered the rich, he robbed the poor,  
 Old gooseberry played with the Rajah's store,  
 Wherever he went, too surely there  
 Were houses in ruins and fields all bare;  
 Any gain that was made, illgot, illspent,  
 And groaning and crying and discontent;  
 He harassed not only the poor to death,  
 But blighted their souls with his fetid breath,  
 For a poisonous dragon indeed was he,  
 And his name was **Official Roguery!!!**

In vain, in vain the traveller tried;  
 (So thick was his hide)

To drive the faulchion into his side,  
 E'en though the sword was Heavenly made,  
 And had public opinion stamped on the blade!  
 Poison of course was out of the case,  
 With a thing of nature so foul and base,  
 That the deadliest poison you could invent  
 Would be like its natural element!  
 So he cast him down after many essays,  
 For he writhed and wriggled in endless ways,  
 Trampled the reptile under foot,

# NAUGHTY LITTLE JACOB.



Big boy.—“PLEASE SIR, HERE’S A LITTLE BOY BEEN THROWING “REFUSE” AND ALL SORTS OF DIRT AT THE OTHER BOYS; HE SAYS HE’S A PARLOUR BOARDER, AND THAT’S *ALL* *they’re* FIT FOR. THEY WOULDN’T LIKE TO HURT THE LITTLE MAN IF THEY CAN HELP IT, BUT THINGS CAN’T GO ON SO.”

Fitzclarence Feeder, *Esq.*, *Head Usher*.—“OH NAUGHTY NAUGHTY LITTLE JACOB,—HE USED TO BE A GOOD BOY, I’M SURE HE’LL BE SO AGAIN.”

Dr. Blimber.—“YES, HEAR MR. FEEDER, NAUGHTY NAUGHTY LITTLE JACOB—HE USED TO BE A GOOD BOY, I’M SURE HE’LL BE SO AGAIN!”



And stamped out his soul with the heel of his boot!!!

Number two and number one,

Number three remains to be done,

"Bind," says the bearded traveller, "Bind

"With the strongest fetters that he can find

"My legs below and my arms behind!!!

"Do as I bid, and quickly bring

"Me as a slave to the foot of the king!!!"

'Twas done, and He of the Mighty Beard

A captive before the king appeared!

"Zounds," cried the Rajah, "Here's a go!!!

"My man of men, by Jove A 1

"The cleverest fellow under the sun

"Of all the world to be treated so!!!"

Loud laughed the traveller, "Sire," says he,

"Your behests are done, one, two and three,

"You need not grudge the beggar his pelf,

"The Anicut's made, the Dragon's killed,

"And your third condition is fulfilled.

"For I'm Aly Shah-i-Mordan myself!!!

"And I've come to teach you what you should do—

"Reject not good because it is new,

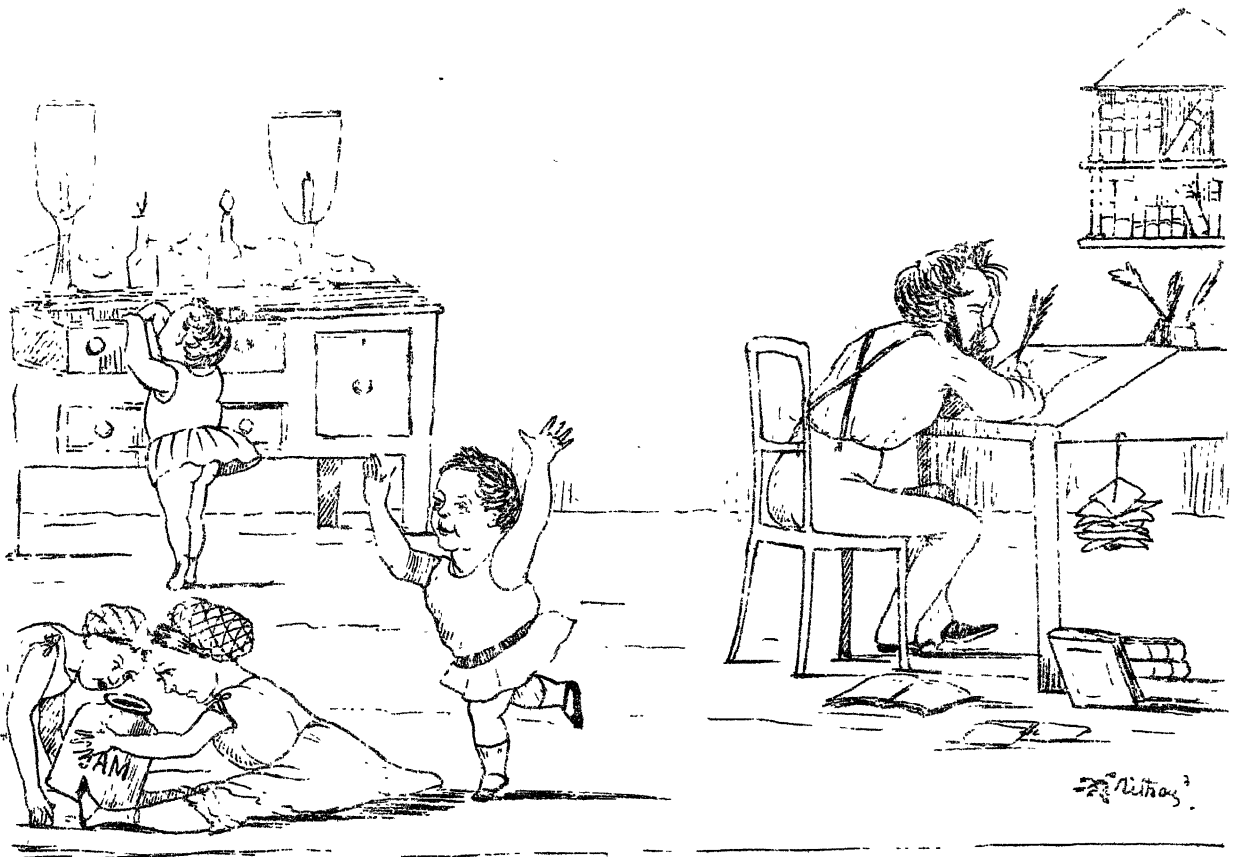
"Nor rest upon old ancestral blunders,

"For from all experience it appears

"That nothing on earth but Novel Ideas

"Can bring to birth these sorts of wonders."

## THE RISING GENERATION.



OH EMILY! SUCH A DEAR! GOOD!!! KIND!!! PAPA!!!! HE SAYS WE MAY MAKE OURSELVES AS SICK AS WE LIKE, ONLY NOT TO BOTHER!!!

### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The Natives call the Electric Telegraph Staff "*Tar wallas*." We hail them as some of the first Jolly Tars ever seen in the Imperial City.

### SPORTING.

WHAT is the best mode of making game of a man?  
To make him *quail*.

### A HINT FOR ROWLAND AND SONS.

WHEN you anoint your child's head with macassar, in what respect do you resemble a native agriculturist?  
Because you are watching the *rubber crop*!

### DEPORTMENT.

WHY does gentlemanly deportment resemble butter?  
Because it sometimes proves rank.

## REPORT ON THE EXAMINATION OF A DISTINGUISHED ELEVE OF THE — COLLEGE.

(By our own Commissioner.)

Q.—What is the use of a Government?

A.—To protect the people from *attacks* of the enemy, and impose upon them a *Tax* of its own.

Q.—What mechanical power is most employed by a Government?

A.—The *endless Screw*.

Q.—What are the duties of a Government?

A.—Import and Export, Transit, Abkarree, Opium, Salt (stop, that's enough.)

Q.—Why are Government Edicts, Acts, G. Os., Regulations, &c., never by any chance intelligible without subsequent explanation?

A.—It is a mysterious dispensation, tending to keep up a wholesome irritation of doubt, suspense, discontent and disappointment, and to create a necessity for a large body of Officials to find meanings for the said Edicts, &c. as required.

Q.—What is the latest definition of the word "Boon"?

A.—Taking away all the little advantages a man formerly enjoyed, and giving him nothing in exchange.

Q.—What is Education?

A.—Either training the mind to think, or drilling it to dispense with thinking, according to the views of the gentleman who answers.

Q.—Why are despots opposed to Education?

A.—Because it teaches the young idea how to *shoot*, and they dread a practical application of the knowledge.

Q.—What are the Belles Lettres?

A.—It is not easy to explain Belles Lettres as they are usually illegible; beautiful ladies are called Belles, probably because they are always ready for a *ring*.

Q.—What are the Fine Arts?

A.—According to the vulgar idea, sculpture, painting and music; but the most perfect combination of Finesse and Artfulness is to be found in Hocus Pocus, Diplomacy and gambling.

Q.—What are the Exact Sciences?

A.—Tailoring and cookery. Not Mathematics, which dealing solely with figures is of course purely figurative.

Q.—What are Polite Letters?

A.—All epistolary correspondence between gentlemen.

Q.—If you had to carry on a correspondence about red herrings, how would you do it?

A.—*Of-fish-ally* of course.

Q.—Will Rail-roads be beneficial to India? and when?

A.—Railroads will begin to be beneficial to India about the year 2000, by which time, at the present rate of progress, we may hope to see 100 miles completed.

Q.—Would not the Rail be useful for the conveyance of Corps?

A.—The conveyance of a Corps(e) is a very *grave* matter, consequently no subject for raillery.

Q.—To whom would you intrust the construction of Railways?

A.—If intended for the conveyance of the corps(e), to the undertakers of course.

Q.—Do you consider the Natives qualified for employment on Public works? And why?

A.—Certainly, because every man is an *Indjun here* (Engineer.)

Q.—Quote a passage from St. Paul to prove that bad roads deteriorate landed property?

A.—Evil communications corrupt good *manors*.

## HOW THE CHERROOTS GO.



"THEY DON'T SEEM VERY GOOD ABDOOL. TRY SOME OF MY SAHIB'S. I ALWAYS KEEP SOME OF HIS BEST FOR MY OWN SMOKING WHEN HE'S OUT."



WE HAVE ALL EXPERIENCED THIS TREATMENT IN OUR BOYHOOD. WE ARE SOME OF US GOING TO EXPERIENCE IT AGAIN NOW WE ARE GROWN UP, THE PRINCIPAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FORMER CASE AND THE PRESENT IS, THAT OUR PAPAS NEVER CARRIED HUMBUG TO SUCH AN EXTENT AS TO MAKE BELIEVE IT WAS A BOON THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE US.

*Old Gent. loqr.*—NOW MY LITTLE DEAR, I' MUST TAKE THAT HALY SOVEREIGN AWAY WHICH YOUR GRAND-PAPA GAVE YOU, AND HERE'S SIXPENNORTH OF COPPERS FOR YOU INSTEAD.





## THE BATTLE OF THE BEASTS.

IN these later days—but not so long ago but that it is within the memory of the little child who meets with so many daily falls in his unceasing efforts to walk—a quarrel arose between the Bear and the Turkey. The occasion of it was this. The Bear, who is the Great Northern Bear, a treacherous, revengeful, and savage animal, took it into his head to imagine that the Turkey, who is Grand Hereditary Monarch of the Poultry-yard, could not manage his own kingdom. He particularly objected to the Turkey's treatment of a flock of guinea-fowls over which he reigned; and who, he declared, were nearer relations of His, the Bear's, than of the Turkey; and that therefore He, the Bear, would not see them ill-used, but in addition must be permitted to legislate for them. This permission His Sublime Highness, the Turkey, very properly refused most distinctly to grant. Upon receiving this rebuff the Great Northern Bear, being a savage and uncourteous animal, as I have said, and who coveted the poultry-yard ruled over by his adversary, walked deliberately across the threshold of the property he longed for, and laying himself down at full length in the outer porch, declared that he would not move from there until his demands were complied with. This unheard of bullying and interference roused all the indignation of the Turkey. Being a brave and gallant bird he immediately declared war against his gigantic and ferocious opponent; and at the same time sent off for aid to his ancient and trusty allies, the Lion and the Game Cock. Upon hearing of the overbearing conduct of the Bear, both of these came as quickly as possible to the rescue and assistance of their old friend, the Turkey. And first, they attempted by appealing to his sense of honor and fair-play to get the Bear to withdraw from the position which he had so dishonorably seized. But the Bear had never heard of honor and justice, and fair-play. Then they warned him of the danger of the part he was playing as not only they, but probably many other of the beasts, would side with the Turkey; and strong in their union, the probabilities were that they would eventually give the Bear a considerable hiding for his present ungenerous conduct. But the Bear evidently did not think that the Cock and the Lion were serious; or perhaps he thought that they would not long remain friends, there being ill-blood between them of old; or perhaps he thought that some of the other beasts could be induced to side with him, or would be compelled by fear to do so, instead of joining the Turkey, by which the contest would again be made equal. At any rate, whatever his thoughts or his reasons may have been, he paid no at-

tention to the remonstrances of the Turkey's allies, but still lay sluggishly and sullenly in the porch of his poultry yard.

At length the Turkey grew excessively angry at this continued usurpation of his territory, and finding that words were of no avail, being a bold bird, he went resolutely forth and attacked the Bear in the position he had taken up. To the astonishment of all the beasts, his own allies included, for the Turkey in single fight would hardly appear to be a fit antagonist to the Great Northern Bear, in the first two rounds they had, the Turkey floored his opponent most cleverly. The Bear was punished heavily, and bleeding at the nose and mouth, looked exceedingly groggy when so much of the battle was over. But at the other side of the Turkey's dominions there was a large pond, by swimming across which the Bear thought he could obtain access into his enemy's kingdom. So satisfied with the defeats he had sustained at the threshold, the crafty, murdering, blood-thirsty old savage crept round, and slipping into the water, stole silently down upon the unprotected side of the poultry yard. But here again, although taken by surprise, the brave old Turkey met him boldly; and notwithstanding that he was fighting at every disadvantage, for water is not the element of Turkeys, while the Great, White, Northern Bear may be considered an amphibious animal; still he fought such a good fight that the Big Bully could not make good his entrance as he expected, and was compelled to withdraw on that side too. But in this contest, on the shores of the pond, the gallant old bird had lost many feathers and was wounded and torn in many places by his adversary's claws; so that now he called out to his allies, the Lion and the Cock, that if they did not intend to stand by idly looking on at the contest, now or never was the time to interfere.

To this summons the Lion and the Cock at once cheerfully responded: and together side by side, they entered the arena as declared champions of their friend, the Turkey. But before engaging in a warfare which would probably arouse a thousand minor animosities, they determined to make one more effort for peace. For this purpose, they ordered Heralds to declare to the Great Northern Bear, that if he would withdraw from the doorway of the poultry-yard, and make a pecuniary compensation to the Turkey for all the injuries he had sustained, they would abstain from giving him that thrashing which his conduct had deserved, and things might yet again go on pleasantly as heretofore. But the Bear was smarting from the beating he had received, and was, besides, as greedy as ever; so that in answer to the message of the allies he only winked his red eyes, and licked his hot jaws, and cried—"Give me,

my cousins, the guinea-fowls, that I may reign over them, and I will withdraw,—but not till then.”

This was the attitude of the contending parties when the last mail left Europe, where the battle of the Beasts is at this moment probably raging in full fury. For the very latest accounts say that the mien of the Lion was becoming more menacing every instant.\* There was a red light kindling in his eye, and a slow snakey motion in his tail, which portended that the moment was not far distant when he would rise from his recumbent attitude and shake the arena with his roar. And by his side was the bright, active, spruce little Game Cock with his clear, courageous eye, and his keen business like spur on his heel, not crowing, or vaunting before his time as (perhaps) he may have sometimes done, but calmly awaiting the time when the Lion's voice should pronounce the “Laissez Aller,” and leave him at full liberty to fly at the throat and head of his great, bulky, clumsy, ferocious antagonist. And, moreover, there were other symptoms that a severe punishment for his insolence was about to fall on the Bear, for from far and near the other Beasts and Birds were sending in their

adhesion to the league of the Lion and the Cock, and the Turkey ; and declaring their readiness to commence hostilities against the Bear, of whom they were jealous and afraid. The Flemish Ducks, and the Austrian and Prussian Eagles were among the number of those who had ranged themselves under the banner of their Lion-king, and up to the latest Electric Telegraph dispatch, not one among the whole Family of Beasts, had been found false enough, base enough, or cowardly enough, to take part with the Great Bear.

The issue of the struggle therefore can scarce be doubtful ; but as the interest of the whole world is now concentrated in the Lists that have been marked out on the Banks of the Danube, and as the sympathy of the whole world is equally embarked on behalf of the cause of Truth and Right against foul oppression, and wanton tyranny,—we will do our best to keep up a narrative of the war, and to inform our readers of the state of the battle at the latest moment of going to press. For the present we say Farewell—only requesting our readers to join us in one cheer for “success to the Holy Alliance !”

HURRA!—HURRA!—HURRA.

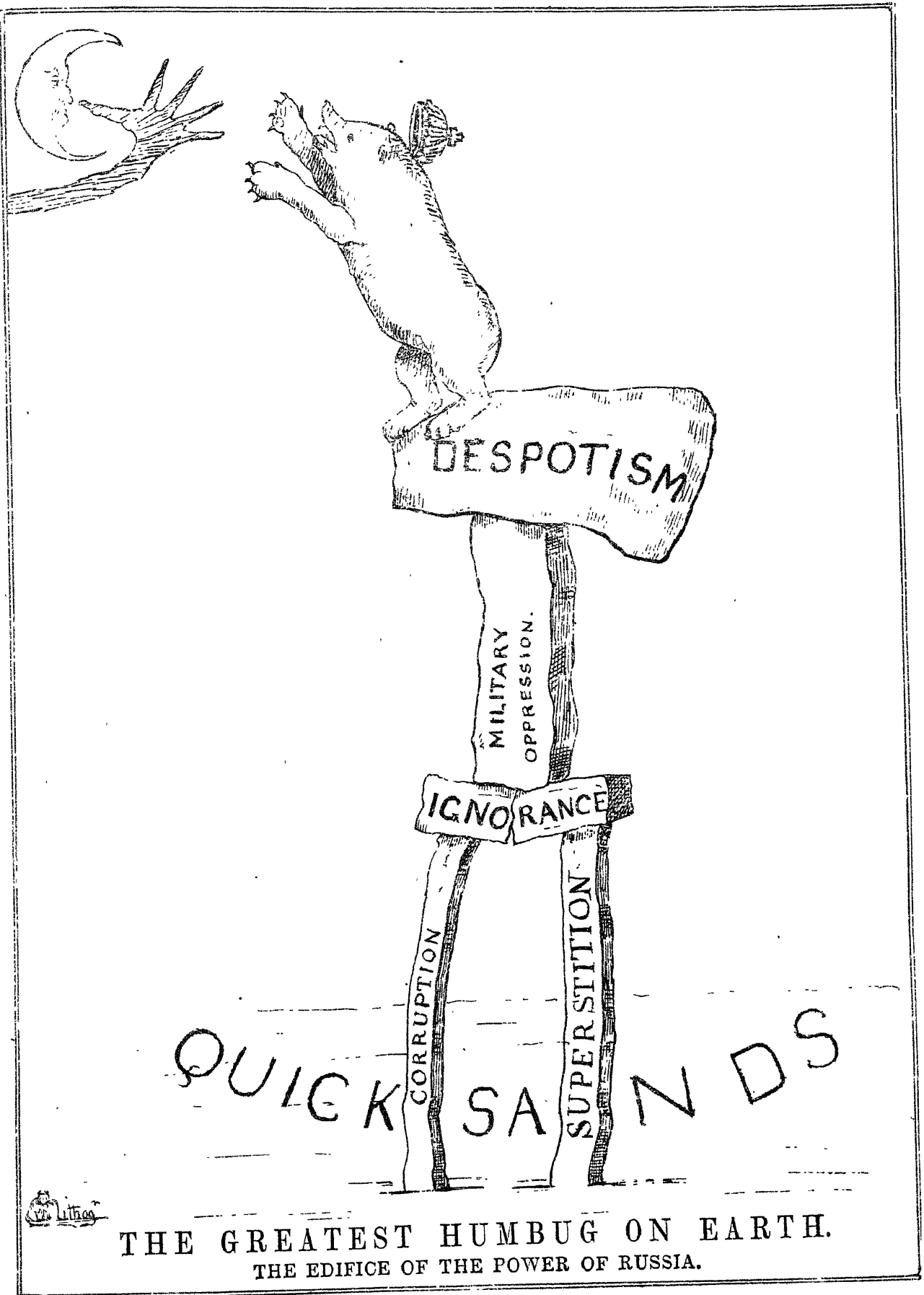
### AN INNOCENT QUERY.



He.—“OH ! I ASSURE YOU, I'M GENERALLY CALLED THE FLOWER OF THE REGIMENT.”

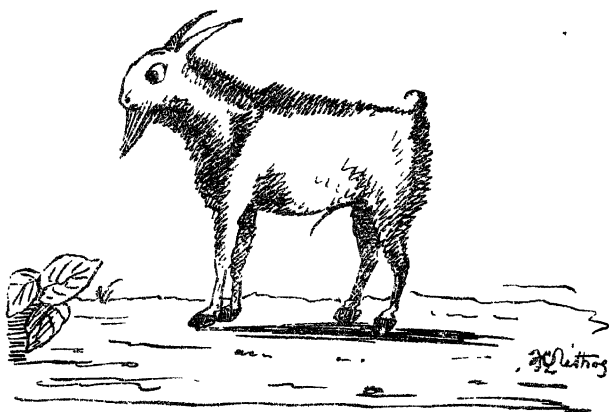
She.—“AH ! BY THE SEPOYS ? LET ME SEE, WHAT'S THE HINDOSTANEE WORD FOR FLOWER ?”

\* The coming Mail will probably be in by the time this is printed off—but we can't wait any longer for it.—ED, D. S. B.





## ZOOLOGY.



THE *Ovis* OF THE BAZAAR—COMMONLY CALLED WHEN KILLED, GRAM-FED MUTTON.

## AN OLD TUNE WITH A NEW SONG

"The ideo of *march* remémber."

1.

Ye "overwork'd" politicals, who sit at home at ease,  
How little do you think upon such "overworks" as these;  
When from Dacca to Peshawur we 're liable to go,

And we must  
Thro' the dust

When the sultry winds do blow—(*bis*)  
When the sand storm rages loud and long and the sultry  
winds do blow.

2.

Ye Quarter Master Generals, I wish you just to count,  
How long the Indian winter lasts and reckon the amount:  
'Tis all serene to move about within reach of the snow!  
But there's pains—in the plains,  
When the sultry winds do blow.

3.

Head quarters need no tatties nor punkah fringes deep—  
Their march is to the Mountain height their home on Sim-  
la's steep:  
Thermometers stand higher, tho' with us folk down below  
Cent per cent—in a tent—  
When the sultry winds do blow.

4.

In wars and tumults soldiers must often come to grief,  
But it an't so unavoidable in a well arranged relief:  
Say the regiments might be marching till the end of March  
or so—  
Not (with beer too, so dear)  
While the sultry winds do blow.

5.

I've done, you must not fancy we grumble at our lot,  
Tho' we can't but think our duty's sometimes served up  
rather hot,  
Should need be all will try our best again in front to shew  
The old Corps as before  
Though the sultry winds may blow.

A FEW REPLIES TO QUESTIONS AT A  
LATE EXAMINATION OF CIVILIANS

(1.) Assistant with special powers may only *hang*,  
it requires full powers to *draw and quarter*.\*

Should he have any doubt, he is to refer to the Nizamut  
Adawlut in a sealed envelope, through the Sessions  
Judge.

If a case requires severer punishment than he can  
give, he is to give it notwithstanding, and stand the con-  
sequences.

(2.) If it be inconvenient to prosecutor to attend, Ma-  
gistrate will punish offender without taking a complaint.  
If offender appeals he is to be put in irons, and punished  
with 30 *bents* as refractory.

If there is any rule about evidence I think it must be  
obsolete.

(3.) Witnesses should never be heard at the full  
moon. The best time to hear them is between 10 and  
4. If inconvenient to hear them then dismiss the case,  
or decide without evidence.

AN East India Director (we abstain from publishing  
his name) is said to have been recently detected putting a  
bad half crown into the plate at a Church door, and taking  
out two good shillings in exchange. On being brought  
before the Magistrate, he expressed great contrition, and  
explained that he could only account for his extraordinary  
conduct, by the fact, that he had been recently employ-  
ed in the concoction of the New Furlough Regulations,  
and from the analogy of the two cases, he imagined that  
his mind must have become so thoroughly imbued with  
the principles of that magnificent Boon to the Indian  
army, that he unconsciously applied them to other mat-  
ters.

## IMPORTANT.

THE *Lahore Chronicle* of the 29th ulto. has an article on "the  
difficulty of obtaining wood" in the Punjaub. As our respected  
contemporary has turned his head to the subject, we have no doubt  
the difficulty will not be one much longer.

## CONSOLATION.

A PRETTY widow, who had lately lost her husband, was heard to  
remark that the small amount he had left invested in the 3 per  
cents—was little though some *consol-ation* for her loss.

## THE TIME OF DAY.

WHEN are clocks all wrong in India?

We say "*always*," but a friend at our elbow says: When they  
do not go according to *Gunter*.

## A COMPLIMENT.

As an instance of *flowery* language, we may mention the calling a  
man a *fool* in India.

\* Does this allude to the pay?—P. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

MY DEAR PUNCH.—As people may like to hear both sides of the question, I send you the evidence *for* and against the use of Holloway's Pills, as lately laid before the House of Commons.

1.

Sir,—In the autumn of 1847 the Rot appeared in a flock of sheep pastured in the neighbourhood of *My-sore*, and in spite of the very best treatment soon carried off some scores. A friend suggested a trial of salt baths and a course of your pills. A large tub was filled with the strongest Brine, in which the infected sheep was immersed, and into which a Box of your Pills was thrown twice a day for a month, when on removing the animal from the Brine tub, it was found to be completely *cured*!

Yours, &amp;c.

W. WOOLLYSTONE.

2.

Honoured Sir,—I am a poor washerwoman, and I axes yere worship's parding for this ritin, but my buz-zum is too full to conceal my feelins, and so they must out or my stays will be busted. Well then, Sir, the cloes as I washes is sometimes so oncommon dirty that no elbow grease as I can giv em will take out all the dirt, so a friend o mine says to me one day, says she, Vy the dickens don't you try Ollervay's pills, says she; I vill says I, an I did too,—an so, Sir, this here is to giv u the upshot.—I pops the durty cloes as usial into my biler an adds five pills every alf hour for five hours, at the end of vich time I takes em out an finds em all *thoroughly purged* and well *scoured*.

JEMMIMA JENKINS.

3.

Sir,—I had a horse, the laziest beast in all creation, and no amount of whip or spur could tempt him out of a walk, except indeed some times when he would stand still altogether. I tried your pills four times a day for a week, when to my astonishment he began to *trot freely*, and I have now some hopes of teaching him to *gallop-harde*.

THOMAS RIDER,

*French Equestrian Company.*

4.

Sir,—A peer of old shoos vich vas a rapidly goeing to D K was rubbed twice a day vid your yntment, and at the end of a week they vas compleatly *heel'd* and soon after *re-sold*.

TIMOTHY BOOTLACE,

*Cobbler.*

5.

Dear Sir,—I am anxious to bear witness to the very great benefits that are likely to arise from the use of your unrivalled pills,—benefits which promise such invaluable results to the world at large, for it has been found that since the introduction of your Pills and ointment into Italy, Vesuvius has been nearly cured of its *irruptions*!

PETER PUDDINGSTONE.

6.

Sir,—I had been long unsuccessfully trying to pass my examination in the Native languages, having been spun several times both in Calcutta and in the upper Provinces, and was nearly au desespoir, when providentially I thought of your pills. Like most people I had a great antipathy to a *Bolus*, and steadily *declined* yours till I arrived at the vocative case, when my opinions suddenly underwent a radical change, for I found that by taking a *Bolus*, I was gradually led on to the dative case *Bolo*, to speak,—and thence to the vocative *Bhole*, which taken in double doses soon gave rise to such a flow of the *vernacular* as rendered me equal to any examination whatsoever.

Yours,—SPLUTTERING JAWSTICH,  
*Ensign.*

This testimony to the value of the pills having been submitted to the House, the Speaker declared it to be his opinion that a great deal of nonsense had been written in favour of the medicine, and he had now to bring to notice several cases in which it had signally failed to accomplish what it was warranted to do. One instance indeed had come under his own observation in a case of Scurvy. The patient was an exceedingly penurious old gentleman, who refused to pay his son's debts; the pills were administered with a view to relax both his bowels and purse strings, but without the desired effect, and it is Ensign Fast's opinion that his Papa will remain a Scurvy old fellow to his dying day.

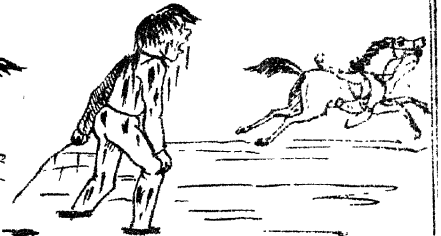
Another case was brought forward by a celebrated tailor, who loudly complained, that although he has expended a small fortune on Holloway's pills, he finds himself still subject to a return of his *bad fits*.

A letter was likewise read from an Engineer in charge of Public Works, who said he could likewise bear testimony to the inefficiency of the Pills, for after repairing the Government Buildings at Chousegunge, he had a quantity of loose materials lying about, which he wished to get rid of, and hearing that Holloway's Pills were strongly recommended for the removal of *stones* and *gravel*, he had expended several boxes of them in vain, for instead of diminishing, they actually appeared to *increase the heap of rubbish*!

# ANY OFFICER or SOLDIER WHO SHALL —



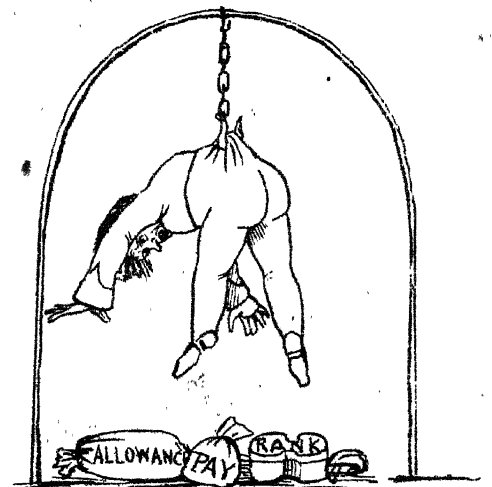
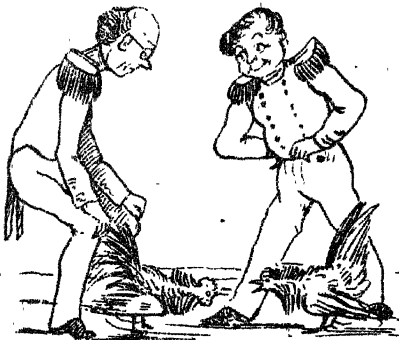
Be found Drunk under Arms — Feign any Infirmary — Sell any Military Clothing



Make a false "Muster" of Man or Beast.

Permit Horses to be overloaded

Lose his Horse —



Be guilty of conduct of a  
Cruel kind —

Shall Be **CASHIERED**

— or Suspended from  
Rank - Pay & Allowances.





Mr. Secretary Tope, of the Horticultural Society, lately established in the "Punjab of Lahore," had found great difficulty in rearing his young cabbages, which were much troubled *with worms*. Holloway's Pills being recommended for that disease, had no other effect than that of manuring the ground, and the worms remained as bad as ever.

In short, said the Speaker, I have no faith in the medicine, and Major Pickets, a celebrated farmer in the Deyrah Doon, declares that having administered a strong dose to a sick Duck, the pills were no sooner down its throat than it cocked its tail and cried "*Quack, Quack, Quack!*"

T.

## HILLS NORTH OF DEYRAH.



THE INVALID AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE.



THE INVALID AS HE IS.

### IMPORTANT.

THE Supreme Government of India, in addition to their Official reprintings of crude Peacock-ings put forth for manifestation in Bi-Weekly Calcutta Gazettes—circulate, as the *serious* Law of the land, certain more formal specimens of typography intituled *Acts*, in their separate form, hitherto published on Official foolscap, but now, Auspice *Be—done* and Sam Slick, these documents are issued to the select world, who have to work them on their medium. A friend has shown us in confidence one of these model specimens of Metropolitan printing—and we are forced to observe that whatever defects of composition may have attended the original inculcation, the professional compositors have been indulging in a very *Jacob-ite* transmutation, in substituting the word *refuse* for *refuge* in Act VII. of '54. If any confident Briton is prepared, after this, to put himself under the Company's Courts—he must hold himself in readiness to *refuse* to abide by any

such *ditched* Hurkaru Law. He will be wise to deny any service by the *Local* Peon (Hurk.) and will if he is a B. S. nicely bother his J. P. with "words in the singular number are [may be] intended to include the plural, and *words* in the masculine gender to include the feminine." Thus at last then the legislature of British India have achieved the desideratum of male supremacy; the Ladies must now "shut up," if this is Common Law, if feminine words are to be included in the masculine; and not to *themselves* include the male *victim*; where are henceforth the rights of woman if all her well contrived abuse is to contribute only to the honor of her Lord? I fear that when your female contributors come to peruse this notably be-devilled Act, that they will d'accord join in one portion of its text, and shout "Heinous Offence," and propose further, under Sec. XXII. to deliver up the Offenders to the Foreign State, Lucknow for instance, claiming his signal punishment.



*Illustrative of an incident that occurred about a couple of years ago at Agra. A post office peon, going his rounds with some letters (and perhaps eating something as he was walking along) was astounded at a kite snatching away a letter from his hands, doubtless by the merest accident. On the circumstance being mentioned to a Scotch gentleman, he adroitly observed: "There's a CHIEL amon' us taking NOTES!"*

#### THE GANGES CANAL.

At the recent opening of the Ganges Canal, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor may be said to have counteracted in the speeches what there may have been objectionable to the Clergy present, by removing the dams.

#### CLEVER.

A CELEBRATED linguist has determined that the Hindostanee for Mangoe Fool is "*Aum ka paugul*."

A SHARP tho' we fear a wicked boy at the Landour Academy has discovered that the Latin for Tallow Candles is "*Ignus fatuus*."

## ANTICIPATED ADVANTAGES OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INTO INDIA!

\* A Calcutta contemporary supplies us with the following!

"The Maharaja of — is about to have an Electric Telegraph erected between his Palace and his Gardens. H. H. has issued the order in a truly praiseworthy and public spirit " \* \* \* " should anything of importance take place at the Palace while the Rajah is at the Gardens, or *vice versa*, he will be informed of it at the instant!"

### ILLUSTRATION AND APPLICATION!

#### First opening of the Grand E. T.

#### SCENE.

The Raja in his Garden receiving the report of his Inspector General of Zenanahs—Raja himself works the oracle, at the needles, which after some vague movements gradually become intelligible.

The Inspector General communicates in regular order the occupations of the inmates of the Harem!

Chamber No. 1. Ladies from No. II. and III engaged in a game of Pucheesi.

Chamber No. 4. Lady looking out of window. [*Raja says Hem!*]

Chamber Nos. 5, 6, 7. Ladies fast asleep!

Chamber No. 8. Wife seated, seemingly expecting some one—[*Raja says, Ho!*]

No. 9. Urgent message to Gardens by order. [*More metais wanted, one seer not enough!*]

Chamber No. 10. "A man is seen to enter."—[*Inspector in intense excitement gets into broken sentences, his eye wandering between the newly invented patent invisible peep-hole, and the Needles that don't work altogether slick yet*] \* \* Individual appears to be on good terms with wife in X. [*the latest acquisition*] who reciprocates warmly!!

#### TABLEAU!

Raja in garden collapses with Eastern emotion—when he recovers he finds the thread of the Electric conversation broken, and himself an injured individual!

#### A HOME QUESTION.

WHY is a Policeman being married to your house-maid likely to require the door answered?

Because he is ringing the "*airy bell*."

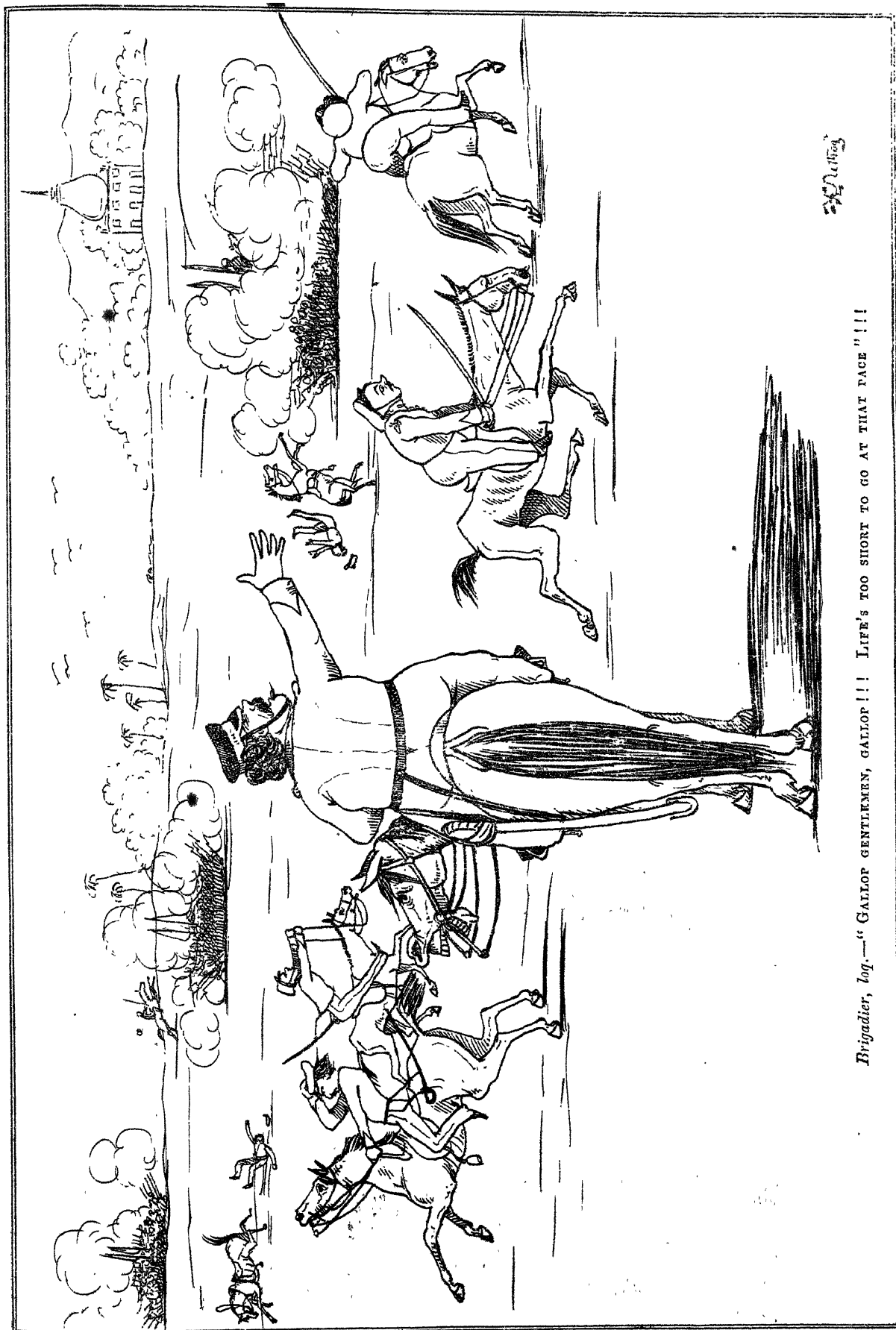
WHY is it useless to climb a Church steeple to look after the weather cock?

Because it is a *vane* search.

WHY would the Empress Catherine never have enjoyed good health in Delhi?

Because she would have been delicate (Delhi Kate)

\* *Englishman*, 17th April, 1854.



Brigadier, loq.—“GALLOP GENTLEMEN, GALLOP!!! LIFE’S TOO SHORT TO GO AT THAT PACE”!!!



## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.

It is strange how blind people will be to their own faults, and what nonsensical theories they adopt in consequence; why, there has that young Muggins only just left me, and what do you think he says? Why sir, he says that the worst evil of poverty is that it makes men ridiculous, some fellow named Juvenal told him so it seems; Sir, it's all Bosh, and Juvenal is an ass, whoever he is. I suppose indeed he did not mean to speak of *real* poverty, absolute destitution and all that sort of thing, when a man sees his wife and children dying of starvation, and has not a crust to give them unless he steals it: he can only have meant, Indigence, the condition of a man who *can't* live as he would like, and *won't* live as he can, your *poor gentleman* to wit. No Sir, there's a worse evil in poverty to your poor gentleman, there's the wreck of temper, the loss of self-respect, the conscience corrupted by living a steady lie all his life long, the misanthropy engendered by incessant struggle, where the man believes every body is trying to cheat him, and where ten to one he cheats every body himself, and all this to avoid being laughed at!! Zounds Sir, the remedy is worse than the disease, and only makes the disease worse after all! If people would only be content to be poor and have done with it, without any sham Abraham about the matter, the biggest fools on earth would soon be tired of laughing at them. But how is it now? what is a more fruitful source of ridicule than the attempts of shabby gentility to ape the prodigality of wealth? It is not the Poverty that is absurd, it is the transparent humbug of the vanity that tries to conceal it, that has not the moral courage to say, "*I am poor, and I'm not ashamed to own it.*"

I recollect an old friend of mine of the name of Tomkins, worthy good fellow at heart was Tomkins as ever lived, but he must needs "keep up an appearance," He had a wife and half a dozen fine children, no joke that, but he might have done very well nevertheless, for he was Adjutant of his Regiment, was well up for promotion, steady as old time, no gambling, drinking, horse-racing or any of the usual roads to ruin, only he "felt that he must keep up appearances." So there was a handsome carriage and a fine house, with beautiful furniture, till the children spoiled it, and a dinner party, at least once a month, and now and then Mrs. Tomkins would give a ball. Now Tomkins was a thoroughly honest man, and would pay his way wherever he went, so all these expenses had to be *met*. Well of course there was pinching and scraping enough in every item that did not come immediately before the public eye, the

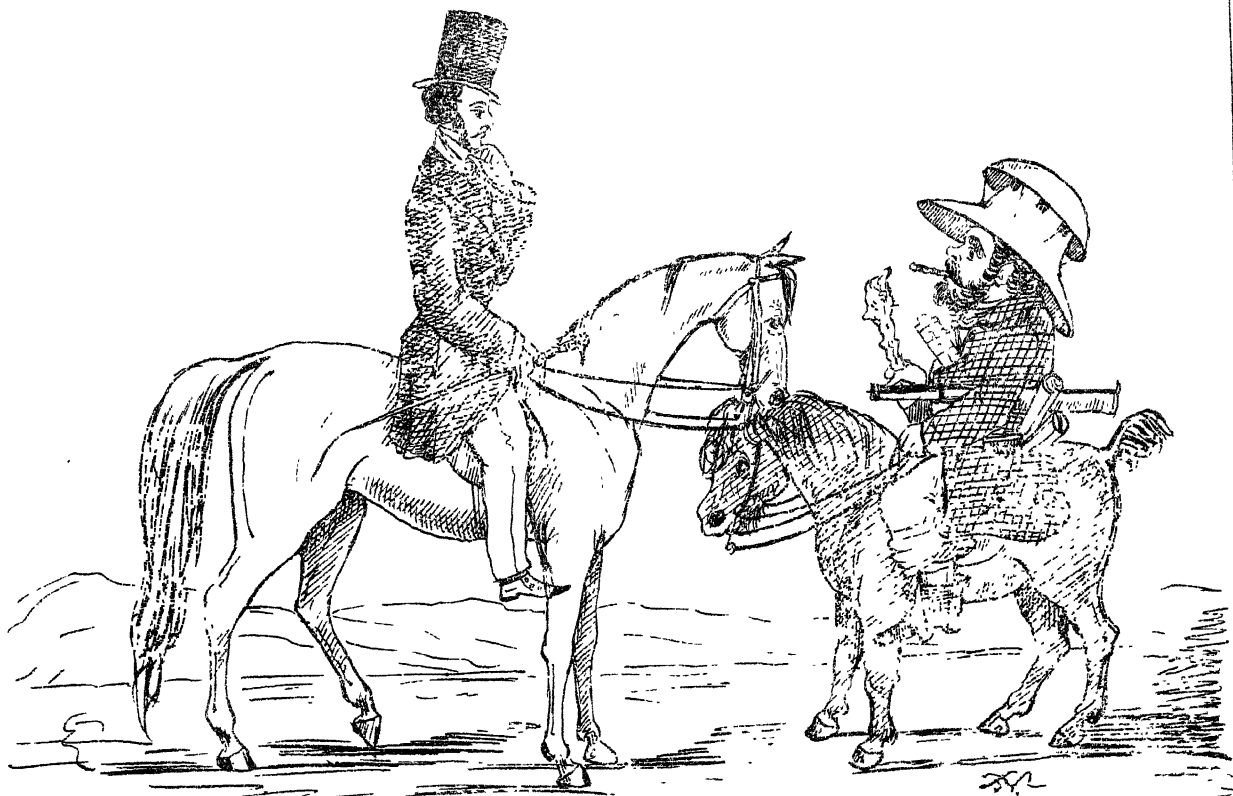
small Tomkinses, poor little devils, lived upon curry and rice, and went without education, and Mrs. Tomkins squabbled and fought with Bunyas and Hawkers for "Dustoor," and each servant was expected to do the work of six, and was always being sent up to the police for insolence, et cetera. And all the people that went to eat his dinners always said what a — fool Tomkins was, and what a shame of him to keep those great boys of his still in the country. I used to talk to him sometimes, and urge him to cut down his expenditure, but it was no go, he always acknowledged I was right, but then said he, what can I do, a gentleman cannot do this and a gentleman cannot do that. Zooks Sir, there is nothing that a gentleman cannot do, except a dishonourable action!

Ah, poor dear Tomkins! I think I see him now, regularly harassed and worn to a shadow with trying to "keep up appearances," certainly those fellows who have neither hearts nor consciences keep up their physical condition much the best, under difficulties.

There's a sad ending to poor Tomkins' story, and this is how it came about. His house was broken into one night, and a quantity of plate, which he had borrowed for one of his parties, was stolen; of course Tomkins replaced the articles and a pretty penny it cost him, he was obliged, whether he would or no, to go in debt for that. Well sir, this was the beginning of troubles, they never come alone, his wife fell into a bad state of health, and he had to send her home; this involved him still further. It is easy enough to get *into* debt, but it is deuced difficult to get *out* of it when a man has a family to support and *will* go on living in the same style as before. Tomkins was always *going* to reduce his expenditure, but he never did, and he was perfectly thunderstruck after a few years to find how his liabilities had accumulated, and just in the very nick what should come in but a heavy bill for Doctor's expenses for his family in England. He was a Captain by that time, and was in command of some small station or other, where unfortunately there was a cash chest in his charge containing a good lot of deposit money which had been lying there for years, and might lie there for years more. Well, there is no occasion to enter into particulars, suffice it to say that the said deposit money did happen to be called for unexpectedly. Of course it was not forthcoming. We did the best we could to put matters straight, and might probably have succeeded, for Government was inclined to be lenient, and we would have made up the money. But the poor fellow gave us no opportunity: the little wit he had ever had was quite upset by the disgrace of his position, and oh dear, oh dear, he blew his brains out!

KAPROS.

## LITTLE PECULIARITIES OF OUR FAST MAN—NO. IV.



*Practical Friend.*—"I WONDER FRED THAT YOU DON'T PASS IN SURVEYING. YOU USED TO BE WELL UP TO THAT SORT OF THING.

*Fast Man.*—YAS, PEWHAPS, TWIGONOMETWY AND ALGEBWA AND THE WEST OF THEM. BUT THE TWUTH IS, WOBERT, I *won't* EVEN TWY.

*Practical Friend.*—GOOD HEAVENS! WHY NOT?

*Fast Man, (impressively).*—BECAUSE I'M AFWAID THEY WOULD PUT ME ON THE WOADS!!!

OUR FAST MAN ON FURLOUGH CALLS ON HIS "DIRECTOR,"  
SIR HECTOR MCSULPHUR.

*Sir H.*—Weel Sir, and have ye stoodied the languages, eh? Ye'll hae, nae doot, learned the Awrabeck. No? Weel, the Perzian? No? Then deil tak it what tongue hae ye acquired?

*F. M.*—No begad, I couldn't come Awabic or Pawsian, but I picked up a colloquial knowledge of a very difficult and useful *boly*. I can't speak it much, but I have learned to understand Scotch pwtty well.

[*Sir H. has a fit of apoplexy.*]

## CLERICAL.

We find the following in the *Hurkaru* of the 13th April:—

"We understand that the Reverend H. S. Fisher is to be appointed Commissary during the period the Venerable Archdeacon Pratt may be absent on leave under medical certificate."

Commissary of what? Of ordnance we fancy, as the Reverend Gentleman is one of the *Canons* of the Church.

At what gate do Bombay and other Ducks prefer to enter Delhi?  
At the "Dilly" durwaza!

## THE MILITARY BOARD.

Why is the Military Board like a ship's hatch?  
Because it is a board *pitched over!*

## TO LAPIDARIES.

What sort of stone is the best to close the entrance of a city?  
A gate.

What is the name of the Spirit that moveth tables, &c.?  
Probably *A bad un* (Abaddon.)

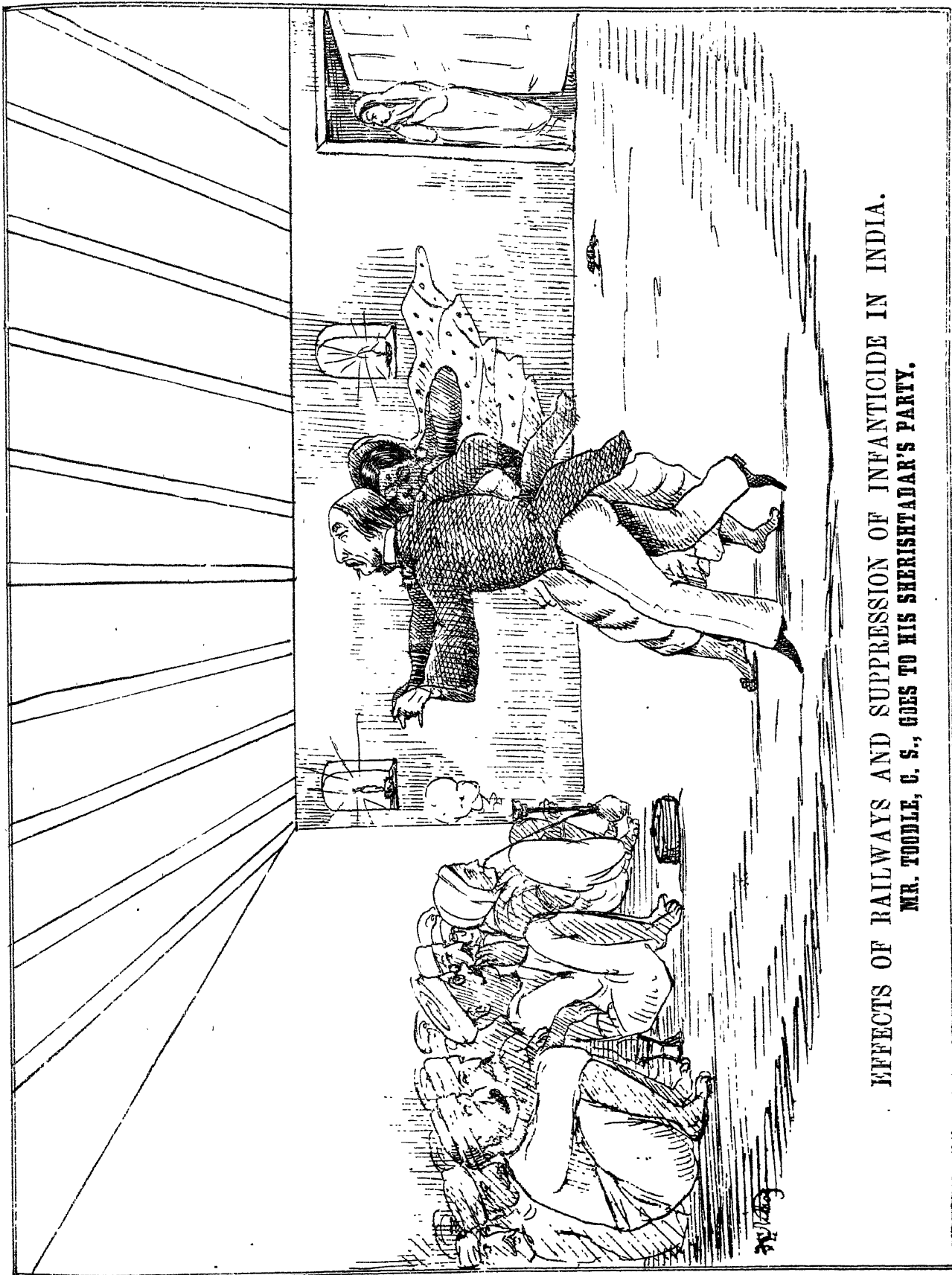
When you return from your drive in the Park, of what celebrated reformer does your footman remind you?

John Knocks.

## FACT.

A MAN who looks after horses is a vet', but an old soldier is a veteran.

What Irish Baronet was most famous for cooking fish?  
Sir Boyle Roche.



EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS AND SUPPRESSION OF INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.  
MR. TODDLE, C. S., GOES TO HIS SHERISHTADAR'S PARTY.







*Detected Pickpocket, loqr.*—" IN SUSPECTING ME OF A DESIRE TO INCREASE MY POSSESSIONS, YOU DEEPLY  
WOUND MY FEELINGS AND AFFLICT MY HEART!!!!"



THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

JUNE 1, 1854.

[NO. VI.

**To Correspondents.**

*If X. Y. Z. of Dacca will favor us with his name and address we will return his original sketch as requested.*

*JEANNETTE shall have the number sighed for, without the "bribe."*

*W. A. R. Meean Meer. The subject is not worth notice further than we have bestowed upon it in the present number. We are nevertheless obliged to our correspondent, as also to A READER, writing to the GAZETTE.*

**OURSELVES.**

WE do not often feel ourselves called upon to notice the remarks our contemporaries think fit to offer upon our monthly appearance: but there is a limit to all things, and we must occasionally defend ourselves. The *Bombay Telegraph and Courier*, in noticing our last number, accuses us of "borrowing" the idea of our first sketch "INTERFERENCE 'AT LAST" from our respected progenitor *Punch*. Our duck of a contemporary has thus given us credit for more than we deserve, for we do not get our "Exchanges" by the Electric Telegraph, and it is plain that by any other conveyance the copy of *Punch* from which we are said to have "borrowed" could not have reached us in time to admit of our having even seen it. Moreover, we take leave to tell the *Bombay Telegraph and Courier* that the idea for the sketch said to have been "borrowed" came from Madras (which may account for its being a mull) and was put on the stone in Delhi about the time that the number of *Punch* referred to was put into the post office in London. As to the execution of our sketch being "poor," we regret our contemporary should think it so, but as poverty is no crime, we do not take blame to ourselves for it.

Again, the *Mofussilite's* bran new Editor—who is evidently fond of *chaff*—in noticing the same number, thinks so lightly of us as to fill nearly a whole column of his paper in a vain endeavour to run us down.

We do not expect praise at his hands, however well we may in the opinion of all the world beside, deserve it, but fortunately for us his abuse is neither likely to affect us, nor effect its object. But, when our contemporary writes of "heavy reading," we strongly recommend him, if he really has any regard for the reading public, as he wishes that public to believe, to do as we do, publish his paper only once a month and thus inflict as little as possible of the injury complained of on his subscribers. It will perhaps scarcely pay to do so, but then our contemporary is a philanthropist and has evidently come to India full of English ideas of literature.

**NEWS FROM BURMAH.**

My dear Punch, you're the man,  
(That's if any one can)  
To explain what they 're goin to do,  
With this half savage land,  
Where at present I stand;  
This "illigant counthry" Paygew.

Faith, they must be crazy,  
To take it so aisy,  
An let all our outposts be bate;  
Can't they sind a strong boddy,  
Up the Irrawaddy,  
That ould King of Ava to slate.

Shure 'twas only last June,  
I was hearin' a chune,  
In the great Merrion Square Exhibition;  
Among sweet Irish girls,  
With bright eyes an' dark curls,  
An' look at me present position.

Wid' the boards for me bed,  
I live in an ould shed,  
Where the floor an' the roof let the light in,  
Where the rain comin' in,  
Wets me through to the skin,  
An' wathers me ink while I'm writin!

Then me kit, wirasthrue!  
It's that same that looks blue,  
For I've hardly a rag of it left,  
The shoes has no soles,  
An' me shirts is in holes,  
An' of small-clothes I'm now quite bereft!

An' I'm bothered outright,  
Wid' the rats ev'ry night,  
Houldin' tay-parties close to me head,  
Which wid crickets "galore,"  
And "Tucktoos" be the score;  
Makes a row that would waken the dead.

The red ants come in droves,  
An' walk into our loaves,  
And dhrink themselves dhrunk in our lickier,  
Then as evenin' comes on,  
And the ants is all gone,  
The muskitas gets thicker an' thicker!

Oh! bad look to the lout  
That first found this place out,  
What a bargain he got for the nation!  
As if ould Misther Bull,

\* A Tucktoo is a sort of a what you-call-em that keeps late hours on the roof, and sings a song, half way between a paycock and a frog.

Had'nt both his hands full,  
Without startin' a fresh botheration.

The Burmese we can't bate,  
For they never will wait,  
To be skivered, or tapped on the head,  
But they always take care,  
To advance to the rare,  
An' keep out o' the range of our lead.

We had terrible bother  
To take one maraudher,  
A regular "lim o'the Divil :"  
That fought mighty bould,  
For which as I'm tould,  
He'll be hung be the law they call "civil,"

Mighty "Civil" no doubt,  
First to kick a man out  
Of his parish an' all its fertility ;  
Then if he shows fight—  
Hang him up some fine night,  
Does that sound to you like "Civility?"

We have lots of Pagodas,  
Just where our abode is,  
An' Virgins all covered wid' gilt,  
Which stand up by the wall,  
All so gracefull an' tall,  
That you'd hardly believe they were built.

But the cruel Jack Tars  
Came wid' long iron bars  
(For plunder a part of the trade is)  
Wid sogers so cute,  
In their search afther lute,  
They dug into the hearts of the ladies !

Tear' an ouns, Punch me jewel,  
Now isn't it cruel?  
Worse than Blue-beard or Hainau the Savage,  
When hard-hearted boobies,  
To find a few roobies,  
The hearts of poor lady-gods ravage !!

You may visit all lands,  
You may cross desert sands,  
Where no man before left his tracks on,  
Search them all till you're blind,  
I'll go bail you won't find  
A more mischievous thief than a Saxon !

If all stories be true,  
We'll have plenty to do  
Before many more weeks goes about,  
For there's one "Meah Toon"  
(A hard fightin' "Gorsoon")  
Comin' down here to bate us all out.

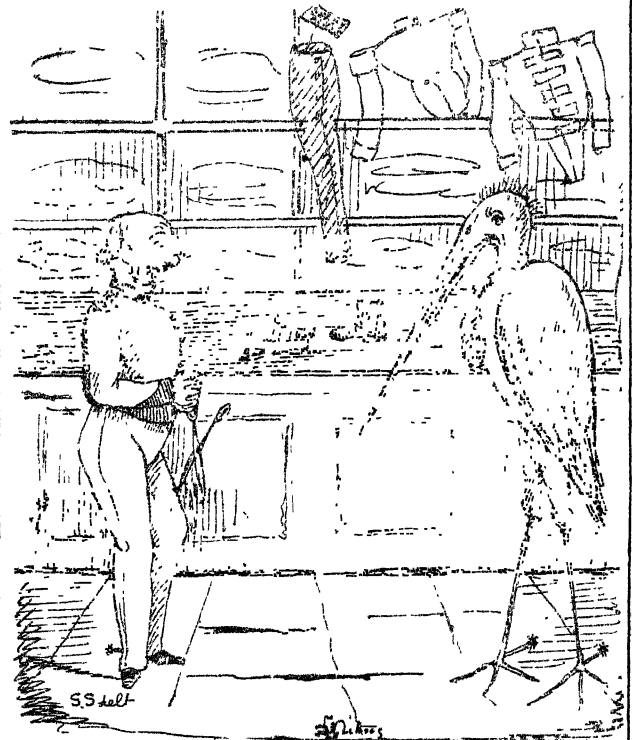
If he took my advice,  
Faith I'd have him think twice ;  
Or he'll get himself into a sthew—  
For our baynets is bright,  
An' our lead isn't light,  
And we don't quite forget Donnybew

Now I've tould you the news ;  
So I'll make me ajews,  
To yourself, and to Judy your lady :  
And just give her a kiss  
She won't take it amiss,

From—yours to command,  
TIM O'BRADY.  
Burmah.

*Hyna-boo-go-Kioung, next Parish to Tongoo.*

### A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.



"I SAY OLD BOY ! ONLY FANCY, MASTER SAYS I MUST STICK TO THE TAILORING AND BAZAAR DEPARTMENT—AND HE'S GOING TO KEEP ANOTHER CHAP FOR THE LIGHT WORK, AND STOP IT OUT OF MY WAGES."

"UPON MY WORD ! I PITY YOU OLD FELLOW. I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF "HE TOOK SOME ONE IN" TO HELP ME IN THE SAME MANNER."

#### \* QUESTION FOR ASTROLOGERS.

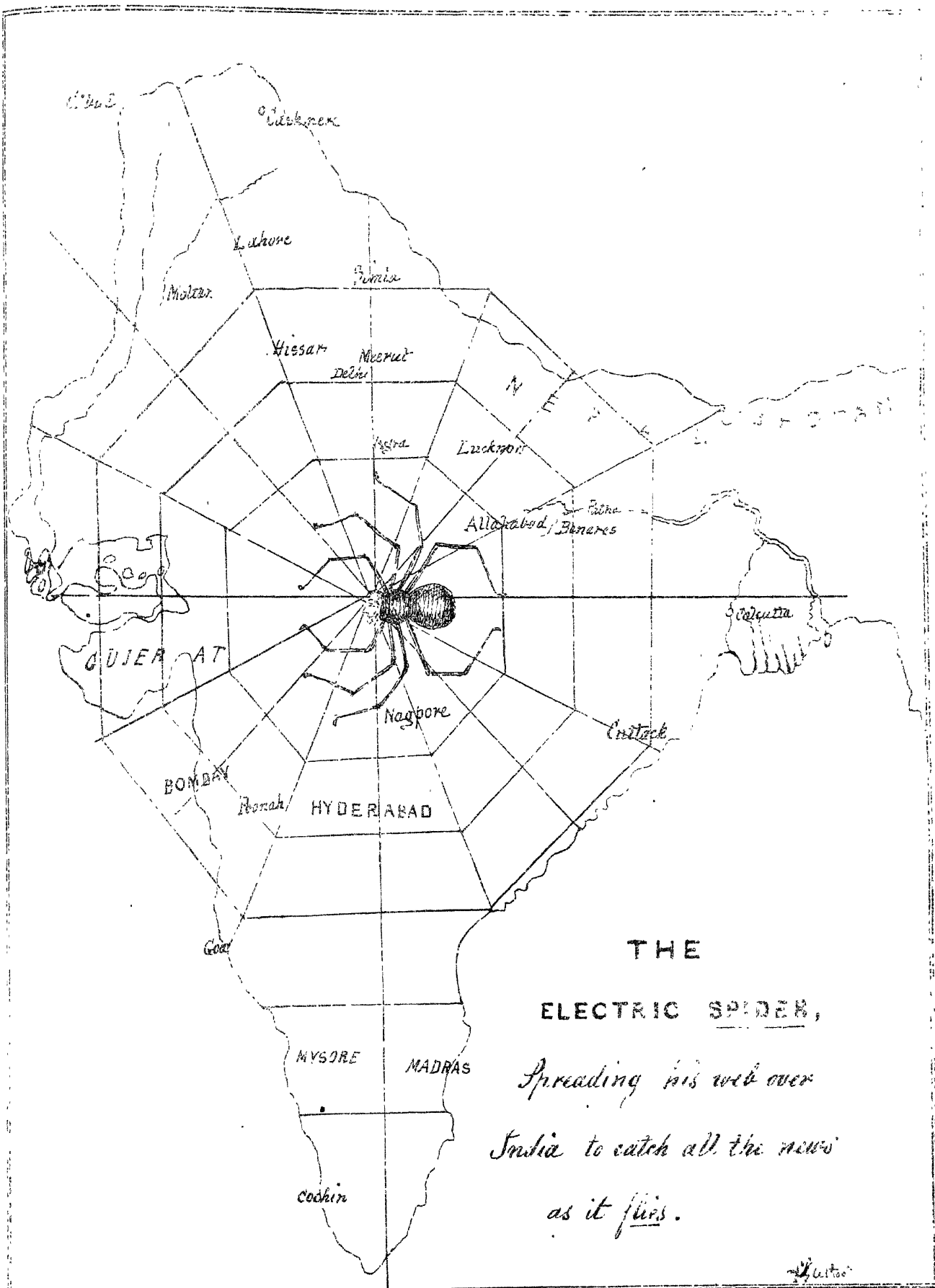
WHAT becomes of all Mr. Kight's missing balloons and his scientific researches ? Can the latter by any wayward breeze be carried to Lahore ? Any body accustomed to high flights ought to be able to answer this, we pause for a reply.

#### THIS DREADFUL WEATHER.

If a lady asks your opinion of the weather at this season, what two quadrupeds will you mention as a reply to her ?

• Otter' and ' otter' Ma'am, of course !

(Lady screams to the Kit-mut-gar, to "lock up the spoons!")



THE  
ELECTRIC SPIDER,  
*Spreading his web over  
India to catch all the news  
as it flies.*

G. L. S. 1900



ENGLISH NOTIONS OF INDIAN LIFE—NO. I.



*"The highest of moral precepts are inculcated by their Braminical pastors, whose beautiful moral hymns replete with lessons of generosity, uprightness, and humility, may be heard at evening fall, sung to an attentive crowd of listeners congregated beneath the social banyan tree."—Vide Letter to John Bright, Esq., M. P. on the Indian Question, by James Wilson, Esq., Page 25."*

THE DIRGE OF THE COMPANY.

May 1, 1854.

SHE is dead—that good old lady—gone to her grave:—let us tell of her works that will live after her. She ruled vast provinces; she governed people innumerable; she crushed mighty Kings; she terrified Royal houses; she rifled Palaces; she rejoiced in the plunder of Zenanahs: with a stroke of paper she raised up new dynasties, in a moment of petulance her fingers rubbed out Empires from the map of the world.

She died a good old age, nor did she wish to go: she was overlain by the mighty infant, which she had produced. She was strangled by her jealous mother Britannia: she was a vast anomaly, and a living miracle: European nations stood gazing in astonishment: Asiatic thrones toppled over before her.

She may now sleep soundly—that good old lady:—no wordy petitions of her people, no refractory re-

monstrances of her Governors will disturb her: no thunderings of Parliament will arouse her: still she has left a great name behind her: she has avenged the insult of centuries at Ghuznee; she has snuffed out sovereigns at Lahore; she has restored quiet to vast regions; she has crushed the indigenous manufactures of India; gallantly she stood out for every abuse, and fought to the last for every monopoly. King's daughters were among her honourable women: the crumbs from her table were eaten by descendants of one hundred ancestors: Kings and Potentates fed on her bounty, and her daily dole amounted to a Royal ransom. She had feasted Royal guests, and stuffed old Corporations. She raised statues of marble to her servants, her medals were worn proudly by Heroes and Princes.

For in war she was invincible: in England she wore the mask of peace and moderation, in Asia she was the greatest tyrant and greatest oppressor. Her cannon



were counted by thousands, her armies by tens of thousands: she has cradled mighty Generals, and suckled heaven-born Ministers. Many a triumph has she celebrated over nations unknown to the Romans, to which the phalanx of Alexander never reached: many a virgin fortress has she violated: many an unstained banner has she trampled upon. For one hundred years she was never in peace, her sword was always drawn: she rejoiced in the sound of the trumpet, and neighed like a war horse to the battle: when she marched, nations trembled: for she slew her thousands, and captured her tens of thousands.

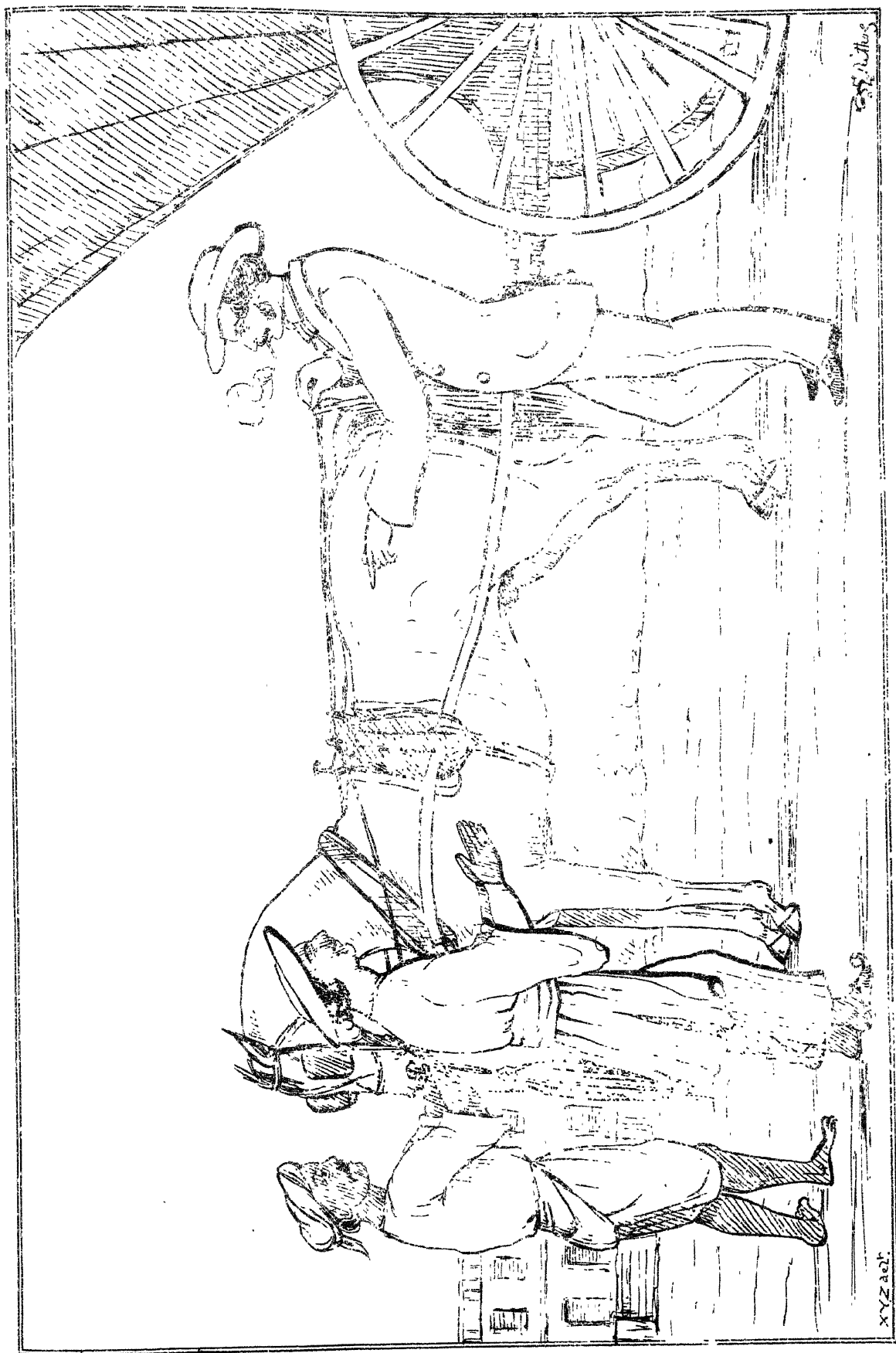
Did she neglect the arts of peace? If there was anything new, if anything wonderful, if the Genius of Moderns had added aught to the wisdom of Ancients, she was the first to adopt it. She bridled vast rivers: she compelled the torrent to change the course which it had followed for centuries: she paved her roads in iron: she made the lightning her mouthpiece and ploughed the sea with her keels; she gathered in annual millions: her store houses, her treasuries were never empty: she took up royal loans: her credit never failed in the exchange: she was not born great, but she achieved greatness: she started as a spinner and weaver, and became a great Warrior: her flag was seen every where: she became the Queen of the East: her ships had once borne manufactures, but now cannon; her writers became soldiers: her clerks were turned into Generals: her store houses into Castles. She made laws, such as were never made before: she fed the priests of Baal, and worshipped hideous idols: she suppressed odious crimes, and put a stop to abominable practices: she levied taxes on bathers in rivers, and went snags with the Priest in the Temple: she ate of meats offered to idols: she persecuted Missionaries, and placed the word of God under a ban: and not all the wealth of Ind will gild that stain, not all the pearls of Cathay will efface that blot.

She possessed many ancient cities, but she built vast new ones: the loftiest ranges of mountains could not bound her dominions: the most gigantic streams drained, but could not span her limits: her ambassadary ruled like Government: her servants were as crowned heads: she paid tribute in shawls of Cashmere, she made presents of diamonds to Queens, and heedlessly flung away strings of pearls and emeralds: her servants bore sceptres and her subjects sat on thrones: she founded colleges, she built hospitals: she cast cannon: she launched ships of war: her observatories raked the heavens, her cotton once clothed the world: nought in past days came near her: nought in future can surpass her.

And did she show signs of decay? In her last

breath she puffed out a principality: in her dying agonies she squeezed in half a kingdom. Her plains were white with tents; she was mapping her kingdom: she was counting her people: she was making her codes. She was felling immemorial forests, and bridging mighty streams: her morning was spoken out by the brazen voices of a thousand trumpets: the midday gun boomed heavily through her wide cantonments: the drums of a hundred Regiments welcomed her sunset: she was suspending her Judges, she was dismissing her Majors. She was cutting her Apothecaries: she was planting her tea gardens; she was feeding millions in Asia with the salt of Cheshire: she was clothing her people with the cotton of America; she was cramming her students with the new fangled philosophy of Europe. She was jobbing in the city: she was electing sons-in-law: she was caressing old women, and talking nonsense in council with old men. Her elephants were without number, her camels beyond calculation: she said "I will be the Lady of Asia for ever:" she was paying her idle and dissolute pensioners with the lakh:—she rewarded her old servants with the courie; sometimes so stingy, that she saved a rupee—sometimes so extravagant, that she threw away a crore. She was killing by persecution and death those who dared to speak unpleasant truths: she was promoting to office the flattering liar.

And when she fell, every hand was raised against her:—he that wished well to India thought he did good service in insulting her: she had unassisted built up an empire mightier than that of Rome, but she herself was swept away as a cobweb; vested with such mighty powers, the paymaster of so many millions, the pension giver of so many hundreds, whose liberality had ennobled families, and whose gifts had embellished princely houses who had made treaties with Sovereigns, and trodden under foot empires, who had poured the wealth of Ormay and Cathay into England, who had wedded the seas of India and China:—in the hour of calamity, she had no friends; like the bridegroom of the Adriatic she fell in a day, because she knew not the wisdom of the time, and was incapable of self reform, and it was not the enemy that did her this disgrace, for then she might have borne it: it was from hands into which she had placed a sceptre, that she received deadly insult; it was from those mouths, which she had filled with good things, that she was called "Cheese Monger and Rascal:" yea, it was her own, her familiar friends who had taken sweet counsel with her, that did her this injury: those who had driven her on into unjust aggression, now railed at her lust for conquest: those who had wasted her money in idle shows, now cried shame on her for her



INGREDULOUS ASSISTANT.—(Who does not believe in Natives.)—Here you Sir, to-morrow's a holiday, do you know what for?  
INTELLIGENT NATIVE.—(Who has received a College education, and thinks he is up to a thing or two in European affairs.)—Sir, you joking, to-morrow New Charter.



extravagance: those who had saddled her statute book with incomprehensible laws now denounced her as incapable. When she traded mightily and her ships returned laden with cotton, then they cried "behold one who has plundered the east, and exacts from the west." When she pulled down her storehouses, and broke up her fleets, and left the cotton fields of India free to the merchants of England, they cried—"Behold one regardless of the interests of her country." The Briton raved about the want of privileges, the Indian demanded the expulsion of the Briton. Frothy Baboos declaimed in the Town Hall such treasons, as would have cost them their heads under any Government of Europe.

But she died not silently: bristling like the wild "Hog" on her own plains, she fought gallantly to the last: it was a compound of mixtures; it was a confiction of prescriptions that destroyed her: cotton of Manchester was thrust down her throat with the codification of laws: Knights of Sheffield were mixed up with the preaching of the Gospel. Salt of Droitwich was compounded with the mild virtues of the Hindoo, and the lawn sleeves of the Bishop: there was much talking and little legislation: there was a humming about justice, and a summing about Revenue; and there was a chattering about the Hindu, and a chattering about the Mahomedan, and a smattering about every thing. Old squires scratched old heads, read up old histories, and thumbed old maps: hard words were spoken by soft—very soft—speakers: clever lies were told by stupid orators: there was a sounding of brass in the Commons, and a tinkling of cymbals in the Lords: there was a chattering of parrots in the Committee room, and a braying of asses in the Town Hall: every body talked of what nobody knew about: some with six sons to become judges, others with ten nephews to be soldiers—they forgot her, who did the great work; they forgot the Empire which she raised, they forgot the people whom she governed: of frothy sentiment there was much, of ribaldry not a little; of wisdom not a pennyweight, of real benevolence not a barley corn. Judge of their words, and they meant Justice, Freedom, and Education: look at their actions, it was Cotton, and Salt, and Pottery: it was Patronage, Place, and Jobbery. The Provinces were bleeding, the Directors were feasting, the great people were debating, no thought of the vast, heathen, ignorant, wild, but gentle, submissive, intelligent people. The question was one between Whig and Conservative in power, and Radical and Tory out: a struggle between Leaden Hall Street and Manchester: the chartered merchants, who founded, and the chartered libertines, who wished to share the commerce of the east. It was

a war between Woollen Jacksons, and lawn Bishops, between sharp cutting knives made to sell, and sharper cutting Attorneys to be bought: the Cheshire lads wished to salivate India with salt, the West India Merchants to surfeit her with sugar: the thoughtful tallow chandler wished to supply the Bengalee hut with dips, the enterprizing muffin seller wished to feed the poor Madrassee with crumpets. The lawyer, who had sucked the Presidency orange dry, was anxious to be let loose on the fat gardens of the Mofussil. Bankrupt Merchants, who had robbed widows' houses in the city, were anxious to flesh the steel of their maiden firms on the orphans of the Mofussil: Stocking Merchants of Lancaster wished to protect the legs of the mild Hindu from the cold: potterers of Derby wished to supply goblets for the wine quaffing of the Mahomedan: "nothing like leather," cried the saddler, "nothing like newspapers," cried the Editor. French *modistes* were arranging to clothe the Indian girl in lace and chip bonnets: the warming-pan seller wished to supply his wares for the comfort of the aged: the maker of skates proposed a cargo for the amusement of the young: a wonderful and disinterested show of patriotism seized all classes, but amidst such abundance of sack, not one pennyworth of bread, not one word for the interest of millions. It was a spectacle for angels to weep at, for foreign nations to exult in, for England to hang her head in shame—for India to howl at and execrate.

Lay the sheet reverently over her face—the poor old lady. Scatter some laurels, for she has well deserved them. Scatter over her some leaves of Bohea, some grains of the somnulent poppy, for her teas lost England the empire of America—her poppies have opened the way to dominion in China. She had a larger grasp than Semiramis—was more magnificent than Cleopatra, more stubborn than Elizabeth, more shameless than Catherine. Search the history of the world, and there will be found no parallel of the wonder of her empire, and the ingratitude under which she fell.

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#### QUESTION FOR LANDLORDS.

IF half a score *ants* widen a chink in my Barrack Room—why am I like a prosperous Landlord?

Because my *Quarter's rent* is increased by the *ten-ants*!

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#### CONS BY OUR BALLOONATIC.

WHY did Mr. Kight's balloon in his last ascent never go above the roof of the house?

Because it was an *Indore* ascent.

WHY did Mr. Kight take up the young Maharajah of Indore with him?

Because he took up a *whole car* (Holkar)!!!

## REBUFFS FOR THE SPOONEY.—NO. II.



*Gent in distress.*—"I SAY SIR! PLEASE TO LEND US A HAND."

*Meltonian.*—"HANG YOU! I'VE GOT TO PICK UP THE HOUNDS WITHOUT LOOKING AFTER ALL THE PUPPIES I MEET!"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

I REMEMBER when I was at home, going down in a stage coach to Cheltenham. It was in the olden time before railways were invented, and I started from the General Post Office in the evening as people used to do in those days. The coach was pretty well full, and I got a capital place as I thought, next to a very respectable looking man with grey whiskers and of rather plethoric appearance in general. Sir, I never passed such a night in my life! for the first hour or so it was all very well, but after that I began to get unaccountably restless, quite uncomfortable Sir; it seemed to me as if a sort of universal St. Vitus's dance had taken possession of me, every fraction of my skin appeared to be gifted with the power of motion, every inch of my body to be endowed with a separate life and to be on terms of hostility with all the rest of me. I could not tell what to make of it; I found myself going crazy Sir, positively crazy; I could have torn myself to pieces; I could have sprung out of the coach and thrown myself under the wheel; I would have given worlds for a river to jump into, although it was the depth of winter! Well Sir, I would not wish my worst

enemy to go through such a night of torture as I suffered, and next morning, what do you think? Why Sir, the cold-blooded reprobate in the grey whiskers quietly turned round to me.

"Sir," says he, "I fear you have passed a very disturbed night?"

"Very," says I.

"I am truly grieved," says he, "more especially as I am afraid that I have in some measure been the cause of it."

"How Sir?" says I, ready to boil over with suppressed wrath.

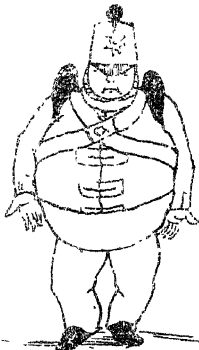
"Why Sir," says he, "you must know that I am the proprietor of the Industrious Fleas, and I am taking down a boxful to exhibit at Cheltenham, and do you know Sir, I have reason to conclude that they have got loose during the night!"

Well Sir, that story of mine would make a capital allegory, if any gentleman had a taste that way. It's a regular type Sir, of what we find every day in the world; we are constantly falling in with some wretched fellow or other with a peculiar set of industrious fleas of his own, which he can't prevent getting loose to the annoyance of his neighbours, every man with a

Masters of every Corps in the Service shall be taken &c



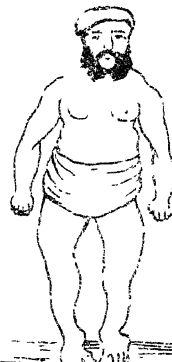
A "Master Grenadier."



A "Master Light Bolt."



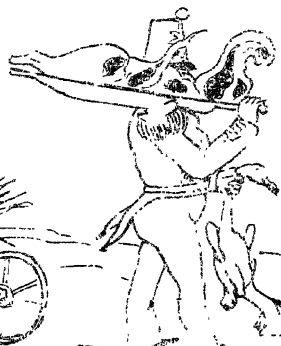
A "Master Dragoon."



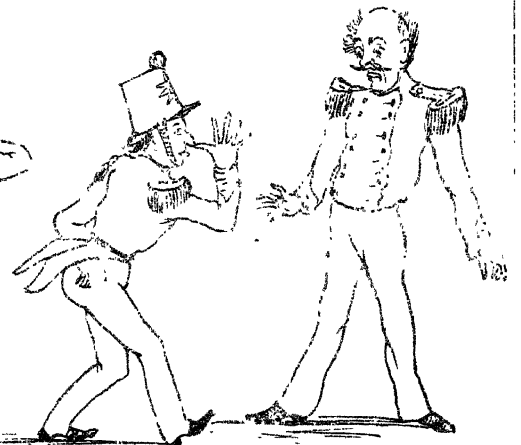
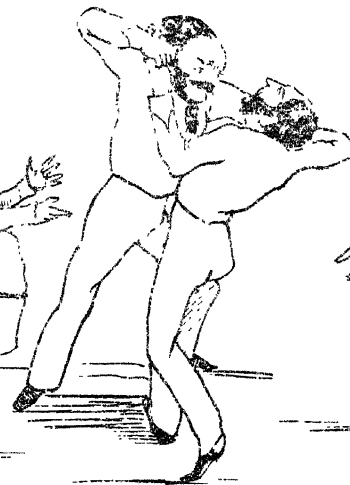
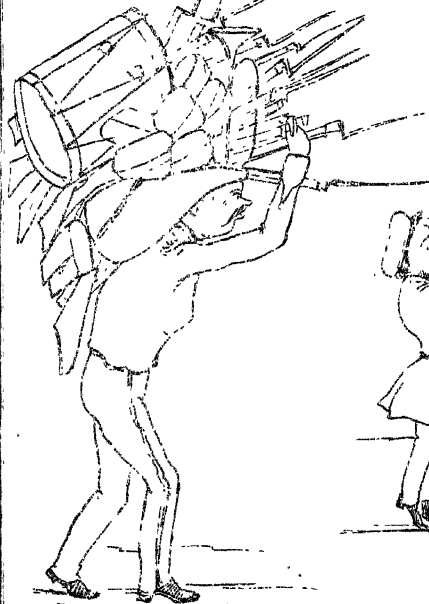
A "Master Dooley Bearer."



A "Master Guide."



All officers &c shall have liberty to bring into any Fort any quantity or species of provisions



Every Captain is charged with the Arms, Accoutrements &c of his Company.

All officers of what condition soever have Power to quell all Fays Quom's &c

No Officer shall use Provoking Speeches or gestures to another.



ruling passion, or an all-pervading idea, or what you youngsters call a maggot, is a Flea Proprietor and a precious bore he is. No matter what may be the subject, sport, mesmerism, phrenology or the conversion of the Jews, any topic dragged in neck and shoulders on all occasions or without any occasion whatever, ought to be recognised as a good and sufficient reason for banishing the offender from civilized society.

Faith, it does sometimes prove so, or even worse. I knew a poor devil whom such a propensity actually deprived of his commission! Fact, my dear Sir, Fact! Poor Fred. Wimsea, he was a Lieutenant of ours, and his peculiar vanity was Race, the idiosyncracies of the different families of mankind. He was everlastingly muddling over books of travels, histories, medical treatises, ethnological essays and the like, with no other end than to make out a theory of national characteristics whereby to account for every thing. Well Sir, there was a mess party one night, when there unfortunately happened to be present a particularly peppery Scotch gentleman, of the best blood in the Highlands, and holding a commission in H. M. Service. Well Sir, as the d —— I would have it, Wimsea got upon his hobby as usual, and rode him full tilt against the Celts, such a character as he gave them! ferocious, treacherous, inconstant, oh dear, he made out a catalogue of crimes as distinctive of a whole race which could not possibly have existed even in the very beau ideal of a scoundrel! The Highlander's wrath waxed fierce, he took up the cudgels for his people, words soon ran very high, and at last the Celt gave our friend the lie direct, together with certain approbrious epithets which Wimsea immediately seized upon as an additional proof of his theory. Well the end of it was that the Scotchman took him by the collar when he rose from table, and fairly kicked him out of the verandah! I took up the matter and next morning I tried my utmost to persuade Wimsea to retract what he had said, on his doing which the Scotchman was willing to make him an ample apology. He would not do it Sir. He believed, he said, that I was of French extraction, and was therefore personally interested in his retracting his remarks. I was a young man in those days, and I told him that if he would not retract, he must fight. D —— Sir, he would not do that either!! He was of Dutch lineage, the Belgo-Teutonic race was cautious and phlegmatic, it would be a dereliction from his principles, to risk his life for a mere conventionality.

Well Sir, it came to the Colonel's ears, and Wimsea was put in arrest. Colonel M —— was descended from a family of Portuguese Jews, and had the Hebrew physiognomy strongly developed, (Wimsea's theory came

into play again.) The Hebrew race was avaricious, the Celto-Ibero-Punico-Moorish races of the Peninsula were notoriously mean and dishonorable, (Wimsea's opinion gentlemen, not mine, I beg to say) so he concluded the Colonel was open to a bribe, and he offered him one!!! Colonel M —— made it an additional charge.

Well Sir, on his trial, Wimsea brought a whole cart load of books to the Court, and his defence consisted in what he called justifying his libel. He proposed to read extracts defamatory of the Celts, which would have taken a month to get through, and when the Court refused to hear them, he gravely entered a protest against its unfairness. He then proceeded to show that the point of honour was a mere delusion unknown to the Greeks and Romans, the finest races of antiquity, and in fact a mere prejudice originating in the peculiarities of the northern races; races ferocious, barbarous, and impure. Courts Martial were also delusions, and the articles of war could be distinctly traced in all their important features to the Scandinavian Thor, the type of the blood thirsty races, &c. &c. &c. &c. Well Sir, the Court of course put a stop to all this, found him guilty and sentenced him to be cashiered; he was not cashiered, however, for the C-in-C. very sensibly concluded that the prisoner was mad, and so our friend was allowed to retire with a trifling pension.

### AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.



*Stout Gent.*—"I SAY BABOO, HOW DO YOU CHARGE PASSENGERS BY THE BULLOCK TRAIN, BY WEIGHT OR SO MUCH THE CUBIC FOOT?"



## A LITTLE BIT OF ADVICE.

How much has been written and how much will be written upon that delightful subject "dress;" from the greatest gentleman in India down to the lowest of the lowest snob, all are more or less slaves to their tailors, and though most men deny emphatically the soft impeachment, yet I am sadly afraid that that miraculous whittie which one generally meets at evening parties, must have required a great deal of mental anxiety before it was completed to the satisfaction of the wearer. As for myself I was young when the virtuous, immaculate George, that glass of fashion and mould of form, was king, and can recollect that egregious snob Beau Brummell at the opera, asking a nobleman who was conversing with the portly George, pray who's your fat friend? Alas, since then revolutions have occurred in dress—a new school has arisen from our ashes, and we old gentlemen are placed upon a shelf unremembered and unknown. Still from that proud position I am able to look down upon the world beneath me, and am glad to observe that a new era in dress is fast approaching, that the gentish coats and slangy airs of young Taileybury are fast fading away and being superseded by a quiet, gentlemanly style of dress and demeanour. Believe me, my dear young friends, you make a great mistake when you strive to imitate those tremendous dandies whom you have met by accident, most probably in London, to compete with them is truly absurd. I have lately remarked that most young gentlemen, fresh from School,—I beg your pardon—College, wear jewelled buttons and studs, they may have perhaps one set, which nightly are seen glittering on their waistcoats, till at last one ejaculates—and here is the man with *the* buttons—go, go I entreat you, sell your studs and buttons and all such abominations, give your Chatelaine to the first young lady you flirt with, and come to your next ball looking like a gentleman, and not like a Casino master of the ceremonies. I must now give young India a few gentle hints. Fresh from the restraint of a Civil or Military school they are suddenly thrown into the little world of an Indian presidency; from having seen little or nothing of society at home, they are apt to form an erroneous idea of what they are, and are prone to give themselves airs: now this is a mistake, a great mistake my young friends, quietness, courtesy to all and every one, big and small, and above all, no show-offishness, to manufacture a word for the occasion, put the requisite stamp mark on the gentleman, and the man of the world. If young India only saw itself in a faithful looking glass, they would find how lamentably deficient they are in gene-

ral of all true knowledge of the world. Let them mark the different demeanour of the real gentleman, quiet in his dress, unobtrusive in his conversation, and kind and amiable in his manner, ever the same to the great as to the little,—few remarks if any are made respecting him; but on the other hand mark the contrast between him and the loudly drest, noisy, opinative young man, with what an air he walks through a room, outwardly bold but inwardly suffering tortures from *mauvais honte*. O my young friends, look upon the two sides of the medal, and do not think that by keeping race horses in large quantities, wearing trousers with large stripes, running largely into debt, &c., that you rise in the estimation of your fellow men; far, far from it, they merely set you down as being excessively young, and massively stupid. Practise daily a little humility, and you will require no further letter from

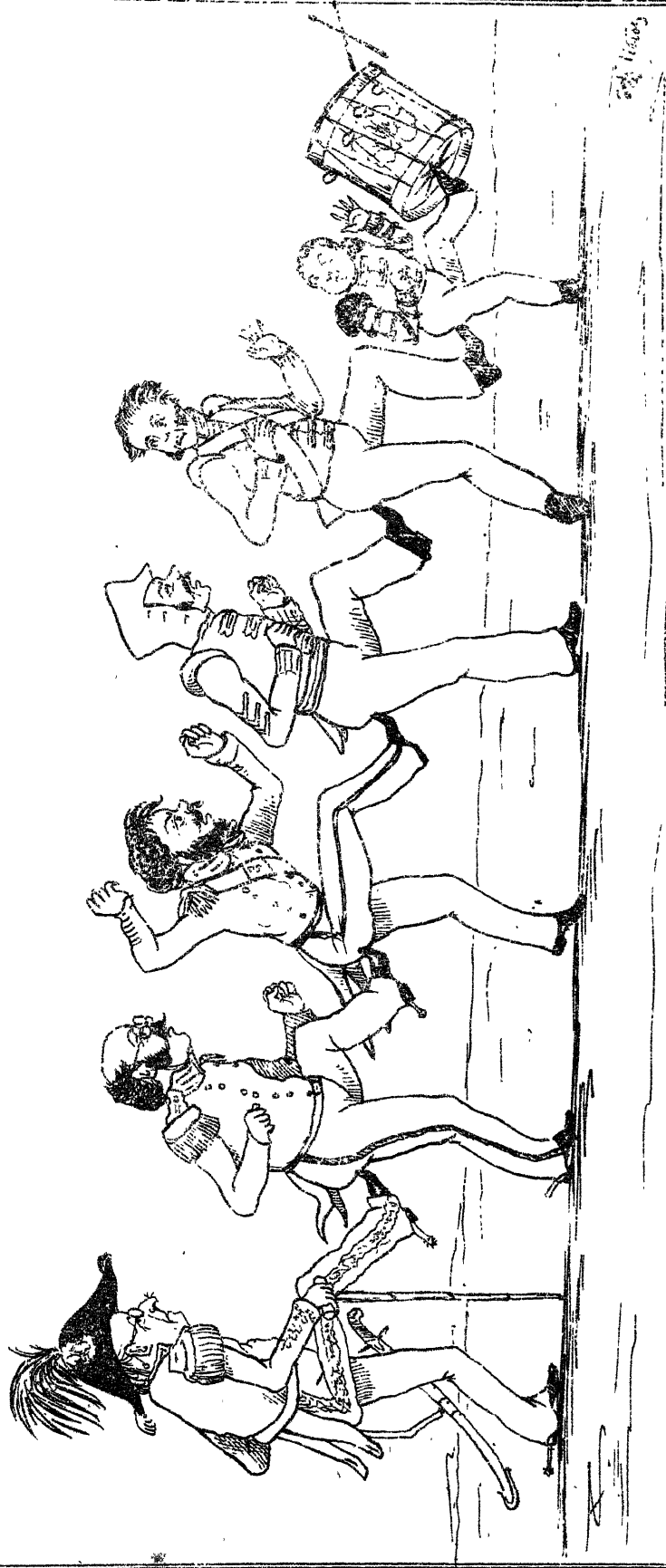
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY



Bearer.—"MISSY SAHIB, YIH KYA JUNAWUR HY?"

Learned Young Lady.—"YIH TO Peeroo ka Malik LIKKA HY RAMDEEN."

Much edified Bearer.—"HAAAN,—UE SUMMUJ LEEA KHO-DAWUND,—KISSOO KE Moorghee wallah HOGA ZUROOR!"



## THE GRADATION LIST.



## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.



A.—“ I SAW HIM ON THE NIGHT OF THE —TH.”

Q.—IN WHAT STATE ?

A.—“ PERFECTLY SOBER !”

## THE REWARD OF MERIT.

WELL, here's a Staff appointment  
Been fairly gained at last !  
I had not any interest !  
I've only lately passed !

I've no influential uncle  
My merits to assert !  
I don't know how to toady !!  
And my wife objects to flirt !!

Yet to my zeal and talent  
Were Government awake !!  
AND HAVE GIVEN ME AN APPOINTMENT  
Which no one else would take.

In a place whose every feature  
Fever and death forebodes !  
With a hundred dubs for salary !!  
They've put me on the Roads.

## 'EXHIBITION WANTS.

The Court of Directors have written out to India  
that there are wanted, among other things, for the  
'Exposition Universelle' at Paris in 1855.

“ A few musical Instruments, Gongs and Drums,  
a set from Benares, &c.!!”

‘ The man that hath music in his soul.’ Shakes-  
peare, hem ! Also

“ Tiger and Leopard skins, a few.”

The H—d Q——rs sportsmen could, perhaps, sup-  
ply a few of these.

## A FAIR COMPLIMENT.

WHY would the Editor of the *Delhi Gazette* make a good Com-  
missioner for the improvement of Towns ?

Because he gives his friends a news treat (new street) twice a  
week.

## WANTS EXPLANATION.

THE following unintelligible letter has been handed over to us for interpretation, as we have ourselves entirely failed in making out its meaning, we take this means of requesting enlightenment from any of our readers, who may be acquainted with the unknown tongues.

MI DEAR KNEES—I can knot rif reign from righting 2 u, tho i have nun but pollylike sub jacks to coarse-pond about, Awl r so x sighted at the worse and roomurs of worse that Hajjitate you rip, that the use you well toepicks of dish coorse r quite a band and; A skooch gentleman as jest bin rummarking on the un soy she bill greedy nurse of Rusher, shone, as he sez by her wontin to take caller fat, (witch he xplanes to mean fresh tallow), from the Turx; he hops and sew due eye, that instead of the tallow Rusher will get a good hideing, witch i ham sewer will bee the kays, becos the Turx can now awfer her won from the sell a braytid (J) Bull, hooz f fish in sea in lether in his n emease is notory house, wot cont m t bull f m n a e those Moll davijuns and Bessy raby uns have shone! wot in dollence! wot lassie tood, wot reticule us week nurse in suckcommig to the agrussian!

A pease fool term in Asian must have bean maid imp paws a bill, if the tail eye ear is troo, that old nick alas insists on in shirting his own claws in 2 n e tree tea that may be konklewded; so my pure sun, hoo is a Starf Orphiser, has gorn to the eest to jine the elly vay shun of the Host at Can't stand on no bull; and i feer his expiring ham bisshun will indeuce him 2 sick 4 milly terry extinction 2 wencher sumly, so i fere mi neckst noose of him may be his prim at your disease.

ure f x n 8 ant

M. MALAPROP.

## STRANGE.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that a certain Editor, not 100 miles from Lahaur, is most at home when inditing a *neddy*-torial.

## STRANGER.

WHY do people who have neither father nor mother find it difficult to keep their seats on horseback?

Because they are *off'uns* (*orphans*).

## FAST.

WHEN may a vessel be supposed to be swiftest?  
When she is *lightening*!

THE VALUE OF A THING IS WHAT IT WILL FETCH.

WHY should persons of bad character as a rule never possess so much wealth as those in higher estimation?

Because they are worth less (*worthless*.)

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the *Englishman*, and signing himself A FRIEND TO JUSTICE, furnishes the following funny paragraph:—

"If Doctor O'Shaughnessy had been under the control of the Military Board, I should say that by this time an estimate would have been framed, exhibiting the comparative cost of *sâl* wood posts and Calcutta bullies."

We presume the writer intends some allusion in the *sâl* wood posts to the members of the defunct Military Board. As to the "Calcutta bullies," we must give the writer all due credit for discernment, but we candidly confess we would rather not make any guess in the matter.

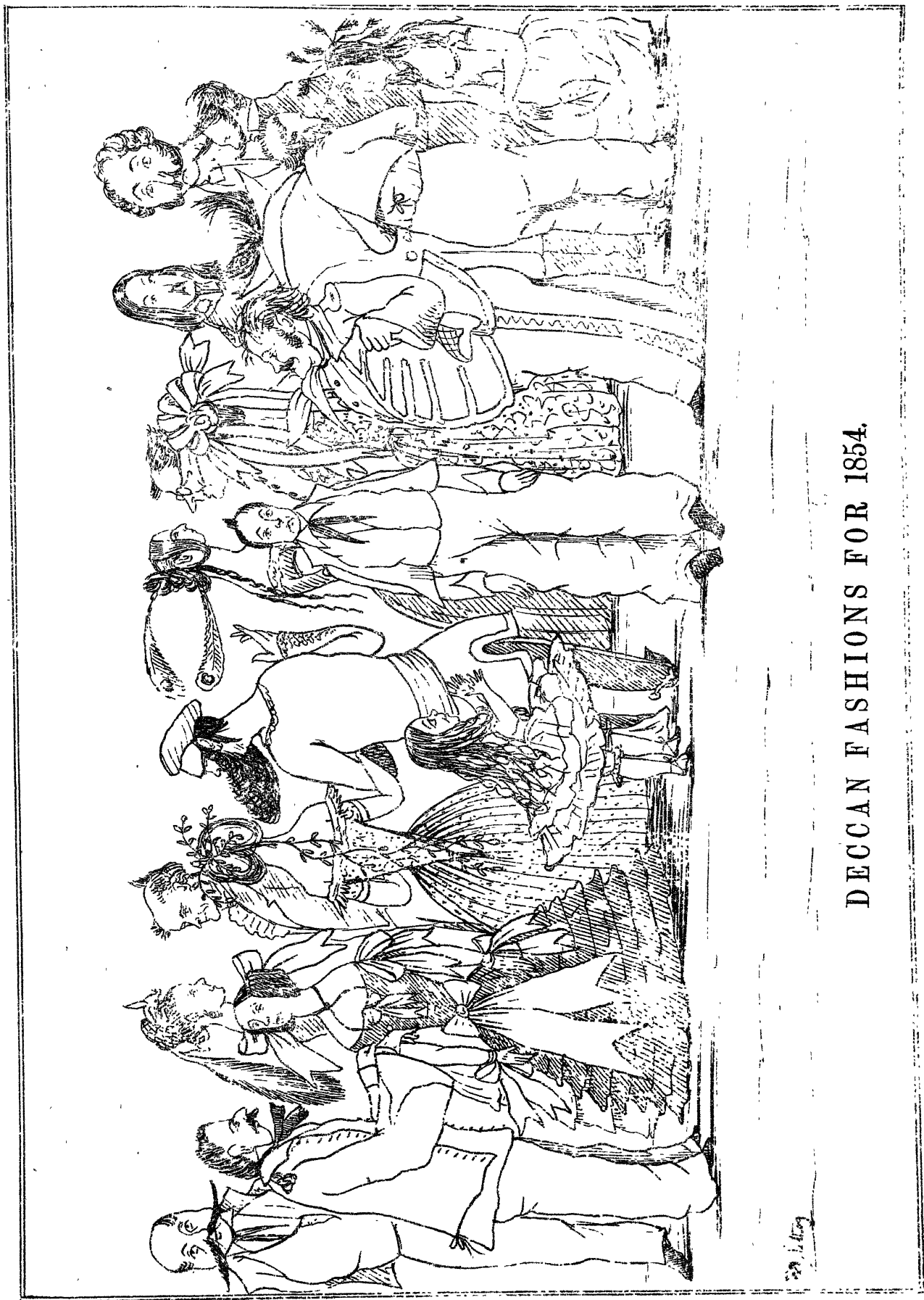
## MRS. MALAPROP'S CERBERUS.

"THREE GENTLEMEN AT ONCE."



G. O.—MAJOR BOOTS, COMMANDING 101ST IRR. CAVY., TO OFFICIATE AS 2ND IN COMMAND, *vice* Bt. CAPT. SPURS, PROCEEDED ON GENERAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

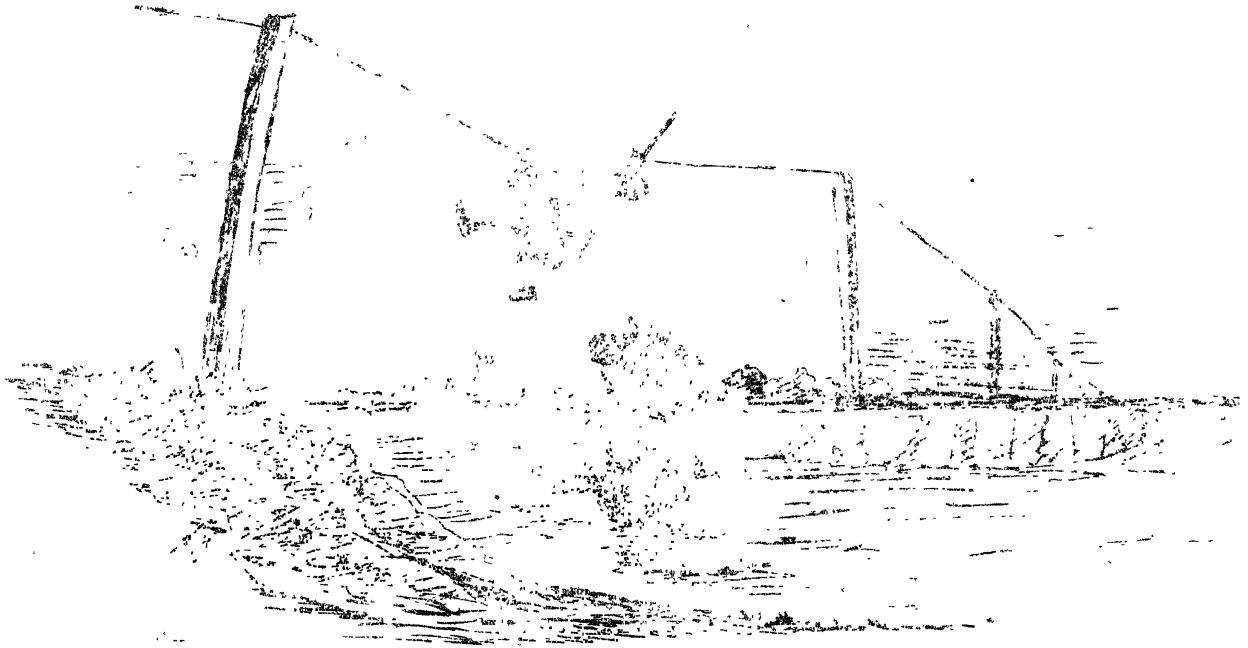
G. O.—THE REGL. ORDER BY MAJOR BOOTS, COMDG. 101ST IRR. CAVY., DIRECTING HIMSELF TO ASSUME CHARGE OF THE ADJT'S OFFICE DURING THE ABSENCE ON MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF LIEUT. AND ADJT. ROWELLS, IS CONFIRMED.



DECCAN FASHIONS FOR 1854.



## DIFFUSION OF SCIENCE AMONG THE NATIVES OF INDIA.



## MILD HINDOO ON THE WIRE.

"ARREE BHAITEE TUM KAHAE KO PANEE MEN UTERTE HO—DEKHO HUM *Tulee Grap* SE JATA HAIN!!"

## SUCH IS FAME.

It is well known how persons confer undying appellations on things, or are known in intimate connexion with them. Thus:—

Wellington, and Blucher, and Clarence, and Adelaide, give  
celebrity to boots;  
Albert, and Jenny Lind, hats;  
Stanhope, and Brougham, to carriages:  
Napier, shola topees;  
Maintenon, to chicken cutlets;  
Joinville, to cravats;  
Sir Robert Peel, to piquant sauce;  
Charles II, to puppy dogs;  
George III, to bob wigs;  
Byron, to turn down collars.

The French are using the Commander-in-Chief in India in a similar way: His Excellency's name is to go down to posterity in conjunction with sugar plums! Fact, and no mistake! Mons. L. Rambeau, confectioner of Bordeaux, has manufactured, and no doubt wishes to spread over Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, (the five quarters of the Globe as Paddy would say,) an unlimited supply of

"PASTILLES DE GOMME."

TOO BAD.

WHY is the profession of an Engineer frightfully profane?  
Because he dams the rivers and blasts the rocks.

## OUR COLLEGE DAYS.

We had just returned from College with our friend Charley Sykes, the pet of "Eton." Charley was a dear boy in the eyes of all of us, but was generally considered slow with the "gurls."

One day we went to a Ball, and Charley was introduced to my fair cousin Fanny Acres, a very chatty, agreeable girl. Poor Charley was shy. We overheard his conversation which was extremely rich.

SCENE—A *Quadrille*.

During *La Pantaloon*, Charley maintained silence. During *L'Eté* he hazarded a mild question.

Miss Acres, do you wear flannel next your skin?  
Oh dear no! she replied naively.

*La Poule* was another blank, but during *La Trenise* he enquired whether Fanny was fond of toast, qualifying the question with an adjective *buttered* toast.

At last during the *Galop* all round he lost all his nervousness and reserve, and enquired whether Miss Fanny Acres could swim.

"Oh yes! I learned at Margate," she replied, and Charley, after handing her to a chair, confidentially declared that she was a stunner to talk, (we had nearly written "*brick*.")

ZETA.



## THE BOON.

*A Quartette sung with great applause at the  
Private concerts, by Ensign Larkspur, Lieut. Dangle, Capts.  
Pepsy and Brevet Major Grambags.*

## ENSIGN LARKSPUR.

FAREWELL to my trips to the jungle,  
It's really a shame and a bore,  
That just as I'm ceasing to bungle,  
I must cease to go out any more !  
I may yearn after Tigers and Cheetas,  
Henceforth they are safe from my aim !  
I shall spend no more pice upon beaters !  
Supply no more ladies with game !  
No more shall I sit in a howdah !  
To auction I'll put up my gun,  
What a blow to the dealers in powder !  
What a blow to the lovers of fun !  
There are Elk on the frontier a straying,  
No end of nilghyes in the Dhoon,  
And here am I hopelessly staying,  
And all on account of the Boon !!!

## LIEUTENANT DANGLE.

Farewell to my Simla flirtations,  
I am bound with invisible chains  
To those most reprehensible stations  
That Government keeps in the plains !  
For an invite 'tis useless to angle  
To stay till the hot weather's o'er !  
Alas the agreeable Dangle  
Can wait on the ladies no more !!  
No more shall appointments completely—  
Corrective of poverty's ills—  
Be got at by toadying neatly  
Bigwigs and their wives on the Hills ?  
I go to those scenes so delightful ? !!!  
As well might I fly to the moon !  
Oh is it not perfectly frightful ?  
And all on account of the Boon !!!

## CAPTAIN PEPSY.

The dickens fly off with the Doctor !  
He swears I'm too seedy to stay  
With my corps, and he's gone to concoct a  
Certificate for me to-day.  
I must go the Hills or Australia,  
I must go for a twelvemonth at least !  
My remonstrance has turned out a failure,  
Was there e'er such a merciless beast !!!  
What a go for a fellow that's troubled  
With no end of children and debt,  
To find his expenses all doubled !!  
And but half of his income to get !!  
'Twould make the most reckless feel nervous,  
Unless he's completely a spoon,  
Thus to forfeit his pay and his service !  
And all on account of the Boon !!!

## BREVET MAJOR GRAMBAGS.

Oh dear what a terrible swindle !  
Oh dear what a horrible bore !

My thirty years service must dwindle,  
Into something far short of a score !!  
I was sadly addicted to shirking,  
I own it alas with a sigh ;  
As little as possible working,  
As much as I could on the sky,  
And thanks to my staff situation,  
( 'Tis enough any saint to enrage, )  
I'm chained to the new Regulation !  
And cannot retire for an age !!!  
Unless, this dilemma while trapped in,  
Ill health should compel me too soon  
To go as a beggarly Captain !  
And all on account of the Boon !!!

## ALTOGETHER.

Oh Toby, who first put in pickle,  
This rod (if report sayeth true,)  
Our unfortunate tobies to tickle,  
Would we could just try one on you !  
Oh Government, boasted paternal,  
'Twill be unaccountably odd,  
If your children from Ensign to Colonel,  
Get spoiled for the want of the rod !!  
Henceforth we're incessantly workers,  
Dull boys looking hopelessly blue ;  
And the same as for idlers and shirkers,  
Is the law for the zealous and true !  
No more in the Hills to be searching,  
For vigour exhausted below !  
No longer when married the church in,  
On a honey moon journey to go !!  
No leisure allowed to be sick in !  
Nor for invites howe'er opportune !  
No longer the mighty Boar sticking,  
We are stuck by this Bore of a Boon !!

## DEFINITE.

WHEN may a man be supposed to possess the most acute sense of hearing ?

When he can number ninety years (*ninety ears*) !

## QUEER QUESTION.

WHEN is an Austrian likely to act as your *Khansama* ?

WHEN he is going to Serbia (*serve yer* !)

## SPORTING.

WHY is a Duck Hunt like a drain ?

Because it is a *Water course* !

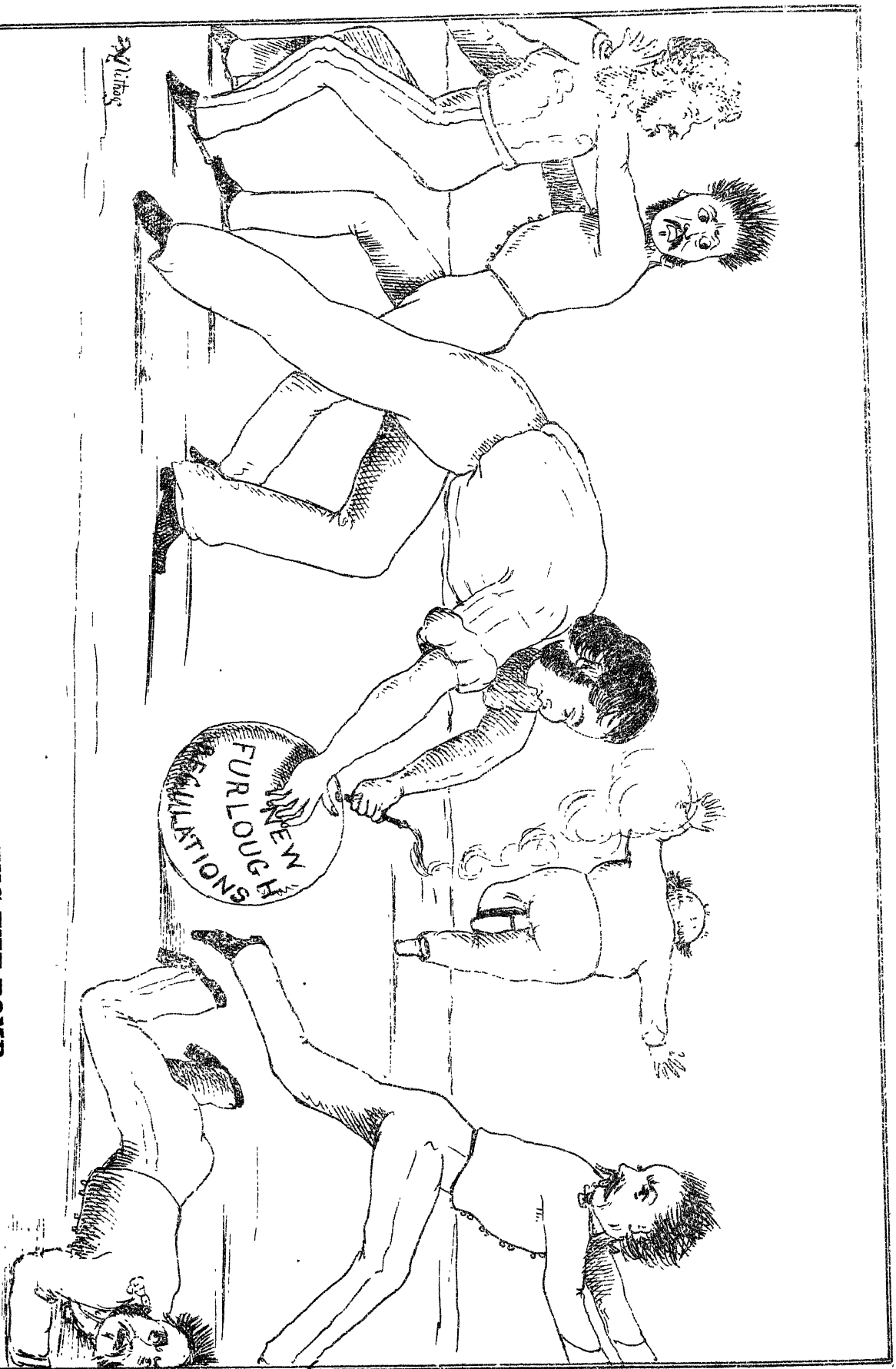
## PIERS NEWS.

THE *Lahore Chronicle* of the 10th ultimo, gives us a piece of news that "orders have been received at Seharunpore to abolish the Depot Horse Stud, but that possibly it may be retained as a Filly Depot." As this announcement was made in the public papers some months ago, we beg to inform our contemporary that he has discovered a *mare's nest* !

## HORRIBLE IS TRUE.

A CALCUTTA Correspondent writes that Cautley is the Lion there just now, and that "Cautley's bust" is in every body's mouth. We devoutly hope the speakers will prove wrong. Col. Cautley, however he may be praised and puffed up by the public, is not the man to *burst* with it !





PANIC IN THE ARMY--JEMMY DISARMING THE BOMB.

# THE DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

JULY 1, 1854.

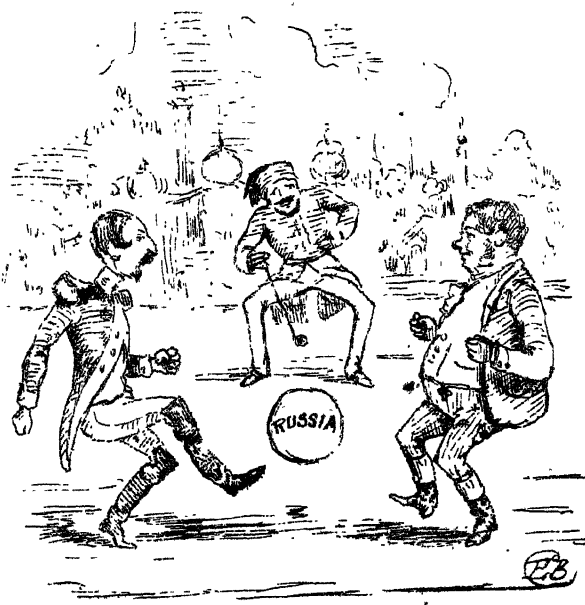
[NO. VII.]

## OURSELVES.

THE *Mofussilite* has provoked another reply from us. In his critique upon the last number of our periodical, he falls foul of us for making a pun upon him, and designates it as bad, stale, &c. &c. Our contemporary must remember the subject of the pun and not blame us because no better can be made.

He moreover presumes to question our taste in making use of the word "chaff": we wonder which is the most to be condemned, the harmless word chaff in our notice, or the allusion in connection with John Sylvestre in his! We need say no more.

## A NEW GAME FOR EUROPE.



## CHARADE.

My first's a prize peculiar to the East,  
Given to those who bravely do maintain;  
My second's honor, who (altho' a beast,  
Upon his honor, hasn't got a stain;  
My whole's a body loyal, brave, and true,  
Which lately earned, *that* prize—and got it too,

BATTALION

## SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

WHY is a female Paharree like an owl flying across your path?  
Because she's an ill 'oman!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

I do like a man to stand upon his own individuality, not to be a mere penny trumpet that any fellow can make squeak to whatever tune he chooses. There was poor Jim Duberly of ours, the young chaps used to amuse themselves with making him contradict himself fifty times in a morning, for Jim had not an idea of his own, he could only think other people's thoughts, and even those only when they had just been suggested to him. He was a sort of human looking glass to reflect whatever was put before him, and he would do it some times so clearly, and illustrate your notions so neatly, that you could hardly help believing that they were his own. He was of any shade of opinion, in politics or any thing else, just as one person or another touched the spring. It was not from flunkeyism in poor Jim, or from desire of pleasing, but simply because he could not help being impressed pro. tem. by the views suggested to him. He had no fixed principles to take his stand on, for he could neither create them for himself, nor retain what he got from others, shocking bad memory he had to be sure! These sort of fellows are more common in the world than you would think, not quite so bad as poor Jim, many of them; (*he* ought to have been in an Asylum) but bad enough, bad enough, quite sufficiently far gone to be easy victims to schemers of all kinds, and sources of misery to family and friends.

Poor Jim's want of individuality was the ruin of him, as you will see. There was a frightful row at our Mess one night, between Snorter of the Queen's Piebalds and Grubwell of the Sappers; I do not rightly know how it originated, but I believe it was something about a horse, and both the men were drunk at the time. Well Sir, young Larkins, Duberly and myself were the only fellows present except the disputants themselves, and at last Snorter called Grubwell a bad name, and Grubwell got up and kicked him, so as Duberly was the senior officer present, I hinted to him that he ought to interfere. Of course he did as I hinted, and Snorter took his arm and they staggered away together. Grubwell hiccuped out a request to me to stand his friend when he should receive the expected message. Well Sir, we waited next day and several days more. By Jove Sir, no message came at all; but instead of sending one, Snorter got a couple of months' Division

leave for the benefit of his health. I did not think it worth while to mention the affair myself, looking on it as a mere drunken broil, whereof the less said the better, but Young Larkins spread it about, and Snorter's juniors, moved by a laudable regard for the credit of the corps, got up charges against him for having been kicked and taken no steps to redeem his honour.

Well Sir, the Court was ordered to assemble at the Head Quarters of the Division, a long way off from our station, and we were all sent down as witnesses. Every body thought it was all up with Snorter, for there could be no mistake about the kicking, and Duberly had distinctly stated to the Brigadier that no steps had been taken to his knowledge by Snorter in order to obtain satisfaction. Well Sir, you will hardly believe it, but it is a positive fact for all that, that Snorter actually managed to get hold of Duberly on the journey down, and not only led him to believe that he, (Snorter) *had* really requested him (Duberly) to carry a challenge to Grubwell, but even got him to sign a written statement to that effect, with the addition, that it was solely owing to his (Duberly's) own remonstrances, and his promise to see that the matter was otherwise honourably settled, that Snorter had consented to drop his determination to fight! Duberly had not sufficient confidence in his own memory to deny what the other so confidently asserted, backed up as it was with the most plausible circumstantiality, and he thought that common justice required that Snorter should not be allowed to suffer from what he had been thoroughly persuaded was his own fault. So he signed the paper!

Of course it is superfluous to add that Snorter came off most triumphantly from his trial, but alas! the result was less satisfactory to poor Duberly. Imbecility and badness of memory were no excuses with the Commander-in-Chief, as far as *facts* were concerned, the case was clear, Duberly *had* either told a lie or written one, and the unfortunate victim of facility thought himself lucky in being allowed the choice of invaliding.

#### STRANGE SYMPTOM.

A FRIEND in the hills, who has lately fallen over head and ears in love, writes that he feels completely *gal* vanized.

#### FACT.

'THE nine of Diamonds is said to be the *cuss* of Scotland: but he best thing to make tatties of is the *khus* of this country.

#### A NEW PRESERVE.

LORD Dalhousie has called upon the Asiatic Society to devise some means of preserving the Ruins of Gour from further decay. We recommend, as the best means of preserving *goor*, that it be steeped in treacle.



WALKING DRESS OF A BRITISH FEMALE,  
FOR 1855.

BY OUR OWN PROPHET.

#### TURN HIM OUT.

The *Delhi Gazette* lately, in drawing a parallel between the present Commander-in-Chief, and his predecessor, observed: "Sir Charles Napier grumbled and resigned, Sir W. Gomm grumbles but remains."

Our contemporary must, we think, admit that, however foreign to his usual character, the deceased Commander-in-Chief certainly shewed in this case the most resignation of the two.

#### TWO BAD 'UNS.

WHY is a trooper who has been unhorsed like a celebrated Russian General?

Because he is Gortchukoff (*got shook off*.)

WHY is a troop of Cavalry unhorsed like another celebrated Russian General?

Because they are *men shook off* (Menchikoff).

#### THE PIPE OF PEACE.

WHY is a pipe of Latakia a safe protection for England?

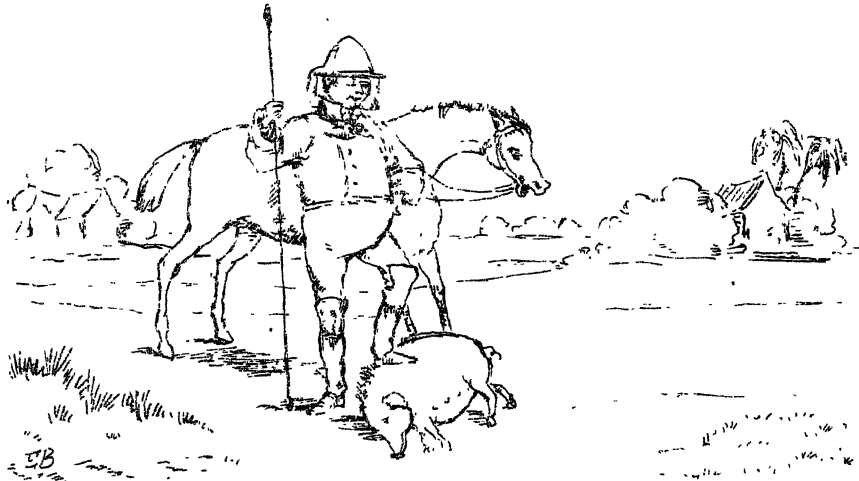
Because it is good tobacco (*good to back her!*!)

#### TO BEER BIBBERS.

WHEN is Pale Ale like a Baby?

When it's *creaming*!

SPORTING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF HORACE HORATIO WIGGINS, OF WIG-  
GINS WIGGINS AND CO., CALCUTTA.



*H. H. Wiggins, to take down the preponderance of flesh occasioned by a too sedentary life, goes into the Mofussil for a little Pigsticking—he finds a female pig which, unmindful of its curly tail, he sticks—triumphant moment. H. H. W. enjoys the death of the hog(ess)—and last of all time of grief—indignant villagers give chase to H. H. W. for value of the slaughtered pig.*



## PUNCH'S POPULAR PARODIES—No. II.

"BEAUTIFUL LUNKA!"

*Ledlie's Miscellany, Vol. I, No. IV.*

## I.

Like a dream of Nancy,  
Like a Yankee notion,  
Beautiful Punkah,  
Swings in full motion.

## II.

In the steamy morn,  
From dust not free,  
Beautiful Punkah!  
Refreshing to see!

## III.

Thus musing awhile,  
Far away from St. Paul's,

I exclaimed, 'what a shock,  
If the Punkah falls!'

## IV.

In this terrible place,  
To be fairly brained!  
Without ever a light!  
And my Goblet drained!

## V.

Thus did I meditate,  
Heedless of danger,  
Chup as a mouse,  
As a mouse in a manger.

## VI.

When lo! with a crash,  
Ah! sad to relate,  
The beautiful Punkah,  
Came down on my pate!

## REBUFFS FOR THE SPOONEY—NO. III.



*Spooney, loqr.*—"I SAY OLD FELLOW, HAD A CAPITAL RUN THIS MORNING!"  
*Old Fellow.*—"YES! I SAW YOU—CAPITAL RUN—AFTER YOUR HORSE."

## TAKING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

We observe some of the Calcutta and up country firms advertising the arrival of a supply of Du Barry's Revelenta Arabica. We imagine the nearest Bazaar to be the cheapest as well as the best mart for procuring this wonderful description of food.

## FRESH FROM BURMAH.

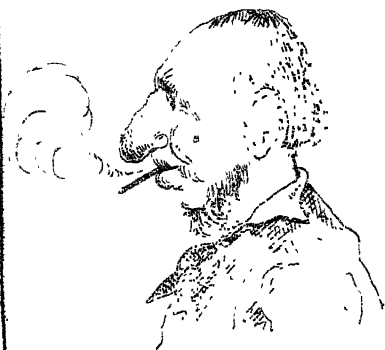
Why is Myah Toon (the robber in Burmah,) like a portion of a rose bush, (the poets say, no rose without a thorn,) in a thoroughfare in London, and a thief into the bargain?  
Because he is a thorn in *Cheape's side and Steel's too!!!*



FANCY PORTRAITS OF SUPPOSED CONTRIBUTORS TO THE LITERATURE OF  
DAWK BUNGALOW BOOKS.

Brandy &amp; Beer — humphs!

A horrid brew —

The excellent books furnished  
at the bungalow &c &cObliged to turn over for this  
wretch of a bottle de hoy!Sometimes included under  
the head of "family".EXAMINATION OF A DEVIL (*PRINTER'S,  
OF COURSE*) BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.

Q.—Has the introduction of printing been advantageous to morality?

A.—Certainly not, for Printers invariably blacken every character they introduce.

Q.—What is "setting up types"?

A.—Proposing examples.

Q.—What is a composing stick?

A.—A peace officer's baton.

Q.—What is the meaning of the word "pie," as used by printers?

A.—A pious meaning.

Q.—What is an asterisk?

A.—An asterisk is so called quasi lucus a non lucendo, because a nasty risk is often avoided by using it instead of a proper name.

Q.—What is a Parenthesis?

A.—Parenthesis is derived from Prentices, because their frequent use in composition betokens a young beginner.

Q.—Explain the existence of Devils in Printing Establishments?

A.—The celebrated Dr. Johnson was once betrayed into a profane expression, he was informed that the Printer's boy was waiting for copy. "The Devil!"

exclaimed the Doctor, and the word has stuck to those so *imp*-loyed ever since.

Q.—If you had to write for permission for a lady to inspect the premises, what sort of letter would you write?

A.—Let her C.

Q.—Why are author's MSS. called copy.

A.—Copy is a term applied to author's MSS. because they generally require to be copied, before they can be called legible.

We will drop the subject if you please, it is becoming delicate.

## A CON.

A LEARNED friend of mine is fond of shooting birds and keeping their eyes as specimens.

Having placed some on his chimney piece alongside of a bird, he was surprised one day by finding the legs all missing, but one bird *rather high*, behind, he said "how very strange where these feet have gone to."Not at all, I replied. Do you not see this accounts for it (taking up the *game* bird,) it is already footed (*feeted*.) Need I say my friend swooned as I sat down to send this to you?

## SPORTING.

WHEN the Commander-in-Chief entered the Gwalior territory, the usual order forbidding the molestation of pea fowl was issued. Why was this really a positive interdiction of sporting of all kinds?

Because it was prohibited that there should be any *mor* (e) shooting.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF "CRANIUM," IN SEARCH OF SKULL, THE SON OF SKELETON.\*

*Illustrated by Cousin "Pericranium."*

"Start not, nor deem my spirit fled :  
In me behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull."

BYRON.

SEARCH NO. I.

*Cranium's attempt to find his Cousin, "Skull the son of Skeleton," endeth in his lodging at a Dak Bungalow. He remarks on the absurdity of writing in Dak Books. He meeteth his cousin Pericranium, who illustrates his subject.*

A DAK BUNGALOW NOT 27 MILES FROM SAHARUNPORE.

I had occasion to travel towards M———n, the other day, in search of my long lost Cousin Skull, having received intimation from my Uncle Skeleton, that he had left his "disconsolate friends." I was much disgusted on taking up the Dak Book to hunt for travellers' "nishans" to find that it was much disfigured by obtrusive remarks. I was preparing to comment on the matter, when I was saluted with a smart slap on the shoulder, and on turning round I perceived my Cousin "Pericranium," (also on the search for Skull†). I related my feelings, and he kindly offered to illustrate my subject. Whilst doing so I wrote as follows:—

The absurdity of writing in the Books kept at Dak Bungalows, for the register of travellers' names, cannot be too severely reprehended. Some persons fancy that these Books have been provided for the use of visitors, in order to secure rare autographs and opinions on things in general. As such seems to have been the *idea* uppermost in the minds of the visitors to M———n, I subjoin orthodox extracts from the Dak Bungalow Book, as I would fain expose such ridiculous self-conceit; moreover, it would be a crying shame to keep the "laurel wreath," that they have striven for, longer from their brows. These productions may secure their talented authors—"a local habitation, and a name"—and save them from wasting "*their* sweetness on the desert air."

Opinions written in public Books are public property, so I have no apology to offer for the following morceaux:—

———"Ridiculum acri—  
Fortius et melius"...

HOR. SAT. 10 LINE, v. 14.

\* Vide "*Mofussilite*," in which the rambles of "Skull the son of Skeleton" are inserted.

† Notwithstanding our clannish predilections, it is a strange fact, that we should be still unknown to our dear Cousin, for whom we have the very greatest regard.

Paraphrased.

"A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing  
More home, than the morosest satire's sting."

The first extract gives a small history of a young man's adventures, who having a limited circle of acquaintance, is desirous of showing himself off to the public. Poor young fellow—his vanity is pardonable, no doubt, had we not been prevented in our search, we might have traced his history further.

"One mile below this, being surprised by wild elephants, tearing the trees in close proximity to my Dhoolie, I found it impossible to force my bearers onward, in fact to make them remain by me, and but for the Massalchee (who was wishing to proceed on the journey) should not have succeeded even in returning to M———n. On reaching this at 12 A. M., and calling repeatedly for half an hour, finally succeeded in arousing the Khansamah and Bearer."

The remainder I could not make out, but it was evidently a benediction, or something of that sort on the Bungalow, and on Khansamahs and Bearers in general—and on one or two in particular.

The 2nd complains of the "*entremets*," speaking like "un rectateur d'epicure."

"Everything particularly *bad*; nothing but a bit of a fowl grilled, about 12 months old."

Lucky fellow to get anything, but he was evidently a greedy youth, and would not be content. What a strange contrast to the mark Tapley remark near the end of the book, where the writer says "there was nothing to eat, luckily he was not hungry." This is the true philosophy of "roughing it." I wish I had been there to have invited him to a tête-a-tête discussion of a *pâté de foie gras*.

The 3rd is the best thing I have seen for an age, worthy of the Demosthenes Ranter of Regent's Park.

"The excellent books furnished to this bungalow, we found a great acquisition." This comes as a centre dish to a *rechauffé* of varied nonsense.

The 4th is very rich.

Two gentlemen—"refused to pay" on account of no attendance.

The 5th person enquires:—

"By whose authority do the attendants remain below? If you want anything you remain 1 hour. My firm opinion the Post Master neglects his duty. I shall write to Mr. R———l on the subject."

P. S. Bad brandy—charges 2-8 and no beer in the bungalow. A perfect humbug."

(M. S. becomes illegible here, either from profound disgust, incapacity to proceed further, or the effects of the bad 2-8 brandy.)

What a sybarite *not* to be content with *any* brandy.

Numerous complaints are recorded anent the situation of the bungalow, some call its position "*eccentric*," and wonder why those in authority had not fixed upon a better site: opinions are also rife regarding the qualifications of the domestics. One calls the bearer—a "brick," another styles the khidmutgar "a humbug," another "that the Sirdar is a good hand in pointing out the best shooting ground." A new qualification, surely, for a Dāk Bungalow bearer. One gentleman writes a long excuse for taking half a sheet of paper from the dāk book, but makes no apology for his remarks of a half column, in which he identifies himself as the thief. What strange inconsistency. One gentleman in one hour (that ought to have been devoted to the work of setting up the outward and inner man) finds time to anathematize each and every article

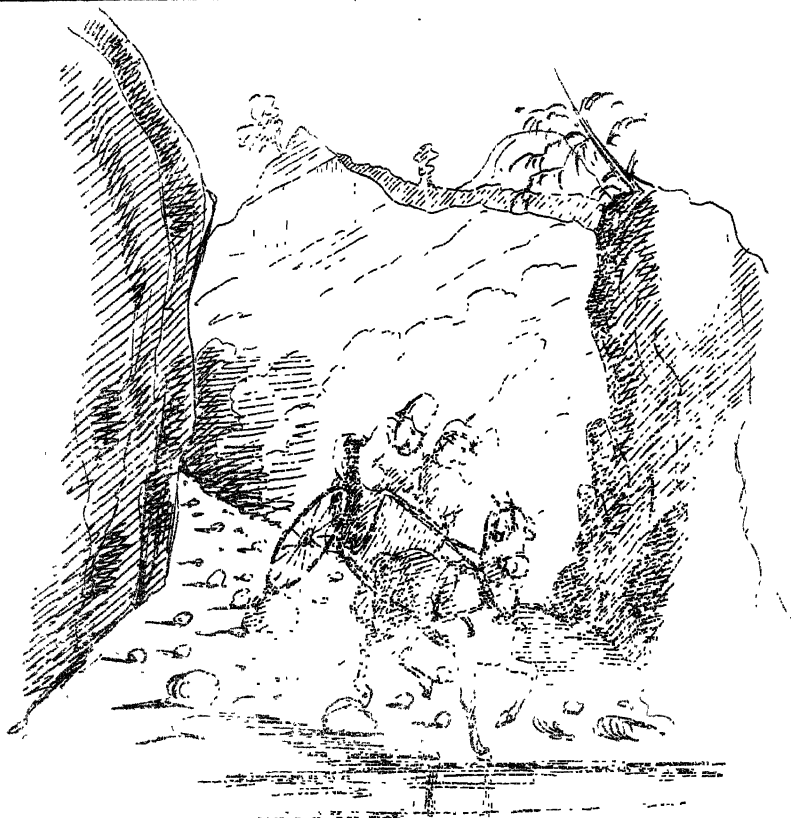
of furniture in the house. Poor man, he must have been sadly hard up for something to do "*pour passer le temps*."

And here I pause "*pour le present*."

It would indeed be much better if those persons, who have *real* cause of complaint, penned their remarks to Post Masters *direct*, instead of cramming them into public books, for the idle scrutiny of an *unappreciating* public. Such a system would ensure the desired reform, and at the same time shield the complainant from the odium that becomes attached to his name, when it is seen *paraded* in a Dāk Bungalow book.

If a great book is a great evil, what must the evil of a Dāk book be?

CRANIUM.



A PORTION OF THE ROAD OVER WHICH, ON BECOMING ACQUAINTED, CRANIUM AND PERICRANIUM DROVE. N. B.—THIS IS THE HIGH ROAD FROM M——.

CRANIUM ASKS PERICRANIUM IF THE FOSSIL BONES OF THE HORSE AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE *Camel* ARE EVER DISCOVERED IN THE NEIGHBOURING STRATA—PERICRANIUM HOPES NOT.

#### FACT

THE Emperor of Russia tells Sir Hamilton Seymour that his (the Czar's) word is as good as his bond. We believe him, for we have seen by the lately published correspondence that both his word and his bond are absolutely worthless.

#### TO DINERS OUT.

WHEN a man goes to dine with a poor curate, but missing the house drops in upon an alderman at pudding time, and is asked to stay and take pot luck, what sort of a mistake do you call that?

A *miss steak* that is *first chop*.

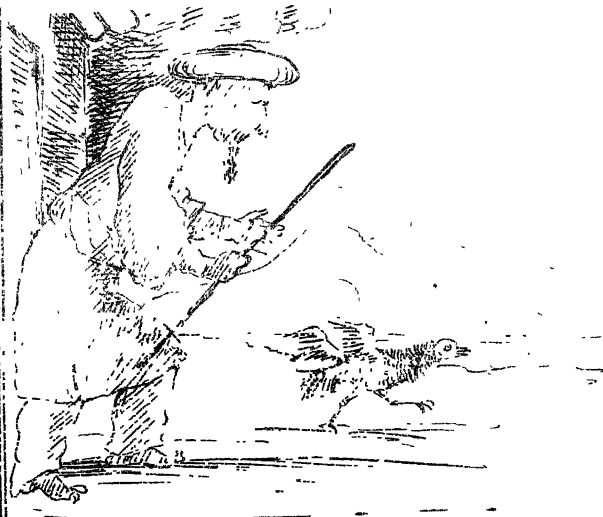


*Pericranium's perilous ascent to the Dak Bungalow. His bewildered fancy suggests ideas of the Peter Botte. Napoleon crossing the Alps—the anabasis of Xenophon, &c.*



*The traveller findeth the bungalow occupied by Briggs and family paying 1 rupee—and by Grubbe and ditto, ditto—Ther. 48 degrees.*

*Kya bolega nasseb kee bat,  
Moorghee uthke marey lat.*  
Hindustanee Proverb.



*Securing a dinner for a traveller in rude health.*



*Pericranium's inflexibility. He remembereth the cries of the slaughtered moorghee.*



## THE TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Dr. O'Shaughnessy  
Went out a walkin' as he  
Generally does of a mornin,  
When the weather is fine,  
To peep at the line,  
And give all the lazy folks warnin.

Now the doctor ses he,  
That chap at Sepree,  
Who sint the Queen's spache up so nately,  
Is a different shucks,  
From them quare Bombay ducks,  
Who bother the public completely.

One ignorant lubber  
Sinds lashins o'Kubber  
Regardin the prices of cotton,  
While over each mast or pole,  
News from Sebastopol,  
Divil a bit have we gotten.

And then such a mess as  
They made of Odessa's  
Bombardment as tould in the papers,  
They'll next be relatin,  
Our troops have been baten,  
And had to resort to their scrapers.

The Marquis Dalhousie  
Declares that the noos he  
Receives by the line, is "na canny,"  
(Noo my Laird O'Cockpen,  
I canna but ken  
If you grumble you will na git any.)

Thin the Calcutta papers  
Is growlin by Japers,  
For want of some further particklers  
Regardin the war,  
That's ragin so sore,  
Between the grand Porte and old Nicholas.

The *Hurkaru* (Sam Smith,)  
Complains that the pith  
Of the mail is intirely neglected,  
And then there's the *Citizen*,  
(I'm sure I pities 'un)  
Is down in the mouth and dejected.

Then there's the *Chronicle*  
Always sardonical,  
Gave in the course of the winter,  
Horrible presages,  
How that my messages,  
Threatened to ruin his printer.

There's none hates a snub like  
The Eurasian public,  
As I have jist found to my cost,  
But then their characters  
Is the great drawback to us,  
And half our exertions is lost.

I'll hire in a crack, sons  
Of pure Anglo Saxons,  
(There's lots to be found in the hills,)  
For the climate don't spile 'em,  
And Lawrence Asylum  
Will soon put an end to our ills.

Thin Doctor O'Shaughnessy  
Left off a talkin as he  
Thought it was time to be dressin,  
But he wrote out this scrade  
And sint it post paid,  
To "Mr. Puuch Junior, God Bless un."

## AN ANTIDOTE TO CHOLERA.

WE are greatly concerned to learn from the *Bombay Times* of the 12th ultimo, that our last number gave the Editor of that Journal—cholera! We have the Editor's own statement in print, to support our own. Poor dear duck! From the readiness with which he promises his *mites*, we conclude he wishes us to consider him mighty, or at least "quite the cheese"! and if we are to judge from his exalted opinion of himself, he is a *Stilt'un*.

There is an odd remedy for certain ailments, which is to take a hair of the dog that bit you. We advise the Editor of the *Bombay Times* to try the above, and if it don't cure him, nothing will.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE LATE EXAMINATIONS.

Skimpole Hogspeare, C. S., is anxious to know why he did not pass the other day? He has enclosed specimens of his answers which make us wonder too.

S. H. was asked, among other things;

Q.—What is the Hindoostanee for a hackery?

A.—*Garee*.

Q.—Quite right; and a Hackery-man?

A.—*Garee wan*.

Q.—Now then Sir, what is the vernacular for a plough?

A.—*Hul*.

Q.—Ploughman?

A.—*Hulwan*.

This was "kiddy," as our friend himself might have styled it, but his worst miscarriage seems to have been the following.

Q.—What do you understand by a case of *Dakhil kharij*?

A.—I don't know. When I travelled up from Calcutta, I found it a case of Dawk Carriage, and ill enough it made me. I suppose this is something different.

## TEACH.

Why is the attempting a thing always the completion of it?  
Because it's the end ever (endeavour.)

## THOSE STUPID NATIVES.



*Gent. (on the Bombay side,) who has been fortunate enough to win 10 to 1 in pegs, loqr.*—"HO GORA WALLA, WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

*Ghora walla.*—"MALUM NAHI SATB!"

*Gent. (very wroth.)*—"MALUM NAHI! NEVER MALUM ANYTHING—CUT TULLUB."

## USEFUL HINTS.

## TO BACHELORS.

WHEN proposing to propose, think twice before you speak once.

"He that in Wedlock ventures his carcase,  
Ventures a drowning, and that is a hard case."

## TO SPINS.

WHEN considering a proposal, think most of the R. A. P. : the remaining considerations are scarcely worth a rap.

Money "makes the man, want of it the fellow ;  
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

## TO BENEDICTS.

GRIN and bear it : make a virtue of necessity, and the best of a bad bargain :

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When a man's married his sorrow begins."

## TO BEATRICES.

RULE by submission : yield seemingly and thus acquire real domination, for mutual advantage :

"——— Nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good."

## TO DARBY AND JOAN.

BEAR and forbear : recollect that when two persons ride upon one horse, one must get up behind.

Be "gentle, delicate, and kind,  
To faults compassionate or blind ;"  
For "angry, coarse and harsh expression,  
Shows love to be a mere profession."

## WANTED.—THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

MESSRS. D. Wilson and Co., in a recent advertisement, inform "their friends and customers," that they receive by almost every sailing vessel to the ports of Calcutta, Wines, Spirits, Liquors, Oil and Italian stores, Groceries, Hams, Cheese, Bacon, Provisions, Cheroots and Teas, &c. &c.

Are we to conclude from this that all the "stores" we have not italicised do not come under the head of provisions? The literature of these Calcutta Catalogues is sometimes highly amusing.

# THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE PRESENT TIME.



*The Christian Knight pays particular attention to a Moorish lady.*



*He exterminates all the Moorish lady's friends and relations.*



*He walks off with his love.*



*The Modern Xtian Knight raises the Cross and the Standard of his Crusade, and rewards himself with the Danubian provinces, &c., &c., &c., not by any means sparing the modern Turks.*





## A PLEASANT LITTLE DESCANT UPON THE HAIR.

(See Price and Goswell.)



1ST BALD YOUTH.—“*I first shaved, and applied a solution of Cantharides in Oil of Castor.*”

2ND DITTO.—“*So did I.*”

1ST DITTO.—“*I then exhibited a mild blister on the crown.*”

2ND DITTO.—“*Exactly my case!*”

1ST DITTO.—“*And wound up with Truefit's balm of Columbia.*”

2ND DITTO.—“*How very odd! just the treatment I pursued:—but no good!*”

1ST DITTO.—“*Nor with mine!—but never mind Jack, you're d—d like SHAKESPEARE!!*”

## LORD HUFF GRUFF'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SIMLA.

It is perhaps not generally known that previous to his departure from India, Lord Huff Gruff, as the *educated natives* were wont to term him, was politely requested by the Bengal AS: S. to place on record for the benefit and guidance of his successors, a short sketch of his ‘First impressions on visiting Simla.’ A copy of his Lordship's speech on that occasion having recently been furnished to *Punch* files by the AS: S.'s Secretary, that enlightened caterer of knowledge has thought it advisable to lay the document before the pensive and discerning public.

Silence having with some difficulty been obtained owing to the bad habit which the members have contracted, of all speaking at once, the noble Lord thus proceeded—

“Jhentilmen and ladies! Och botheration, then, sure I forgot myself intirely, but the swate craturs is

always a runnin in my head, God bless 'em! Sure then boys (*addressing the members*) could'nt we send for the girls an' make a night of it?”

(Here the President gravely called the noble Lord to order, and informed him that no girls could be admitted to their meetings, as some *bustle* would be sure to follow such a proceeding, and the younger members would become inattentive to the business of the evening!)

‘Well then we'll thry it again my jewels, ahem! Me Lords an' Jhentilmen. Och then Peykin ye blunderin' baste, was it in the House o' Commons ye was thinkin' to make a motion? Shure the divil a lord's here barring ye're own swate self, mavourneen! Thry back Peykin, my dear! Well then here goes for sartin—Jhentilmen—aye by the powers o' Moll Kelly's elbow, I got ye this time any how! Well then, boys, as I was a sayin, ye must all know how I bothered the Chaneymen intirely, broke their lanterns all to smitherreens and played the very divil wid their lights,

and made 'em pay us for the trouble of doin' it! Och then its fighting's a fine thing it is, when ye're shure of a big lump of prize money and oceans and strames of butter, and faith its me father's son got that same. Well then, me darlints; aafter that, back I comed to Bengal, but soon found it mighty convanient to thravel up to the hills because ye see Calcutta was altogether too hot to hould me, my thripes was always in a fever, and och, ruination, the lots of Brandy Panee I took to keep my blood cool! At last the Doctor says to me, says he, 'Peykin, my Lord, says he, if ye don't cut yere stick sharp out of this, sure ye'll be gettin' attacked by Corporal Forbes, which may play the divil with yer abominable wiscera, says he; 'Gammon, Doctor,' says I, 'shure I'm the Commander-in-Chief or the *Ginger Lort*, as the Moors call me, an' would Corporal Forbes dare attack me? Why Doctor dear, that's rank mutiny, says I.' 'May be so,' says he, 'but the Corporal has little respect of persons, my lord, an' once he bones you by the thripes, you'll not be far from your last billet, says he; 'Och, the divil, sir, says I, the murtherin' rebel that he is, shure then I'll be off Doctor dear, says I, an' thank ye for the warnin'—Well, Jhentilmen, up I climbed to the bottom of the hills, an' och by the powers, says I, but this bates the Big Hill o' Houth, County Dublin, all to sticks and no mistake, och, by the holy poker, says I, was ever sich a big baste of a mountain, an' how'll this boy—manin meself—ever get to the top o'ye?—So then up comes Major Patrick, (he was a Major then, he was,) an' says he, there's a Jam Pan ready for yer Excellency, (for I was only me Excellency then). Well shure then this bothered me too,—for I thought it wouldnt look well to see me Excellency stickin in a Jam Pan, and I wid my best breeches on! But then thinks I, shure Pat my jewel, its aafter joking ye are, and so wid that I ups to him, and says I,—Now by the piper, Major Patrick, but ye may ride in a Jam Pan yerself, says I,—but if ye'd be good enough to put a saddle on the thay-kettle, I'd mightily prefer it any how! Wid that the spalpeen sets to a laughin' right out wid his mouth open, and shure yer Excellency, says he, a Jam Pan isn't a Sauce pan! 'Thank ye, for nothin', Sir, says I,—but ye're a Sauce box any how! Well then he turned mighty red in the gills, and touched his cap, he did,—an' says he very politely, makin' a leg at the same time,—Please yer Excellency's Riverence, a Jam Pan is a kind of chair carried by hillmen!—Oh, says I, that's more charing news, any way;—so then in I steps, an' as I was a stoopin' to sit down, the Tin Doll, as they called him, roared out "*Bum lagao, bhaee*;"—By the powers but the

Moor spakes English, says I, and so down I sets, an' then—'*Bum lug giya*'—says another boy, and so up they whips me, they did. Patrick, jewel, says I, why do they call this thing a Jam Pan? Why then, says he—I don't exactly know, yer Excellency, but the Persian Interrupter thinks its because it *preserves* you from fatigue—Indeed,—says I,—very likely Major;—but faith Jhentilmen, before I got to the top of the mountain, meself found out that the Interrupter know'd nothin' about it,—an' so, says I,—Patrick my boy—says I,—here's a riddle for ye, my darlint. 'Why is a Jam Pan called a Jam Pan?' 'Och, murther an' Irish, says he, but ye're too cute for me, I give it up entirely! Why then, sir, says I, its because it shakes you to a Jelly!'

Well then, Jhentilmen, at the top of the big hill we gets into the "Fir-tree Bungler," as they called the house; and there we staid for the night; faith but it was mighty cowl'd any how, an' so I calls to my bearer an' says I. 'Well sir, toom junta,—humara serae hy?' 'Ha-an, sahib, says he.' 'Burra wallah, says I.' 'Ha-an sahib says he agin burra wallah!' 'Clever fellow, says I, well then just be aafter turnin down the burra surae over my bed!' 'Han, says he,' an' off he goes. Well then shure in a little aafter that, back he comes again, an' och Peykin the onlucky baste that ye are, may I niver see Tipperary agin, if he didnt pour a whole goglet of water over my bed, an' me Excellency sittin' in the midst of it, by the powers, like a drowned rat! What the divil alls ye to wet my bed, sir, roared I? 'Shure says he, in Persian, your honour tould me to turn the burra serae over the bed.' 'I'll be d——d if I did, says I; 'I'll be d——d if you didnt, says he!' So when I was near lendin' him a poult o' the head, in comes the Interrupter and tells him to change the sheets and put a burra resae over me!

Well in the mornin' I gets up mighty hungry, an' called my steward, an' says I,—Barney, says I, bring me some breakfast! 'Very good sir, says he, but there's no bread, your Excellency.' 'No bread, sir, says I, and why not? that's the fault of them lazy Commissariat niggers then, an' by the powers I'll play the divil wid them I will,—Bake a couple of chupprassees immediately, says I.—'Blazes, yer Rivirence, says he, sure ye wouldnt turn Cannibal?' 'Holloa, says I, what ship's that? is'nt a chupprassee an Indian cake, says I?' 'He may be a great cake, sir, says he, but you'll be hanged if you eat him.' Och, then by the Hokey, says I, the odds is even this time any how, for I'll be hanged if I don't eat him. Well then Jhentilmen, off he goes, and presently I

heard a mighty pretty hullabaloo, and sees him a fightin' wid my servants, an' so says I, 'what is it yer afther there?' 'Catchin' a chupprasee says he!' 'What for, says I?' 'For yer Honour's breakfast, says he.' 'Och then, bad luck to ye, says I, will I ate a black baste of a nigger?' 'You ordered it, says he.' 'No sir, I ordered a chupprasee, says I.' So wid that the Interrupter fell a laughin,' an' says he, shure your worship these are chupprasees, but I perceive now that its Chohpetties, ye're wantin'! 'Och bother, says I, that black lingo sticks in my gizzard entirely, well, well, Barney my boy, look sharp and give me some chehpaties an' a Bottle khana, for its mighty hungry I am!'—Well boys, after breakfast, we proceeded to the next stage, an' says I, Patrick mabuchal, what will ye be after callin' this place at all? 'Why shure now says he, this is Sabbatoo, yer Excellency, where the little cat-faced Gawkies is stationed, an' I suppose yer Excellency will be for reviewing the Rigiment says he.' Well so next morning to be shure we had a parade an' a mighty fine thing it was to behold the power of ould England flourishin' in the Alpine regions of the mountaneous hills of the Indies an' be dad boys, says I, but yer all very fine little garsoons an' no mistake at all, only I'm sorry I can't call ye pretty boys too, for to tell ye the truth, says I, ye're very like a parcel of hill monkies.' Well but they seemed mighty plased wid the spache, an' I was mighty well plased it was no worse, an' so I made a leg an' a graceful bow, an' then retired to pursue my way to the next stage, which Patrick tould me was called the Hurrypoor Bungler. Be dad then, says I, he was a poor bungler that built ye, and judgin from the finish of ye, he must have been in a mighty hurry too, so ye're well named any how.' So then, in we all goes, that's meself and the Major, an' och murder what a mess there was, wid the divil a carpet at all any how on the flure, except an ould bed widout ever a bottom and three crazy ould chairs widout never a sound leg atwune them, but then jhintilmen, the walls of the room was covered all round an' all over from the top to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top, from the door to the windy, and from the windy back agin to the door wid the most beautiful pictures from natur of men and manners, or faith I may say of men an' their want of manners! There were some quare looking chaps a doin' of quare onmentionble things, others a shootin' of two-legged wild goats, and some was young ladies wid bonnets on their heads an' the cigars in their mouths, an' then the poetry, an' the versification, an' the rhymefication, och but it bate every thing all to nothin' an' made us think, as Major Patrick wid his usual elegance classically expressed it, that we was in the parodies of the Moses.

Well Jhintilmen, the first piece of pottery that caught my eye was this—

1.

Here fleas, and flies, and mice, and rats,  
Musquitoes, lizards, lice, and bats,  
Nocturnal vigils keep!  
While cats and owls with mournful hum,  
Come tumbling down the crazy lum,  
And will not let me sleep!

2.

What mournful sound salutes mine ear?  
'Tis Huff Gruff snoring off the beer,  
He swigs at such a pace!  
'Tis sad to see the Army's head  
Go reeling bosky to his bed,  
Devoid of shame or grace!

3.

When Beer is *given* I like it much;  
But de'il a drop I ever touch,  
If I've to pay the piper!  
I know a trick worth two of that!  
To spend my coin I'm no such flat!  
I hate your jovial swiper!

4.

Give me a crust of bread and cheese,  
The art to wheedle, coax and please,  
And then when once my hand's in,  
I'll fill my sporran and my bags,  
Then sail for Inverness in rags,  
No matter what one lands in!

5.

To make a purse, die passing rich,  
These are the ends of life for which  
I starve, while others revel!  
And if success attends my way,  
I'll die with wealth enough to pay  
My passage to the devil!

\* \* \* \*

Well but Major dear, says I, what's a lum? O shure says he, a lum's a hole to let the smoke through! 'O, says I, ye mane a touch hole may be?' The divil a bit of a touch hole, says he, I manes the chimbley! 'What lingo's that, says I?' Faith its Scotch, says he, an' he blushed till the whites of his eyes was red, they was? 'Sure an ye're like a lum yerself now, Patrick, says I.' 'Why so, says he?' 'Because ye're smokin', Major, says I, an' wid that he turned away in a mighty huff, he did.

Well, then, boys, to make a long tail short, as the man said when he bit off the puppy's candal extremity, we arrived at Simla at last, an' afther thay, me lady Peykin, (she was me lady Huff Gruff then,) sat down to the Pie Annie and sung us a song of her own makin', an' written as the title says on the occasion of Sir U. Gruff's departure with the throops for Chaney in the East Indies:—

Air.—*Blue Bells of Scotland.*

1.

O where tell me where is your Irish laddie gone?

(Bis.)

He's gone to fight the Emperor, who sits on Chaney's throne,  
And shure its himself that some good green thay will bone!

2.

O where tell me where did your Irish laddie stay? (Bis.)  
He staid among the Chaneymen, them chaps as makes the thay,  
And many a dun ran after him, the day he went away.

3.

What clothes and what clothes does your Irish laddie clad?  
His cap was torn to smithereens,—his coat was very bad—  
An' its och! sich holey breeches, as wears my Irish lad!

4.

Suppose, ah suppose that your Irish lad should die? (Bis.)  
They'd fire three vollies over him, an' I should pipe my eye,—  
An' then to show how grieved I was, some Bum-be-seen I'd buy.

5.

But I will hope to see him soon on Tipperary ground, (Bis.)  
The wars will fill his empty purse with several thousand pound,—  
An' I'll be lady Peykin shure, and spend it I'll be bound!

At this stage of the Noble Lord's narrative the  
Meeting was adjourned.

T.



### THE NATIVE IDEA OF CHIVALRY.

(From a rare old painting.)

#### A CURIOUS QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know if the celebrated Anna Postage is any relation to Polly Tics. We cannot condescend to answer the question.

#### FISHY.

I NEVER was so much *chagrined* in my life as the shark said when they were skinning him.

### LACKADAISICAL LYRICS.—No. II.

WE were brothers in affection,  
Our hearts our minds the same,  
No prudent circumspection  
'Twixt our communings came;  
In common was our money  
For both of us to use,  
He always rode my pony,  
He always wore my shoes,  
Each debt and every wager  
Of his was paid by me,  
For I was a Brevet Major  
And but an Ensign he;  
And now he has gone and cut me!  
He has played me cruel tricks!  
And altogether put me  
Most completely in a fix!  
He led me into blunders  
For which I got a wigg!  
And every body wonders  
At my being such a prig!  
He made the ladies shun me!  
He said I was an ass!!  
And in Hindustani spun me  
When I ventured up to pass!!  
If I had beaten him in sporting;  
His trust if I'd abused;  
If I'd cut him out in courting;  
He perhaps might be excused:  
But his scheming and his sneaking  
Were for nothing else than pelf!  
An appointment I was seeking,  
And he wanted it himself!!!

#### A CURIOUS QUESTION.

A LADY writes and asks us when a lover is like a bottle of Soda water? We might hazard more than one guess, but we think ourselves right in replying "when he *pops*!" We do not pretend to guess any Con, not of our own manufacture, but we guess our guess is right in the present instance.

#### NAUTICAL *versus* EQUESTRIAN.

Q.—What is the principal difference between a horseman and a seaman?

A.—The one hangs a stirrup to his horse; the other hangs his horse by a stirrup.

#### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

As a reward for a long life of exemplary labour in the legal profession, a correspondent suggests that all *standing* counsels shall be entitled to a *seat* in Parliament without opposition.

#### TO BAND MASTERS.

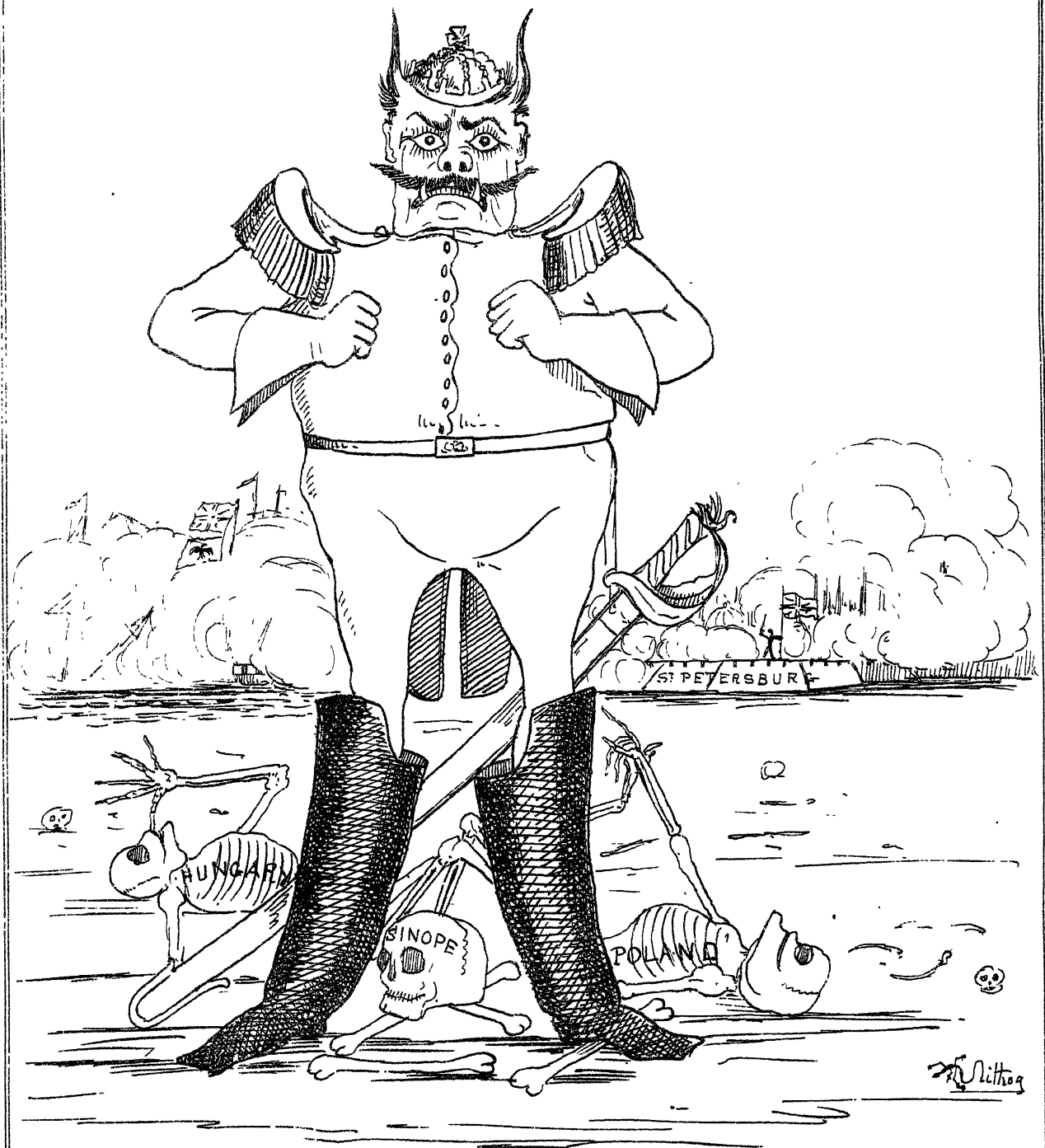
WHAT musical instrument would you expect a French ram to produce?

*French Horns!*

#### WAYWARD.

WHY do the Natives desire to see the roads improved?  
Because they have seen the error of their ways.

# THE MODERN GIANT BLUNDERBORE.



"FEE, FAW, FO FUM! I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!!!"

(True, oh Ogre! and when his blood is up, a very nasty sort of Customer you will find him.)



**THE GOVERNOR GENERAL ABOUT TO LEAVE HIS "POST."**



"ACCORDING TO GENERAL RUMOUR THE MOST NOBLE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL WILL SHORTLY PROCEED," &c.  
&c. &c.—*Vide Indian Press.*





THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

AUGUST 1, 1854.

[NO. VIII.]

"OUR SENIOR PARTNER."



TO THE  
RAILWAY STATION



"THIS IS A MIXTURE, THE FAVOURITE DRINK OF THE HIGH MANDARINS OF CHINA, THE PROPORTIONS WERE IMPARTED TO MR. D. WILSON (*our* MR. D. WILSON) IN 1843, BY HIS VALUED FRIEND CHINAM, &c. &c."

"WE COMMUNICATED TO *our* SENIOR MR. D. WILSON, (*our* AGENT IN LONDON,) THE GROWING IMPORTANCE OF THIS ARTICLE, &c. . . . . MR. WILSON IMMEDIATELY PROCEEDED TO THE CONTINENT, AND VISITED ALL THE PRINCIPAL MANUFACTURES OF MEERCHAUMS IN GERMANY, AND HE ADVISES US, &c. &c. &c.—*Vide Wilson and Co.'s Monthly Advertiser.*

CALCUTTA ADVERTISERS.

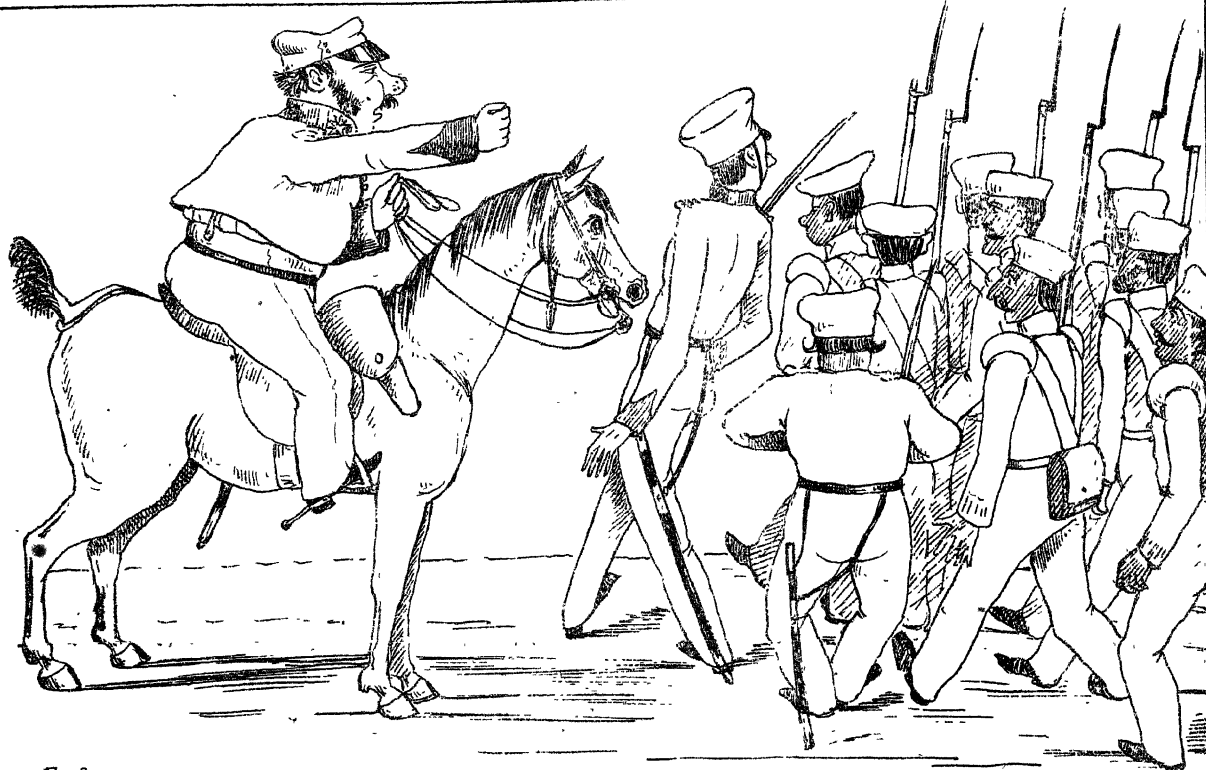
Our attention has lately been drawn to the advertising circulars put forth by some of the Calcutta trades-people, and forwarded by them bearing postage to people—their friends and customers as they are called—in these provinces. The circulars are neatly got up affairs, in blue covers, profusely illustrated, especially the T. and Tobacco department; and considering their weight, the reading is extremely light and full of detail. For instance we may read of how "*our* Mr. De Wilsone", feeling assured that nothing on earth is so delicious as a lobster salad, when the fish can be obtained fresh, immediately jumped into an Express Train, and started off for the sea-side, where he ordered half a dozen skiffs to be put to sea, and personally superintending their capture, he directed

several thousand of the finest lobsters to be hermetically sealed and forthwith packed and sent out to his Calcutta partners for the benefit of their friends and customers. Thence this restless merchant went across country to Burnham river, and there, regardless of expense, bought up all the natives (oysters we mean) and having hermetically sealed them with his own hand and seal sent *them* also to India, Mr. De Wilsone then, it seems, took breath, but he was not long idle, for his Calcutta friends pointed out to him in their next Overland despatch the growing importance of smoking pipes, and it occurred to the indefatigable *merchant* that he ought to be a judge of *merschaum*; so off he started to Germany for the purpose of buying up all the available pipes! We next expect to hear that this active man has gone to Constantinople, in order to secure a good supply of amber mouth pieces and cherry sticks: as he could also kill two birds with

one stone, for there is no end of *lobsters* too just now in that locality.

But this is not all that Mr. De Wilsone condescends to do. We find him described as tasting the new hop beverage the "screaming hop champagne," in order to test its qualities compared with pale ale; we find him figuring away à la Sir Walter Raleigh—in one of the numerous illustrations) his servant deluging him with

*aqua pura*. And again he is represented sitting surrounded by all the luxury and comfort of home, asking "what is equal to a good cigar?" Apropos to this we would ask what is equal to a good puff—and if this "article" be taken as one, we shall be glad to receive from the Calcutta firm an acknowledgment in the shape of anything solid or fluid for the comfort of the inner man, for *Punch* after all is but mortal.



*Nothing*

*Martinet Major, logr:—"SEEDY JEW! SEEDY JEW!! KYKO KISSWASTY BUCKRY MORFICK!!! OH CRAB CRAB!!!!*

#### EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

JOHN HIGHAM, farmer of Greenhithe, Kent, at the age of 24, married Barbara, daughter of William Raikes, of Chelmsford, Grocer, by whom he had issue, one son, named Roger, who was born in the year 1720, when his father was 25 years of age. In 1743, the said Roger married, and had issue one daughter born in February 1744; this daughter, Alice by name, married in 1760, a man of the name of Ferris, by whom she had a son Jeremiah, born in 1761. In the year 1768, old John Higham, then 73 years old, married a second wife, Jemima, daughter of James Higginson, she was 15 years of age at the time of her marriage, old John Higham died in 1775, aged 80 years, and in

1783, his great grandson Jeremiah took to wife his widow Jemima, who was then 30 years of age.

James Higginson's wife's grand father, Peter Mogg by name, married four times, the last being in the year 1778, he being at the time 77 years of age, and his bride Joanna 16. Peter Mogg died in 1790, and in 1792, Jeremiah Higham's *wife-and-great grand mother*, Jemima also died, and in 1794 the said Jeremiah took to wife Joanna, widow of the late Peter Mogg, who was *great grand father* to Jemima, his late *great grand mother-and-wife*, the said Jeremiah being 33 and Joanna 32 years old at the wedding, this Jeremiah Higham married his *great grandmother*, and his *great great great grandmother* successively, and the latter was the youngest of the two, and moreover younger than himself.

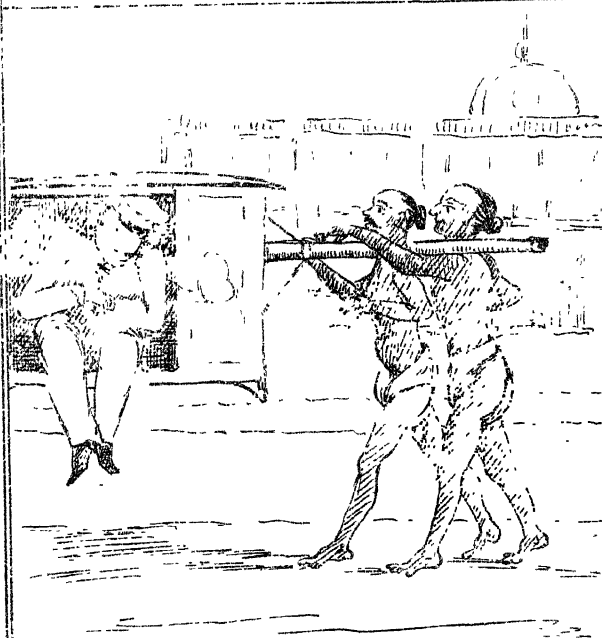
# THE ADVENTURES OF ENSIGN GRIFF.



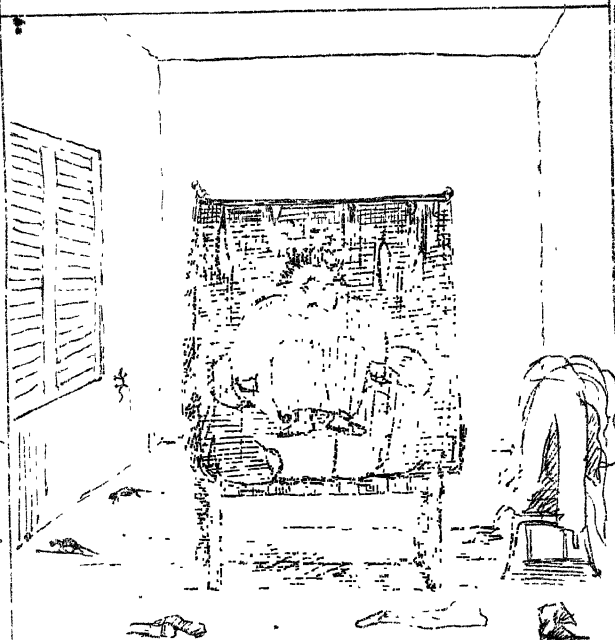
I.  
HE LANDETH IN CALCUTTA.



III.  
HIS FIRST GLASS OF WINE. HE PRONOUNCETH THE  
AMONTILADO AS STRONG AS BRANDY!"



II.  
HE PROCEEDETH IN A PALKEE TO DINE AT A MESS.



IV.  
HE WONDERETH HOW THE MUSQUITOES FIND  
THEIR WAY IN.



## SOCIETY IN INDIA.

PERSONS reading this superscription will, I have no doubt, marvel much, and will say what has this old gentleman to tell us about a thing that we know so well ; what can he add with his feeble old pen to the volumes that have been written respecting society in India. I humbly bow myself to the ground, and acknowledge that your remarks are just ; I confess I have few novel remarks to make, I confess that I am an old fogey, and inclined to be garrulous, but at the same time claim your indulgence, and the orchestra having finished the overture, I ring the call-bell and draw up the curtain and disclose *Ladies' Society in India.*

*Place aux Dames* has and ever will be, I hope, the motto of gentlemen at all times and in all places. Slow are we ever to pay off the score of gratitude we owe them for all their kindness to us where we are. In health they join in our pleasures and add a refinement to scenes which man alone could never impart. When ill and suffering with what care they attend to our every want, grudging no trouble and content with the small modicum of gratitude that cold-hearted man generally returns to them after they recover. I must be candid however, and I must therefore own that their influence is not so much felt here as at home.

In India ladies are more generally seen glittering on the Mall or in Ball Rooms than in their own homes, a few favoured individuals may have an opportunity of seeing them in their own houses, but generally speaking our knowledge of them is confined to what we see of them in society, and there they do not shine to so much advantage as their compatriots in England. They either appear afraid of saying too much or else care not *the least* what remarks they make. In England when a party is given the lady, whatever her rank may be, considers it her bounden duty to do what she can to amuse her guests : here it is quite the reverse : when the lady has ordered the dinner, seen that her drawing room is in order, and that no book is left in it to mar the picturesque neatness of it, she attires herself in her most becoming dress, and sits down with the happy consciousness that she has done all that she ought to do for the amusement of her guests. Of course this rule has many exceptions, but they most commonly occur where the lady has had much experience at home, and has not come out fresh from a genteel (horrible word) boarding school. There are also exceptions in cases where the hostess has marriageable daughters, then it is truly amusing to see the strenuous efforts she makes to be ingratiating to her guests, at least to the elder portion of them whose large monthly salaries give them the right of aspiring to the hand of the fair Helen

or Ada, her lovely daughters. Alas ! in this country Cupid generally wears spectacles, and has a liver very much out of order, and the gay aspirants to conjugal felicity are often very *passée* old gentlemen with constitutions damaged from years of hot cutcherries and hot curries ; or else they are gay Captains in Queen's Regiments ; or men holding good staff appointments, who very often love or feign to love, and then quickly "ride away," leaving the fair lady to bear her disappointment as best she may ; however I am happy to say her grief only lasts a short time, her broken (as she imagined it to be) heart is speedily healed, and no scar is left to tell the sad tale, a new flirtation is quickly got up, and the last fickle deceiver is forgotten. In India the introduction, courtship, proposal, and marriage take about three weeks ; drawing up settlements is little needed when the bride's dowry consists of her wedding dress and a horse given her by her dear Papa ; indeed I have heard of instances where the bridegroom elect had, instead of receiving a dowry, to pay off his future Father-in-Law's debts ; but this story I am sure must be the shameful fabrication of some ill-conditioned gentleman, therefore I put no faith in it. And now I must end this, but I must add a few parting words.

As long as young ladies will wed for money and not for love ; as long as parties are given by manœuvring Mamas for the purpose of getting the said daughters advantageously settled in life ; as long as people are formal and stiff, instead of being easy and natural, so long will society in India be a thing to be avoided instead of being a pleasure as it ought to be.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1854.

## ANECDOTE OF SELWYN.

GEORGE SELWYN was one day in a coffee house, where a gentleman was describing the little peculiarities of the rather notorious Duchess of G——n, who was in the habit of drinking a considerable quantity of Bottled Stout at Supper, and then finishing off with a glass of Gin. Well, says Selwyn, it is not after all so very wonderful a thing for a *flash of lightning* to follow *heavy wet!!!*

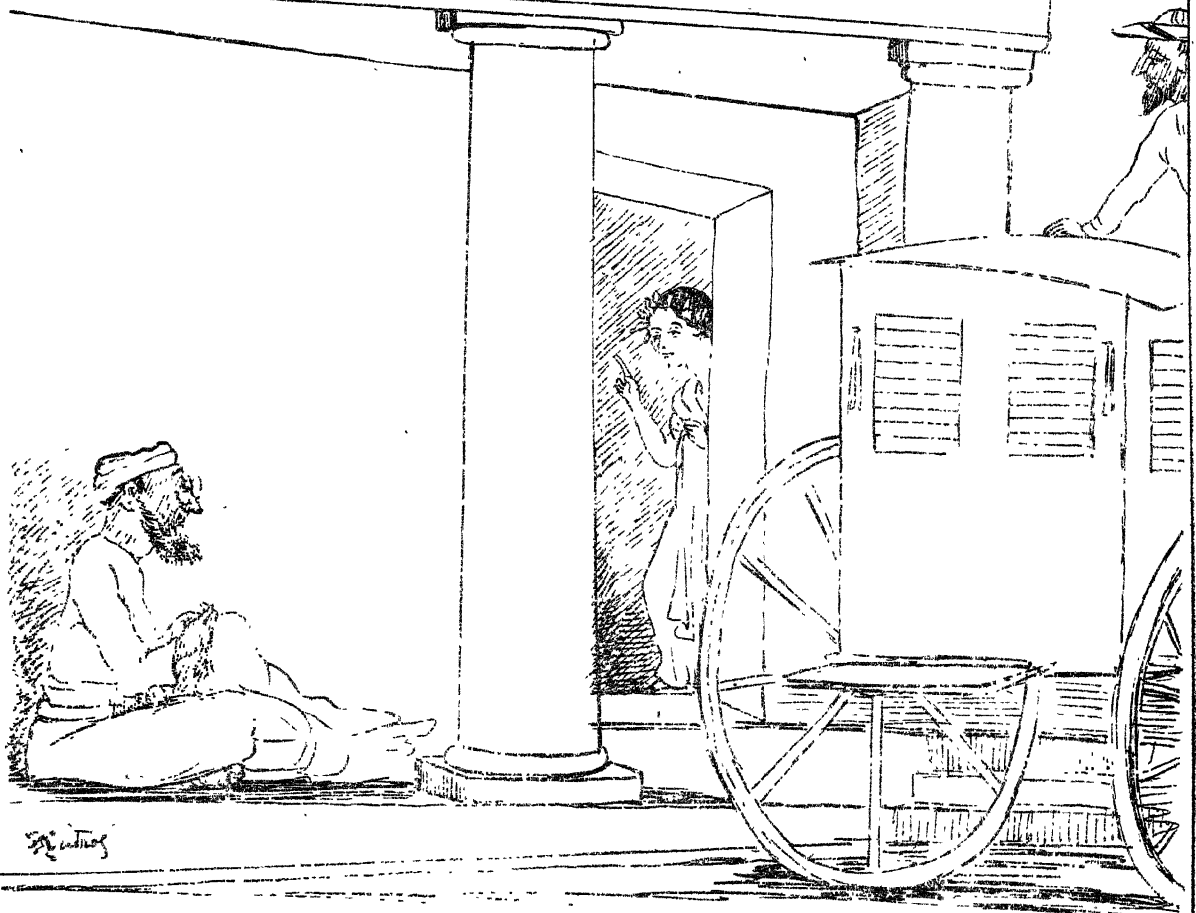
## TO MATHEMATICIANS.

In what case is a deficiency equivalent to a surplus ?  
In the case of a *lack* of rupees.

## TO FADDIES.

Are Irish Bulls quadrupeds ?  
No, they are *by pads*, (bipeds.)

## CONVENTIONAL FALLACIES.



"DURZEE, NOT AT HOME BOLO."

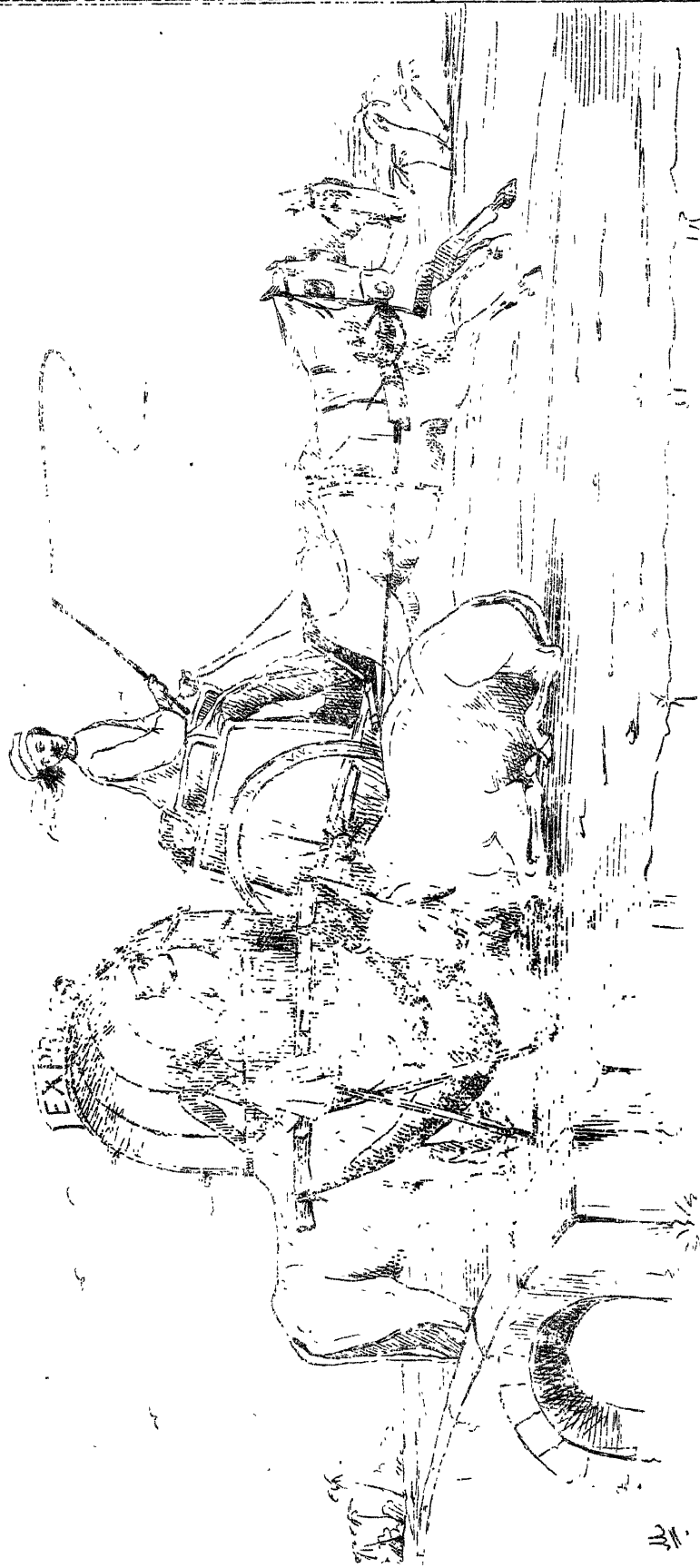
## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

Did you ever see a Real Woman? I mean, a creature pure in heart and spotless in mind, without a trace of selfishness or humbug about her; not one of your flashy fast girls that you fellows here in India make such a fuss about for want of knowing better, girls that talk slang and are *up* to every thing, and fancy themselves fashionable on the strength of being brazen.

I have no doubt you know many a first rate counterfeited, whom in your innocence you may take for the genuine article, but if there is a grain of spite, or envy, or meanness, or vanity, or ostentation, or disingenuousness, or servility, or insolence, or scheming, or love of perquisites, or readiness to sacrifice self-respect for worldly advantages in your female friend, she is but a clever imitation after all, and not the Real Woman that I mean, the light and life giver, best adornment and best blessing of the world.

I *did* know *one* Real Woman once, I can speak of her with calmness now, thanks be to heaven and time; but I can remember when I would not have dared to let her name pass my lips. It was so as long as she lived on earth, but she is an angel *now*, and the passionate love I bore her is exalted to veneration and no longer a painful feeling.

I knew her almost from a child, for her father was the Colonel of our Regiment, and she married one of our Officers; her husband, the scoundrel, plausible villain as he was when he won her heart, came out in his true colours soon after, when her father was dead, and he had no longer anything to hope or fear from him. He neglected her first of all. He was scarcely ever at home, and while she, poor thing, was straining every nerve to economize, in hopes of getting him out of his difficulties, for he was deeply involved, he was squandering every cowry he could obtain upon the lowest profligacy. He was openly unfaithful to her, and in



THE ONLY REASON WE CAN ASSIGN FOR THE CONSTANT DELAY OF THE BOMBAY EXPRESS.





his drunken fits the unmanly ruffian (I know it by only too good evidence, my own eyes) would even strike her. I put him in arrest for it once, and only let him off upon her entreaty and his solemn promise of amendment. It was a heart-breaking thing to see the poor girl, how altered she was since her marriage, it was not a long time, but it sufficed to work the change of years upon her. Aye more than years would have done unless they had been years of misery. At last he did the second best thing for her that he could do. He ran away, deserted her and the service together, and it was high time truly, for if he had remained to stand his Court Martial, he must have been transported. It was felony, Sir, and not one solitary offence either.

Well, he left her as I said, destitute of course, but we did not allow her to want, we all subscribed to send her home to England, where she said she had some relatives living; she received what she called our kindness with tears of gratitude, she was too noble-hearted, Sir, to make any hesitation about accepting it.

Well Sir, she went home, and it was some time before I saw her again; when I did so at last, it was on a visit which I paid to old England on sick certificate. I found her and an old Aunt living together, very poor they were, but they had got up a little school, and thus they contrived to keep their heads above water, *only just* though, for it was a *little* school in every sense of the word, very young children and very few of them, and those belonging to poor parents who could not afford to pay much for schooling. I think I see her now sitting with her sweet pale face among the dirty little vagabonds, and never losing her temper with them.

She had heard nothing of her ruffian of a husband since he deserted her, but about the time that my leave had nearly expired, she *did* hear of him in a way she did not expect. We saw his name, Sir, in the papers as having died in a state of great distress in an obscure village in Yorkshire. Bless her tender heart. She was superfluous enough to cry for him, of course you do not suppose that I did. To tell you the truth Sir, when I heard the news, I somehow began to look upon her in a different light. It struck me indeed that I was rapidly getting in love with her, which, upon my honor as a gentleman, I had never dreamed of before. Well Sir, she asked me to go down to the village where he died, and find out any thing I could about his last moments, and whether any body had been kind to him, and whether he had left any little debts for necessaries in his last illness, which she said she would not like to remain unsettled. So I went down and saw the village Doctor and the Parson of the parish. It was little they could tell me however, except that he was a great scamp, which I knew before, and that he

died very suddenly, of a putrid fever, as was reported, so that no one would go near him, except one man, an old chum of his, who disappeared the day after the funeral, just in time, as it happened, for the very next day the thief catchers came to take up the pair of them for a burglary. They showed me the place where they had buried him, and I had a stone put over it to mark the spot.

Well Sir, it was a long time before I could muster up courage to speak to her of my own pretensions. I got an extension of leave, and kept on dangling and dangling for a long while, till at last I made a bold effort and asked her to become my wife. She did not refuse me Sir. She said, if I could be content with the wreck of a heart, I had her's, but she insisted upon waiting a decent time before the ceremony took place, which if I *could* have found any fault in her, I was inclined to think over-delicacy, considering the circumstances.

But her feminine instinct guided her rightly after all; yes, it was most fortunate that the delay was insisted on, for only two days before the day appointed for our union, she received a letter. Yes Sir, a letter from her husband! It was written from America, where he wished her to rejoin him, and it enclosed a draft for £100 to enable her to do so. The draft staggered me, or I would have set down the whole affair as a heartless hoax.

By my advice she sent an advertisement to be published in the Yankee papers, calling on the person who had written a letter enclosing such a draft on such a day to explain the mystery connected with the affair, if he wished any further attention paid to his communication.

Well Sir, almost by the next mail, she got another letter. He said that his death had been a trick to avoid capture; that he and his chum had managed the matter, and that he himself, in a wig and false beard had helped to lay his own coffin in the grave.

Himself and chum had levanted the same night, and he had found his way to California, where fortune had favoured him, and he had realised a comfortable independence; he wound up with protestations of amendment, and a little love and tenderness, (d —— him) to beguile his poor wife.

Sir, I was almost crazy. I rushed down to the village in Yorkshire. I had up the coffin. By —— Sir, it was full of stones, and the scoundrel's story was true after all!

Well, it was all up with *me* of course, and with her too, poor thing, for she insisted upon going out to him. It was her duty she said, and she might be the means of reclaiming him. So, Sir, there was

no help for it ; we parted, she went West and I came East, and I never set eyes on her again. I never even heard how the scoundrel treated her, but I am sure it was badly, for if she could with truth have told me of any thing but misery, I am very certain she would have written and made the most of it. But she never did Sir, during the brief remainder of her life, and the inference to my mind is only too plain.

## INDO-ENGLISH—SPECIMEN I.



THE DRILL HAVILDAR EXERCISETH IN THE SWORD EXERCISE.—“PUFFORM ATTACK ON DE FRENCH, CAT AND GOAT CONFINED.—Vite Sheep, Lep Sheep, &c.

### SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF “INDIAN LIFE”—No. I.

*Colonel Grambag's Office. Time :—Orderly Hour. The Colonel discovered walking up and down in a very disconsolate manner.*

*Colonel.*—It must be so. When a thing can't be helped  
It must be done. But how on earth to do it.  
I'm ..... jiggered if I know ! (*Scratches his head.*)  
It is no use ;

It's very much like knocking at the door  
When nobody's at home to answer you—

(*Apologetically.*)—I've held a staff appointment all my life,  
Learned am I in bullocks, cumlies, gram,  
And as for Arrack, I'm a very Whale ! (*with honest pride.*)

(*Mournfully.*)—But in these dreadful mysteries of drill,  
Marchings and countermarchings, columns, files,  
And worst of all, those dreadful bugle sounds ;  
I'm like a boy when first he goes to school,  
And hopeless stares at an addition sum  
And cannot add it up, and sits and snivels !!

(*Despondingly.*)

ENTERS THE ADJUTANT.

*Adjutant.*—Good morning, Colonel.

*Colonel (all the Commanding Officer awakening in his soul)—*  
Don't “good morning” me!

Sir, I'm displeased with you, I hoped to find  
My Regimental staff zealous and smart,  
Active, alert and up to every thing !

*Adjutant.*—Will you oblige me sir, by pointing out  
How I've offended ?

*Colonel (in righteous indignation.)*—What the D — 1 Sir!  
Was not there an infernal mess this morning?  
Did I not get the Regiment in a club?  
Did not the Brigadier find fault with me  
And wig me on Parade? Did not the men  
Each with a grin upon his ugly phiz  
Whisper in Hindoostanee through the ranks  
“What a confounded muff our Colonel is?”

*Adjutant (in the tone of injured innocence.)*—Sir, 'twas no fault  
of mine!

*Colonel (magisterially.)*—No fault of yours !!!  
Why, don't you know it's your especial duty  
To teach me mine, when I don't know it, Sir?

*Adjutant (humbly.)*—I will remember, Sir, henceforth to do so.

*Colonel.*—Oh very good, Sir ; you're a first rate man,  
Excellent officer ; I shall be glad  
Some few years hence, if I can do without you,  
To recommend you for the General Staff.  
But now to business. Have you any thing  
For me to-day?

*Adjutant.*—

Why, yes Sir, here's a man

With a complaint to make.



FANCY PORTRAIT—COLONEL COURTLEY.



Colonel.—

Bolo Sepahee.

Sepoy.—Hoozoor ka hookum hoe to, gholam Urruz karega.

Colonel.—*Very good, get on.*

Sepoy (*after an attempt at a preamble, including history of self and family from great grandfather downwards, judiciously nipped in the bud by the Adjutant.*)

Hamarree Company ka Soobadar

Hamarree mah ko gallee deea hye.

Colonel (*inconsiderately.*)—Well, go and punch his head.

Sepoy.—Jo hookum Sahib, (*about to depart.*)

Adjutant (*agitated.*)—Stop, stop, for goodness sake, Colonel I beg—

Colonel (*slightly flabbergasted.*)—Why, what's the matter now?

Adjutant (*energetically.*)—A Soobadar!

An officer!! commissioned!!! treated like

A gentleman!!!! Equivalent to a Captain

Save only in complexion and in pay!!!!

Fancy the downfal of all discipline!

The frightful anarchy, should private soldiers

Punch the Equivalent-to-a-Captain's head!!!

Colonel (*much shocked.*)—What's to be done?

Adjutant (*confidentially.*)—Oh say you'll see about it,

And if he grumbles, take occasion thence

To put him in the guard for disrespect!

Colonel.—Soono sepoy, hum ooske atraff dekhengé.

Adjutant (*hastily to sepoy.*)—Atcha, bus, jao.

Sepoy (*reluctantly.*)—Ap ne furmayé thé

Hamarree bab men Punch ka hookum hoga.

Colonel (*eagerly "taking occasion."*)—Mutinous dog!

Adjutant (*interrupting rapturously.*)—By Jove, that's just the ticket!

He understood your "Punh" as a Punchayet,

Make it a case of caste, call a Punchayet,

You'll save your credit, satisfy the man,

And have a chance perhaps of doing justice!!!



OUR ECCENTRIC COLONEL WISHES TO ADDRESS THE SON OF THE NAWAB OF HORRIDLYBAD, BY THE ENDEARING TITLE OF "YOUNG SHAVER"—SO HE SAYS—"IDHUR AO CHOTA HAJJAM!!!"

(Exit Scion of Royalty in a rage.)

A BAD 'UN.

THE *Delhi Gazette* says that some one has proposed to change the name of Roorkee into Cautleyabad. We think this would be a bad ending indeed. We hope Colonel Cautley will never come to such a bad end.

## ORTHODOX PRINCIPLES.

TUNE.—"Oh poor Robinson Crusæ.

If a man has a taste,

Time and paper to waste,

In pointing out social disorders,

On religion or trade,

Be his talents displayed,

But he must not quiz General Orders!

Oh the General Orders!

Infallible General Orders!!

What vengeance too bad

Can be heaped on the lad

Who shall dare to quiz General Orders!!!

It's a positive fact,

That a man may be cracked

Not far from insanity's borders,

Yet whate'er he may write

Is infallible quite

If embodied in General Orders!

Oh the General Orders!

Impeccable General Orders!!

Farce of every sort,

E'en the gates of Somnaut,

Become hallowed in General Orders!!!

There are subjects enough,

Of good innocent stuff,

Of which we may be the recorders.

Races, Dinners and Balls,

Bonnets, Tippets and Shawls

Without trenching on General Orders!

Oh the General Orders!

Impeccable General Orders!!

Milk and water you may,

But don't dare to essay

The pure brandy of General Orders!!!

Safe from every attack,

Each political quack,

The state kettle who tinkers and sawders,

Measures foolish or crude

Are from cavil tabooed,

If appearing in General Orders!

Oh the General Orders!

Impeccable General Orders!!

Even grammar itself

May be laid on the shelf,

'Tis superfluous in General Orders!!!

What to him shall be done,

Who presumes to poke fun,

At our gubernatorial Bahauders!

Transportation or jail,

Are too mild to entail,

On the joker at General Orders,

Oh the General Orders!

Infallible General Orders!!

Nothing short of Jack Ketch

Is enough for the wretch

Who shall dare to quiz General Orders!!!

TO FLORISTS.

WHAT flower is most like a Chuprassee.  
Peony!

## THE INVALID INQUISITION.

CERTAIN of our Medical Correspondents, whose confidence shall of course be respected, have favoured us with a few particulars of the late enquiries into the condition of the officers on the Invalid Establishment. We are sorry to perceive that in very few cases do the efforts of these gallant veterans appear likely to realize the hopes they must all entertain, of re-entering the active service of a country which pays them so well. There is no army on the Continent so well paid as the English, but the Company's officers get about three times as much pay as their brethren at Home, and we suspect there are few of them who would not earn their pay—if they could. We fear, however, that at the recent examination, but few of the Invalid officers can have "passed" for active employment. However, let us no longer detain the reader: from our extracts he will be able to judge for himself. Of course we suppress names.

M—j—r S. gave the Ranz des Vaches very effectively. He stood the stethoscope like a man, and offered to take a bull by the horns with any member of the Committee. He attributed the little strength he might enjoy to the climate of the hills, and the purity of the milk and butter afforded by his Dairy-Farm. Would be happy to supply any gentleman during his stay in the Hills. Hoped on their parts they would yield a plentiful share of the milk of human kindness.

M—j—r B. was but so so. Had been up late at a ball the night before. Had smoked a cheroot at second supper. Well—might have tasted the lobster salad. Certainly had a hand in making one. Generally had when he was one at a party. Flattered himself he could make a grill. Rather. Not in the plains. Oh no: was sure he could not touch such things. Once tried to live in the plains for a month in the cold weather. Was too much for him.

C—pt—n D. L. R. Had never gone by the name of Dilson Lane Rigson. Never took MUM. Did not know what its ingredients were. Did not mind climate. Rather preferred heat. Capable of active service? Should think so. Specimen of his powers in any way most agreeable to his habits? Certainly. What did the Committee think of that? Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt would have been pleased, he flattered himself. Fine healthy critics those—Ah!

On returning to H—ghl—y  
(After a visit to England.)

White stuccoed streets, snug rooms, and attics high,  
And theatres, and calm æsthetic teas,  
With literary children on one's knees,  
And literary parents' well-pleased eye,  
Charmed me of late, till stern Time bade me fly,  
Till, sadly heaving o'er the heaving

I fed the fish from my heart's agonies !  
Up raised from depths on land so still that lie  
Within one's inner man ! Yet I behold  
This swinking city on the Ditch's shore  
With satisfaction ; here, if less of gold,  
Is more of silver, here I stood of yore  
With William Jones, and Hastings on the shore,  
I almost think I must be growing old !

[It is perhaps needless to say that the Committee were no less moved by the prodigious instance of longevity evinced by these lines than by the evident debility and exhaustion they exhibited. It was at once unanimously determined that here, at last, was no case for harsh measures. A snug literary provision, if possible at home, was the only thing to be thought of.]

C—pt—n M would also have been examined, but his absence on sick certificate prevented it. A letter was however read before the Committee, from which it appeared that he had attained great distinction in England by his practical knowledge of Military matters, no less than for his spirited delivery of "the Englishman," a song just now in great vogue. This Officer will probably pass.

M—j—r F. A. would also be examined—if any one knew where he was to be found. Application was made to the Presidency Pay Master, but all that Officer knew was that the gallant absentee's pay was left for him under a stone on the road to —. But he did not feel justified in betraying a confidence of this nature, without the Governor General's orders. No point of honour could stand against that.

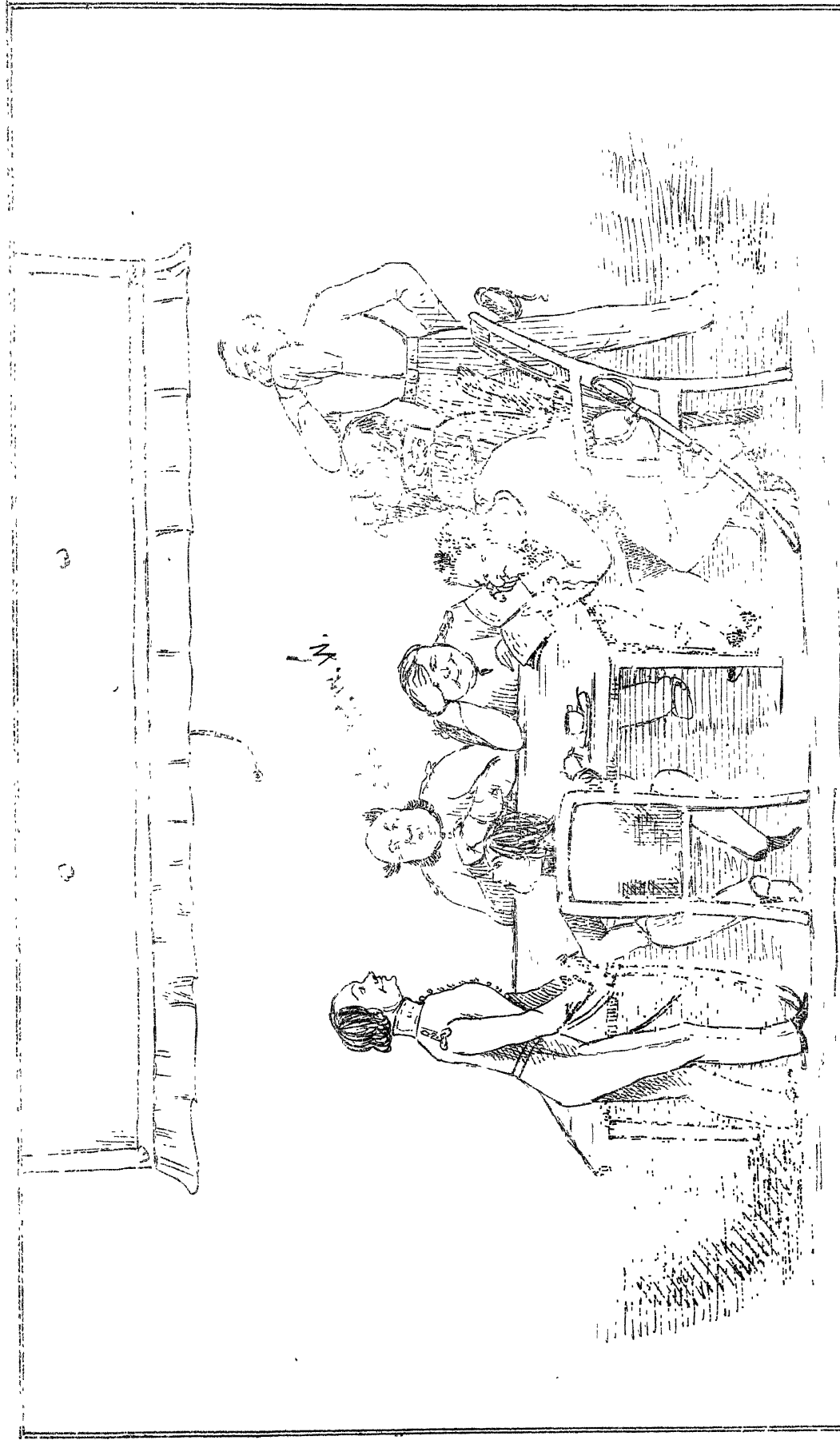
As we said before, our readers will see from these reports—selected at random from a mass of similar matter—how needlessly harsh the enquiries in question have been. Why on earth should men be interrupted in such innocent pursuits as poetry, banking, or keeping of cows, for the barbarous and blood-thirsty practices of war? If one could fancy Arcadia, with Pactolus literally "turned on," suddenly converted into the plains of Germany during the thirty years' war, we could perhaps form a faint idea of what it would be to turn these gracefully wielded steel pens and plough-shares into nasty Regulation swords.

" ——— It is great pity, so it is  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow hath destroyed  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns  
We would ourselves have been a soldier."

## CROSS READINGS.

FROM the amount of crosses continually distributed by the Czar to his victorious (?) troops, we imagine that all our attempts to subdue him will be in vain, as he must be too well accustomed to crosses to feel their influence or at least to own it. It is very certain that Nicholas understands the game of cross purposes.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ENSIGN PUMPKIN'S LUCID NOTIONS UPON MILITARY LAW AFTER MUGGING FOR THE INSPECTION.

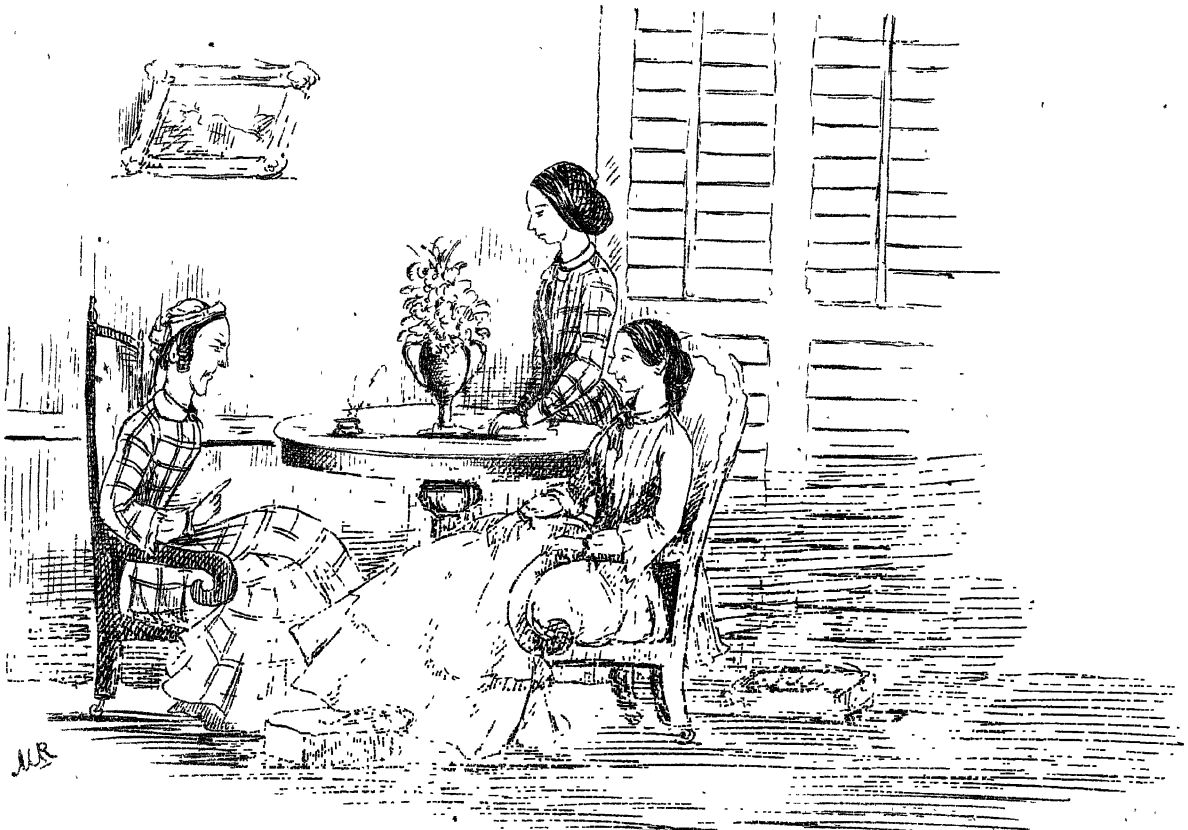


Colonel Buzzy.—"Now then, Mr. Pumpkin—what are the powers of a Regimental Court Martial?"  
Ensign Pumpkin.—"Death, Transportation, and Imprisonment for Life—and for Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers Corporal Punishment to the extent of two-thirds of his pay, and to be branded on the left side under the armpit with the letter D!"





## CALCUTTA.

*(Behind the Scenes.)*

*Speculating Mama, (with marriageable daughters.)*—"How STUPID YOU WERE LOUISA LAST NIGHT, WASTING THE WHOLE EVENING ON THAT ENSIGN BINKS FROM BARRACKPORE."

*Louisa.*—"WELL, I'M SURE MAMA, IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF THESE MILITARY WILL DRESS IN MUFTI—HOW *are* WE TO KNOW THEM FROM CIVILIANS?"

## OUR PUNS.

As SOME of our philanthropic Contemporaries have from time to time attempted to interrupt our course of punning, and endeavoured to sneer down our efforts to afford amusement, we recommend the following, extracted from a late number of the *London Punch* to their especial notice. :—

**IMPERIAL RIDDLE.**—Why is the Emperor of Russia like the sphinx ?—Because he is a fabulous being.

**HOSPITAL FOR BAD JOKES.**—We have opened a hospital for bad jokes, and here are two of the patients :—

**Seasonable intelligence.**—During the war it is intended to limit the British commerce with the Russians to taking their salt in exchange for our pepper.

*Jones his last and perhaps his worst.*—Why is the Emperor of Russia like the Panopticon ?—Because he is a Base Czar (bazaar.)

**MILITARY MEN.**—The effect of strapping does not appear to be to render the English soldier a sharper blade than the French.

If our "keyind friends" sift the above through the finest seive, we do not think a single grain of wit will be found ; they do not even possess the merit our's possess, of being so bad as to be good !

## COMMERCIAL.

WHY is the art of Navigation hostile to commerce ?

Because it teaches men to suspend *sales* and run down the *Trades*.

## QUERY.

Does the prohibition to marry an Uncle render a woman's union with a Pawnbroker illegal ?

### "CONCORDIA DISCORDS."—No. II.

THE appointment of Interpreter and Quarter Master is one that a person is never *booked* for till he has passed in the languages ; but what is very extraordinary, (and we would fancy such to be impossible during any kind of examination) a man must commence to read ("reed") the very instant he begins to write. The duties of an Interpreter and Quarter Master are multifarious! he has to go through the "*lines*" of his corps twice a week, and generally all the streets in them are all "*crooked*." The Quarter Master is also like a piece of heavy ordnance, *i. e.* he must be capable of making "*breaches*" (breaches,) the very *thought* of which makes a man "*pant*," and (like after any dreadful exertion) gives one a painful "*stitch*" in the side—all this too we may say is "*needless*" work imposed on a man; however as so many accept the situation with avidity, it must be taken for granted that they care not a *pin* for all the trouble. Every man is not *fit* for the appointment, so those who do not get it are perhaps not *cut out* for it, for reasons which it would be breaking the *thread* of this discourse to elucidate. Those who are at present *looking out* for it need not care a *button*, but simply console themselves with the hope that the present Interpreter may soon be *sowed up* or grown old in the service, and when infirmity makes him *reel*, and he is completely "*tucked up*," their turn will arrive or come "*round*," \* when all hopes (as regards the *other* doing so\*) are at an end. This may seem (*seem*) like holding out very distant hopes, so those who are expecting the appointment must not at present live extravagantly, but only *cut* their *coats* according to their *cloth*. The Quarter Master is not required to be quite so inquisitive a person as an Adjutant, because he only carries *reports* once in seven days to the Comdg. Officer, consequently they are but of *feeble* importance, being nearly weekly (*weakly*) ones. This is however but one of the many *trials* of a Quarter Master, he is bound to be present at all the *Courts* in the regiment, and thus he gets an insight into all the *love* affairs of the men, some of which are *highly* disagreeable, when the parties concerned are *low* caste individuals. Having the management of the Magazine, he is expected to carry all the *arms* of the regiment at his *fingers ends*, consequently he is an excessively *powerful* personage!! and his *charge* being so *heavy* he is *himself* as terrible as a complete corps when rushing upon an enemy. In some of the *large* stations the poor Quarter Master's appointment is a very *ser-vile* one, and *small*, as he has the *filth* cart made *over* to him, this to a man of *understanding* and

*penetration* is *highly* offensive; he must not however always allow himself to be "*led by the nose*" in these *matters*, because a proper remonstrance on his part may prove to the Brigadier that such could be better superintended by a Master General than a gentleman. It is not considered the least use to an interpreter to read a single Hindostanee book after he has once passed, because they are often said to *fill* the appointment *well* even though they may have *dropped* study for years, the reason for many doing this is because they are afraid of getting *water* in the brain. Some studying men, we know, have had such good *foresight* as to make people believe that they have become *blind* from great *reading*, this is perhaps an excellent gift as it makes folks suppose you are more learned than you really are; take care, however, when you wear the *spectacles* that you do not yourself become a *show*, as you undoubtedly will if you look *over* instead of *through* your *glasses*. If you want further to humbug folks into the idea that you are a clever fellow, or a most *knowing* *shaver*, just shave your head, this will give you the appearance of having a good *forehead*, if you are even entirely devoid of any penetration or *foresight* whatever. The Quarter Master has to see that the *Butts* of the corps are kept in *proper order*, which is rather a disagreeable duty, as the poor fellows, who are bullied, are quite teased enough without this extra annoyance. In taking the official reports from the Tindull (of the number of bails picked out of the *practice butts*) he must see that the *bullet-ins* of that individual are correct, and to be relied on; if not, he may be often *led* (lead) into error, such a *bull* on his part will take many *bull's-eyes* to make up his loss, and he will not find it out till he *catches* the said individual at the end of the *year* (ear,) when he *closes* his accounts as we have done this exhortation.

#### FISHY.

When is a fisherman best fit to *die*?  
When he's *Cotchin eel*!

#### SHOCKING!

Why is a violin at a tavern like an unbeliever?  
Because it is an Inn fiddle.

#### A GOOD REASON.

What fault did Miss Highflyer find in Lieutenant Worthington that she gave him his jawab?  
"Oh, his offence was *Rank*."

#### TO MARINERS.

When are ships just leaving port like ships coming back again?  
When they have completed their crews (cruise.).

#### SCHOLASTIC.

Who was the most polite of all the Latin authors?  
Quintus Courteous.

# THE PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM (WITHOUT THE PANTS)



*W. H. W.*

*Miss Simcox, (laqr.)—I've engaged PARTNERS, FOR MOST OF THE DANCES, AND HAVE ONLY A FEW TO MAKE UP MY BOOK, SO CAPTAIN TOMKINSON, I'LL RETAIN YOU FOR THE 10TH AND 19TH POLKAS, AND I MUST BOOK YOU ENSIGN SMALLPORK FOR THE TEMPETE.*  
*Ensign Smallpork.*—PLEASE ME WITH THIMCOCKTH, I CAN'T, FOR MITHE THITHLETHWAITE ATHKED ME FIRTHT.  
*Miss Simcox.*—Oh Bosh, NEVER you MIND, I'll ARRANGE MATTERS WITH THISTLETHWAIT.



## CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



THE DANCING DOCTOR,  
OR  
The Mercurial Pill.

## A QUESTIONABLE BOON.

WE observe in General Orders by the C.-in-C. that the European occupants of Hospitals have been permitted the indulgence of *chicks* to their quarters. We imagine that if the wishes of the soldiers had been consulted, they would rather have had some *new laid eggs*.

MESSRS. Atkinson and Company, the Calcutta Provisioners, advertise amongst other delicacies "Picked Tongues." This is either some mistake or a novelty. We have heard of people picking their teeth, and we confess to an occasional indulgence in the habit ourselves, albeit a bad habit, but we never remember to have picked our tongue.

## TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

A "private letter" in the *Daily News* affords the following extract:—

"Cha is popular amongst the men and officers of the fleet."

Had *cower* been the beverage we should not have been surprised, as it is *the* drink with the Turks, but to find that the Tars have taken to *Cha* does not, we think, argue well for their jollity.

## DU BARRY OF DU BARRY.

Oh have you heard the wondrous news,  
A blow to undertakers,  
How every one can now be cured,  
From Peers to simple quakers.

A panacea's been found out,  
Disease it's sure to parry,  
So send at once remittances  
To Barry of Du Barry!

At Seventy-seven Regent Street  
This Doctor's shop is seen,  
Devoid of all that quackery,  
In bottles, blue and green,

That in *each* Chemist's cunning eyes,  
Contain attraction greater;  
Than all the other sights forsooth  
Beheld by human "crater."

So if you suffer from the gout,  
The cholic, spleen or phthisic,  
Stop all your "rush" and send at once,  
For this "nepenthe" physie.

For biliousness, for love, or rash,  
For pains the most "electric,"  
Oh take a tin of Barry's food,  
You'll no more be "dyspeptic."

For scrofula, for vertigo,  
For liver, cramps, acetic,  
Oh take a dose of Barry's food  
It's really "dietetic."

For energy most muscular,  
Or nervous action wanted,  
Take—take a tin of Barry's food,  
With aches be no more haunted.

To shun disease at once, my friends,  
No longer with it tarry,  
Send off at once remittances,  
To Barry of Du Barry.

Then you who have not had the joy,  
Of being a happy eater,  
For recompense send 20 Tins,  
(Post paid) to Doctor ZETA.

## MUSICAL.

WHAT instrument did the ancient *Sack butt* most resemble!  
The *Bag pipe* to be sure!

## ASTRONOMICAL.

How do you account for the orbits of the Solar system not being perfectly regular!  
Because it is a plan it awry (planetary) system.

## ASTRONOMICAL QUERY.

By our own Cockney. Do not the shooting stars belong to the constellation of *Bootes*?

## A HINT TO GOVERNORS.



DID YOU EVER SEE A PIG SWIMMING AGAINST THE STREAM? AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS? YES, HE USUALLY CUTS HIS OWN THROAT. VERY GOOD, GO THOU AND DON'T DO LIKEWISE.

## ANIMALISM.

It can scarcely be denied that man is a being of strong animal propensities, when in every phase of his life analogy to some animal or other is so distinctly marked.

His very education begins with *A Bee See*, after which he comes to his *Cat-echism*, and thence to the Latin *grey mare*; about this time begin his discoveries with respect to the generation of fishes, for he finds that rods produce *Whales*.

As he grows up he has a great liking for a *lark*. At Oxford he learns all about papal *Bulls* and the proper *gander* society; he learns how the stubborn Athenians became *ducktile* under the laws of *Drake O*. Josephus teaches him concerning *Jew fights*, and in the history of the Reformation he becomes acquainted with the diet of *Worms* and the confession of *Hogs Bug*. Is he a Romanist? Then he hath a favour towards *Monkey ry*. If he be a Dissenter, the instruction he receives is always *insect arianism*. While if he is a Turk he call-eth his religion *his lamb*!

If he is a Lawyer he hunteth after the *great seal*. If a Doctor he practices *flea* botomy by virtue of his license. If a Parson he desireth not the loaves only, but also the fishes, especially such as are to be found in a Bishop's *Sea*. As a soldier he goes to bed with the *tattoo*, as a Sailor he *cats* the anchor and *fishes* the mast; As a Statesman he is fond of *plaice* and frequently *flounders*. As an M. P. he often bawls till he becomes

a little *horse*. If a Cobbler he attendeth to *soles*. If a Tailor he wieldeth his *goose*, and prepareth white *ducks* for dandyfied young *puppies*. On the Exchange he is either a *Bull* or a *Bear*, and at Capel Court too often a *stag*. If he is a Swindler, he aims at the *cash o'wary* birds, and if successful as a *cheater*, sometimes leaves not a bed to *lion*. As a Chemist he makes de *cocktions*, and as a Philosopher de *ducktions*, at which time if his mind be not *sluggish*, it has usually some queer *maggots* in it; talking of maggots indeed all men are partial to *grub*, which, when hungry, they will *swallow* greedily. Moreover to every gentleman the fair sex are *deer*, and every married lady very properly values *her ring*.

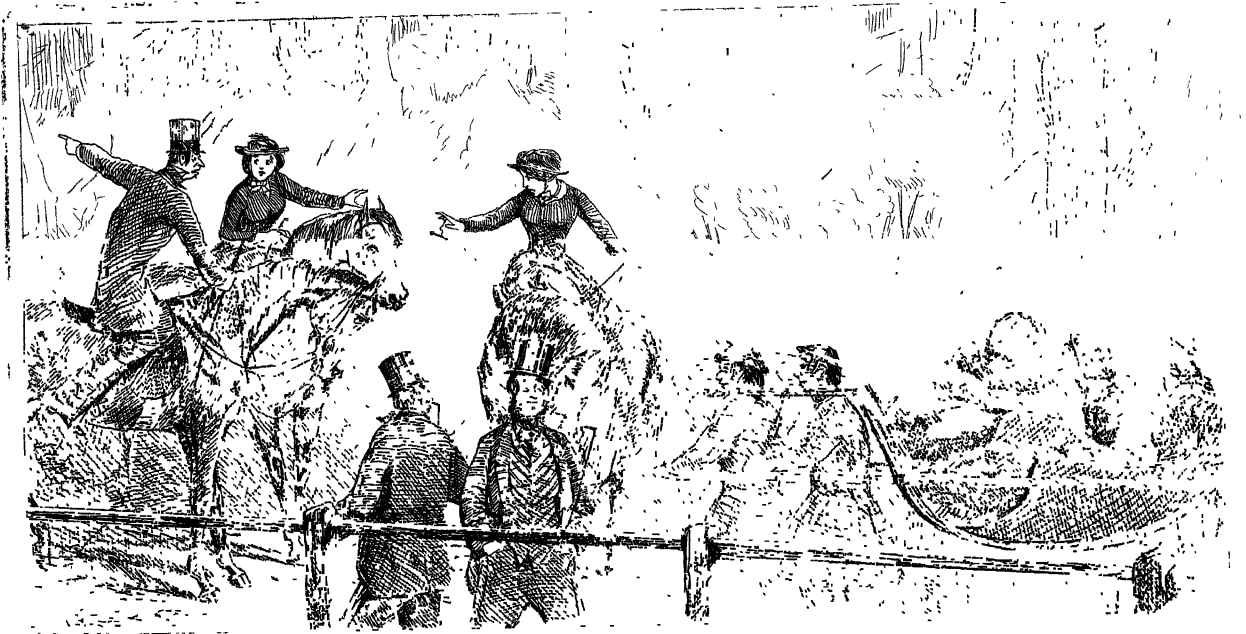
A man may be *doggedly* sullen, or *sheepish* in manner; he may be a *Sowdagir*, yet a great *Boar*, and though an *Ass*, he may be a *Mayor*. If a *bully* he is almost always a coward, and *quails* when his opponent gets *cocky*. He is sometimes *crabbed*, and necessarily *shell fish*, for he has *muscles* in his legs, *cockles* to his heart; sometimes *whelks* upon his nose, and whenever he lifts anything up he is of course a *hoister*. He may be *eagle* eyed and *hen* pecked; he may be ruined at *chicken* hazard, and have to sell his property by *Hawktion*. He may be either a *rook* or a *pigeon*; he may succeed by honest *hen* deavour or by a mere *crow*. To conclude, if he be an honest man he sympathizes strongly with *Turkey*, and will not *bear* that the *Bear* in his *bare* faced insolence should lay a paw upon it, for he knows well that iniquity and Russia are synonymous terms, or in other words, that mischief is *Bruin*.





# THE GLORIOUS FUN WE HAD AT SIMLA--(SEASON '54.)

No. I.—A LITTLE SCANDAL.



*Old Gent.*—I GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOR MISS JONES, I SAW THOMSON AND MRS. SMITH WALKING TOGETHER NOT FIVE MINUTES SINCE.

*Chorus of Ladies.* ———— OH! ———— OH! ———— SHAMEFUL!

*N. B.*—Party in the foreground thinks *HE* knows something about *THAT*.



No. II.—SUCH A JOLLY BALL.

## DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1854.

[NO. IX

**GARDENER'S CALENDAR FOR  
SEPTEMBER.**

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q. CUMBERS.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.

DID you ever know a *Funky* man? Of all the poor devils really and truly deserving of pity he is the most pitiable; I do not so much mean a *timid* man, who dreads physical dangers, he has seldom sufficient soul in him to be an object of sympathy, he is content with his personal safety, when he can get it, and is either not aware of his weakness, fancying himself a hero all the time, or else is proud of it and calls it prudence. No sir, I mean a moral coward, a man who funks against his own better knowledge, and is desperately ashamed of himself all the while. I repeat it sir, he is the most miserable specimen of humanity, as far as temperament can make a man miserable, that I know. He is aware of what is right, he resolves to stand by it to the last, but if he meets with the least opposition, if his notion of right be found in a minority, he funks so fearfully that he even fancies his right to be *wrong pro tem*. He has the misfortune of seeing clearly a path which he dare not follow. The slightest opposition, difficulty, want of sympathy, daunts him, and makes him unfaithful to his own convictions, he even loses sight of his convictions, they are eclipsed by his funk!

Poor Telfer of "Ours" was a fellow of this sort, he was a man of a clear head enough when he was perfectly cool and calm, but the slightest excitement upset him. He was a Roman Catholic when he first joined, but a rather energetic Missionary easily converted him; then he had a fit of illness and relapsed into his old faith; his recovery to good health and Protestantism were nearly simultaneous, but after all he died in the profession of his original creed, for the influence of its early terrors was too strong for his *convictions*.

Poor Telfer! I remember when he was making love to Miss Fawnsley. She was not worthy of him as I well knew, or indeed of any honest man as it turned out; but like an ass as I was, I did not like to interfere, or I might perhaps have prevented a good deal of misery. He might easily have been *warned off* at first, but she was a very lovely girl and Telfer soon became desperately smitten. When I saw that, I was still more

loth to meddle with the matter, for I knew him to be well fitted for domestic life, and though I had formed no very high opinion of the lady's character, I did not then guess the actual extent of her aberrations. I knew she was desperately extravagant, had a most triumphant contempt for decency and an avowed disregard of all principles. Her own pleasure and the convenience of the moment were all the rules she ever professed to be guided by—"Honest," you'll say, "at any rate." No, sir, by Jove, there is a style of hypocrisy that parades evil *in order that the world may think it is only parade!* The plan succeeded well. All the young chaps were in raptures with her. "Fine larkly girl," said they, "no humbug about her." They trusted her the more for what they thought her absence of pretension. "*She will never take you in,*" said these far-seeing men of the world: "*It's your still waters that run deep.*"

Well sir, poor Telfer was a long time balancing between his wishes and his fears, but as is usually the case when a man is spoony, Love blinded reason, and he did not begin to see clearly till he had proposed and been accepted. Then he felt himself in honor bound to persevere, and though he would have given worlds to have cried off, he did not do it for a long time. At last, however, he got seriously alarmed. She paid not the slightest regard to him; his wishes, his interests were nothing to her; she persisted in cultivating the acquaintance of people against whose character he had warned her; she flirted to a frightful extent with the very men of whom he was most jealous; self-will and self-gratification were her sole principles of conduct, and how far they might carry her it was hazardous to say. Poor Telfer little dreamed how far they *had* carried her already! Well sir, he plucked up a spirit at last, and told her, as they could not agree, it was better that the match should be broken off. To his unbounded surprise she refused! She insisted on his fulfilling his promise! and when he still repeated that they could never expect happiness in wedlock when they differed upon points of such vital interest, she actually humbled herself to intreat him! By Jove, sir, she made love to *him*! She wept too, real tears, for which she had always expressed such contempt!

Telfer was perfectly dumbfounded, it was so strange, so unwomanly, above all so unlike the pride and wilfulness of her own character, that he concluded she was gone mad, and having called assistance to her (for she had got up a fit of hysterics) he hastily left the house.

Miss Fawnsley was living with her sister who had married an Artillery Officer, and she tried hard to persuade her brother-in-law to take the matter up. He however declined; he was a man of a serious turn, and plainly told her that he disapproved of her conduct, she had brought her disappointment upon herself, and for his part he would have nothing to say to the matter.

Telfer however soon began to feel a difference in the manner of his friends towards him, the most distorted accounts had got abroad, no one seemed to know how, and he was universally judged to have acted shamefully, he tried hard to justify himself; it was hopeless. But an opportunity to discuss the subject he *did* get, through the kindness of a particular friend of his, a Captain of Light Cavalry, who threw himself in his way on purpose. The Captain at first seemed to wish to avoid argument, but seeing from Telfer's feverish eagerness to justify himself that he was beginning to have misgivings as to whether he had acted right; he at last took up the cudgels for the lady. He declared that nothing but folly or prejudice could see any harm in her, hinted at the cruelty of trifling with a girl's affections, said it was the general opinion that Telfer had acted most inhumanly towards her, and concluded by proclaiming with an oath that if he, (Telfer,) could find any sane man of his acquaintance who would say that he had done right, he (the Captain of Cavalry) would "eat his hat."

Telfer found all the people who were "thrown in his way" during the next week or so, of the same opinion, *i. e.* of the opinion at second hand of the Captain of Cavalry, who was a very influential man in the station. Telfer thought himself in a minority, of one, and he could not stand it. He wrote to Miss Fawnsley, confessing he had been in error, and requesting a renewal of acquaintance on the former terms. The return of the penitent was welcomed with a degree of warmth that at first nearly frightened him back again, but eventually tended to hasten the marriage, the lady being nothing loth, and the gentleman concluding with a sigh, that, as it was to be, it might as well be done quickly.

Well sir, it *was* done, and poor Telfer was *done* too, for he found his wife the mother of a remarkably fine boy within a preternaturally brief space after mar-

riage! An affair of this sort of course necessitated some investigations, and to cut a long story short, Telfer found by unmistakeable evidence, that he was indebted, not only for his wife, but for her first born also, to his obliging friend the Captain of Cavalry. The whole mystery of the lady's conduct was thus satisfactorily (or rather I should say, very unsatisfactorily) cleared up. Telfer called out the Cavalry man, but as the ordeal by battle does not always now-a-days "Schawe the Righte," the Captain escaped uninjured, and Telfer was carried home with a wound in his hip, from which he never recovered. He did not indeed die of the wound, but of a disease that originated therefrom. I don't know what became of the lady, and to say the truth, I do not much care; the Cavalry man would have nothing to say to her, and after two or three rather eccentric adventures she made her way to Europe, having got rather too extensively *blown* in this country to leave much chance of her making a hit here in any way.

### MARCH OF INTELLECT IN SINDE.



MOORAD ALI'S TATTEREE, NOT TO BE BEAT BY THE OTHER GENTLEMEN, TRIES A LITTLE "EQUITATION DRILL."

#### NAUTICAL.

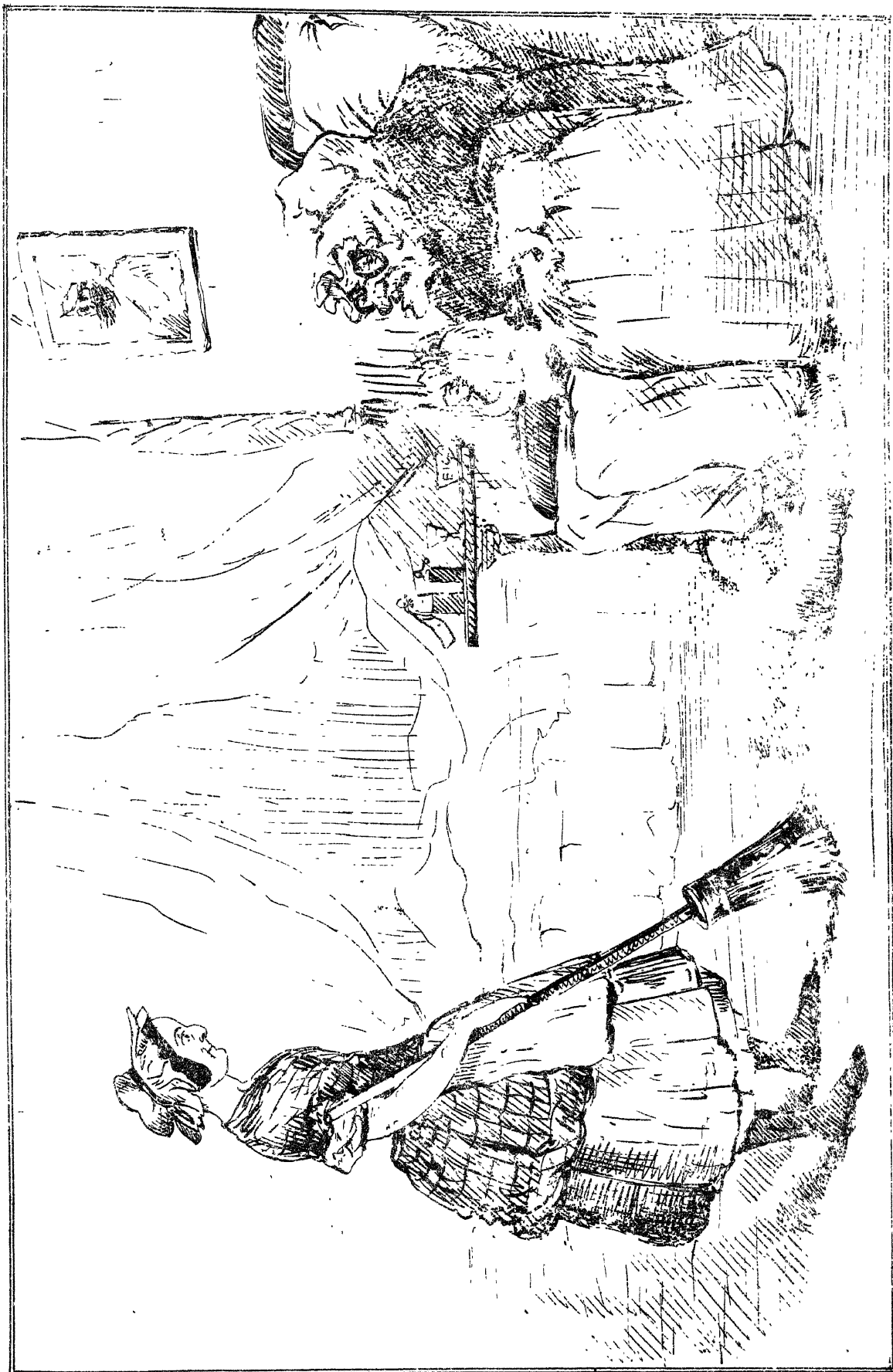
WHY is a ship laden with forage in a rotten condition?  
Because it's in a state of *deck hay*.

#### VERY LIKE A WHALE.

WHY was Jonah an incompetent person?  
Because he was in a fish in sea (inefficiency) himself!

#### MATTER OF FACT.

WHEN can a man say "Io Poean" without Idolatry?  
When he is indebted to his Chuprassee.

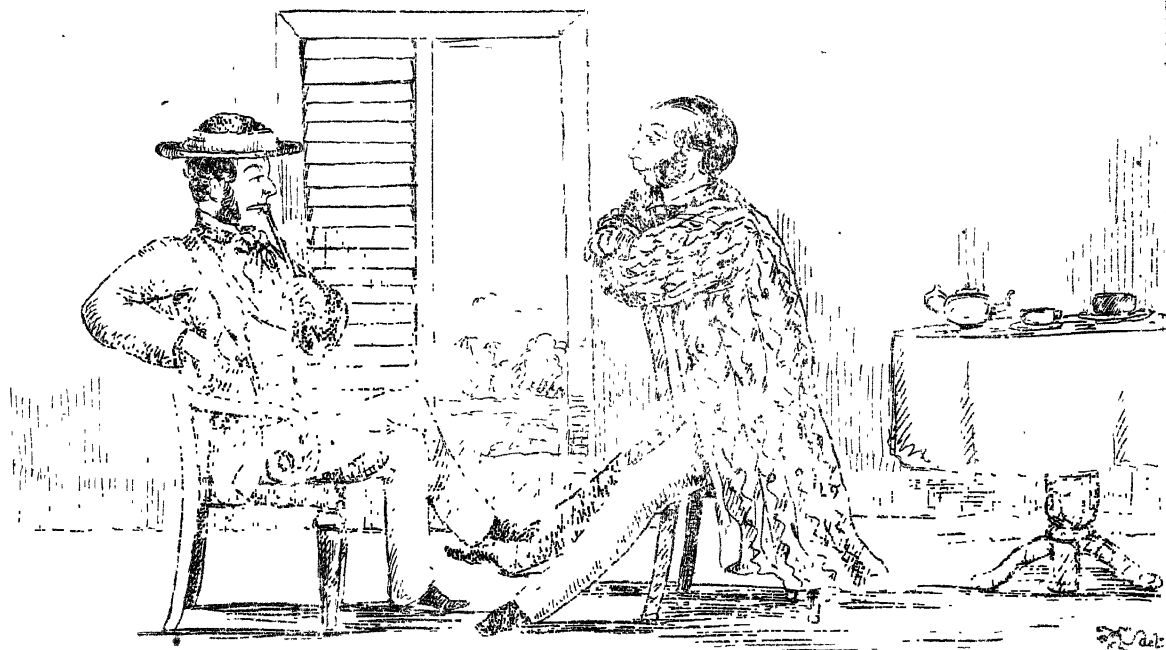


**MRS. JOHN COMPANY AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.**

Mrs. J. C.—Oh ANN RAMSAY, DOCTOR BULL, TELLS ME I CAN EXIST BUT A SHORT TIME LONGER, YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD GIRL, AND HAVE NEVER GIVEN ME TROUBLE LIKE THAT MINX ELLEN BURRER. YOUR TIME OF SERVICE IS UP, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL STAY WITH ME TILL I DIE.  
Ann Ramsay.—I'VE VADA MUCH OBTAINED MUM. I SHOULD LIKE TO GO TO MY HEE'LAND HAME. BUT I WOULD'NA LEAVE YOU NOO; AND AS THE PAY IS



## THE ROYALS AGAIN.



1st Royal.—“I SAY, FRED. YOU'RE WELL UP IN THE MOORS, AND AS THE SEPOY OFFICERS ARE NOT TO GO ON MONOPOLIZING ALL THE LOAVES AND FISHES, I'D APPLY FOR SOME STAFF APPOINTMENT, IF I WERE YOU.”

2nd Royal.—“WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKING SO TOO—I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A BEEL AGENCY.”

1st R.—“WHAT'S THAT?”

2nd R.—“WHY, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW—BEEL IS MOORS FOR BULLOCK, SO I SUPPOSE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE COMMISSARIAT.”

(Exit 1st Royal perfectly satisfied.)

## OURSELVES.

A CORRESPONDENT referring to the smudgy appearance of some of our recent sketches, suggests that too much ink is applied to the stone and that the printers should be fined for such faults. We are obliged to our friend for the suggestion, and we would adopt it, were it not that we have a standing objection to anything like an *inkum* tax.

## LOCAL.

THE order of the Magistrate in the late Butcher's rebellion at Delhi can scarcely be pronounced *meet*! The Judge's decision was the most killing, but then again that functionary is accustomed to pronounce sentence of death, which, we suppose, is “nothing when you're used to it.”

## OILY.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the object of a Russian invasion of India, must be the quantity of oils produced in the country. A friend at our elbow says that would certainly be their object in invading Greece.

WHAT celebrated Russian General was like a dismounted Irregular Cavalry Trooper?  
Suwarroff, (*Suwar off*!)

## EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

A MILITARY correspondent wishes to know if the war with Russia will cause any scarcity of Russia Duck and Drill in England and consequently in this country. We cannot undertake to answer the question with regard to the Duck—but we venture to say that Nicolas is the biggest Goose in all Russia; and as to the Drill, he will require a deal more of it for his troops, than ever they had, before he can pit them against the British. We have no doubt that the Autocrat will be able under the circumstances to give them lessons in the goose-step by way of a commencement.

## FACT.

It is likely to prove an established fact that Louis Napoleon commenced at Ham and ended at Turkey. People of equally great minds have been accustomed to take the two together.

## SEE THE MAP.

WHY should travellers always find bread in Rajpootana?  
Because they are always sure of finding a baker near there (Bekaneer there!)

## THE NEW MESS DRILL.

*Published by authority for the guidance of the Army.*

## Manual Exercise.

The Officers being drawn up in order round the table, buttoned up to the requisite degree of general discomfort, the Commanding Officer will give the word

SQUAT.

Every Officer will immediately occupy his chair. This manœuvre is to be performed in three seconds and five-eighths. Time to be regulated by the Adjutant's watch.

HANDLE SPOONS.

Every Officer will immediately seize upon the silver article so named, care being taken that imbecile gentlemen, vulgarly called *Spoons*, be not laid hold of instead, the spoon to be lightly grasped by the small of the back with the thumb and two first fingers, the little finger sticking straight out in the direction of the pun-kah.

LADLE SOUP.

The greatest care to be taken not to spill it; the duty should be performed by the Major, or by the next senior Officer at table, and if his hand should be too unsteady to discharge his functions decorously, the circumstance to be reported to Army Head Quarters.

GRUB.

To be performed in an orderly manner, every Officer taking his mouthful simultaneously; the time allowed being thirty-seven gulps per minute.

SHIFT.

Plates to be changed, covers removed, and a pause of thirty seconds allowed for wiping moustachès, after which the next word will be given.

PREPARE TO CHARGE.

Every officer will immediately seize his knife and fork, and the carvers will be ready to commence their important duty as soon as the next word is given.

CHARGE.

All parties cut away as hard as they can, the great object being to get over the business as fast as possible, every officer as a general rule is to eat of the dish immediately before him, unless special permission to the contrary has been notified in R. O.; by this means much confusion may be avoided, and a proper distinction made between the different ranks, by placing the tit bits before the senior officers, and any dish that is tough or otherwise objectionable before the junior Ensign or the Doctor, unless the latter be a full Surgeon. It is ordered for the sake of uniformity that all the courses shall be put upon the table at once, but a certain discretion may be exercised in varying their disposition, so that no officer should find himself compelled to live upon nothing but tart, fourteen minutes and a half are

considered amply sufficient for this part of the exercise, after which the word will be given

SECURE ARMS.

The signal for clearing away plates, dishes, &c. Experiments are to be tried how quickly this can be done without smashing the crockery, the whole to conclude with the word

SLOPE.

Upon which all the officers will at once retire to their quarters and go to bed on the spot.

## Platoon Exercise.

Whenever the Commanding Officer thinks proper to permit the indulgence of beer or wine to the Officers, a discretion to be sparingly exercised, he will give the order

WITH BEER (*or as the case may be*) PRIME AND LOAD.

Tumblers or wine glasses, as the case may be, shall be placed by the side of each officer, the tumbler to contain the quantity of 1-5th of a pint, and the wine glass two thimbles full, according to the measure of the thimble of the Commander-in-Chief's Cook's wife, which has been lodged in the Adjutant General's office as a sealed pattern.

HANDLE BOTTLES.

They must be fetched from the Godowns by the two junior Officers, who are responsible for each other that nobody prigs a drop on the way.

DRAW CORKS.

In the usual manner. N. B.—It is expected that the Commanding Officer will provide corkscrews as well as all other sorts of screws enjoined by the present regulations.

SKINK.

An old word revived for this especial occasion to express pouring out; it literally means filling the glasses only half full, a judicious precaution to be particularly observed.

READY.

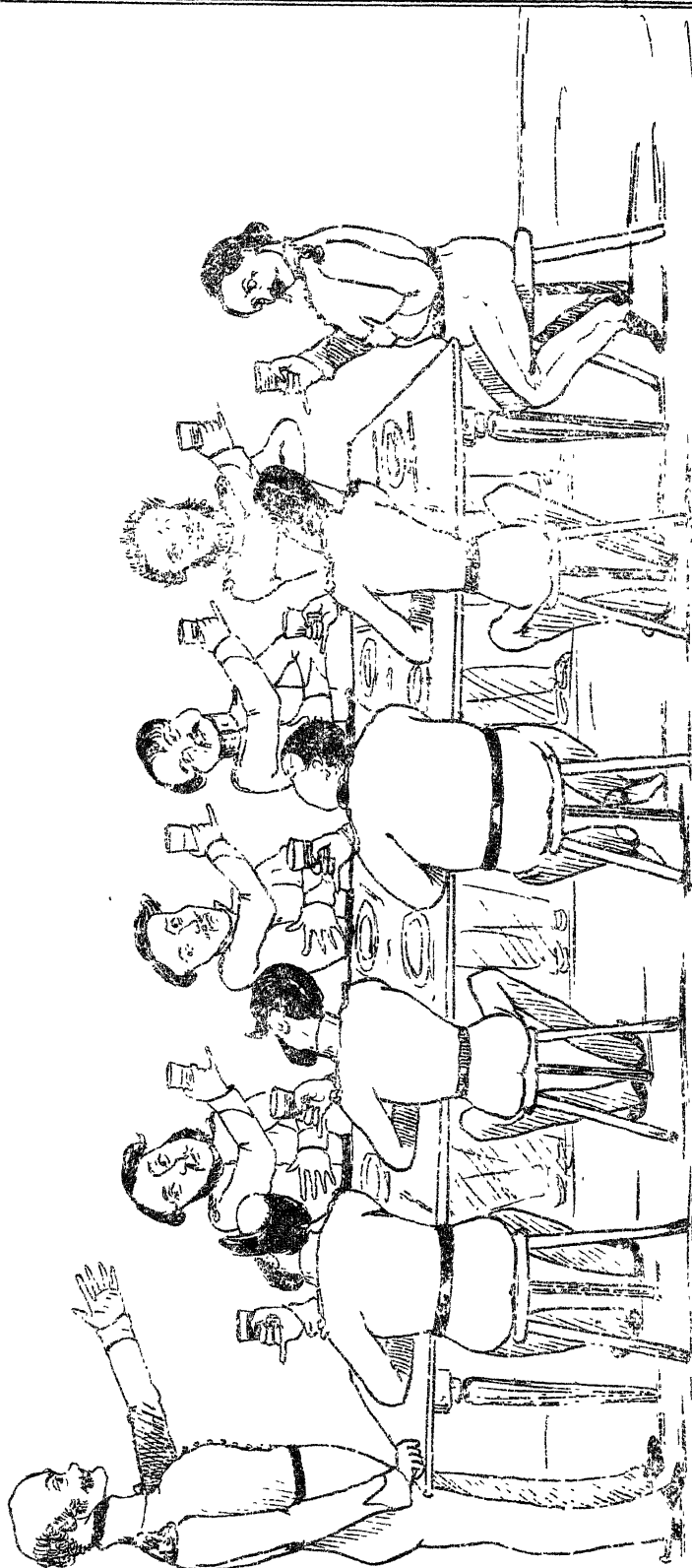
Every Officer to grasp his glass in the right hand, raising it to the level of his nose and opposite his left shoulder, 17½ inches from his face, his right eye to be closed, his head slightly inclined towards the right shoulder, an agreeable smile upon the countenance, and the left hand placidly reposing upon the region of the stomach.

PRESENT.

Every officer will nod to the Punkah with a benignant wink, and will then fix one eye on his liquor and the other on the Commanding Officer, this is to be done without squinting.

FIRE.

Every man will swig off his tipple like blue blazes,



A PARADE DINNER PARTY.





and will then keep his glass to his mouth till the order is given to

GROUND ARMS ;

Or, as may be allowed on the Commander-in-Chief's birthday, or occasionally as a reward for especially meritorious service, the order may be given—

FIRE BY FILES FROM RIGHT (or left) OF THE COMPANY.

Whereon independent drinking will commence and continue till further orders.

It is confidently believed that these regulations will ensure gentlemanly feeling and general comfort among the officers of the army.

## SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF "INDIAN LIFE"—No. II.

### Dramatis Personæ.

CAPT. McTRIMMER, *President of Examining Committee.*

LT. AND QR. MR. MUGGINS, } *Members of ditto.*  
LT. AND QR. MR. O'CRAM, }

ENSIGN LUMPKIN, (*son of old Lumpkin, the Member of Council,*) come up to "Pass."

LIEUT. SHARPSHINS, (*son of nobody in particular,*) also come up to pass.

*President.*—Now Ensign Lumpkin, please to translate this,  
So as to make the meaning understood  
By these intelligent natives. "Thus the King  
"Took leave of all his faithful servants weeping,  
"And then repaired to his own country straight."

*Ensign L.*—Soono Sepoy. Toe Rajah boot row rookey  
Kidmutgar our Bobbachee sé ruzza leea,  
Our upné wuttun ko murrummut keea.

*President.*—Beautiful idiom! (*to Sepoy.*) Sahib jo bolé thé  
Summuj may àya, kya?

*Sepoy, (who knows which way the wind blows.)*—Han Sahib, zooroor.

*President.*—I am happy, Ensign Lumpkin, very happy  
To tell you, you have passed; I fancy gentlemen  
We conscientiously may pass young Lumpkin?

*Both Members unanimously.*—Oh certainly!

*President.*—Then my dear Lumpkin, pray  
When next you write to your respected father  
Kindly remember me, (*exit Lumpkin.*) *Lieut. Sharpshins,*  
I'm sorry Sir to say that this won't do!!

First, your pronunciation's very bad!  
You make no difference between Tay and Toey!!  
Nor give the guttural rumble to the Ghain!!!

I fear, yes gentlemen, I greatly fear  
Lieutenant Sharpshins must be spun.

*Both Members unanimously.*—Oh certainly!

*Lieut. Sharpshins' servant brings in, agreeably to previous instructions, an official letter recently received by Lieut. S.*

*Lieut. Sharpshins.*—Hullo, what's this? Excuse me for a moment.

*President.*—This is irregular Lieutenant Sharpshins,  
Highly irregular! You must attend  
To that important business you came here for.

*Lieut. Sharpshins.*—Forgive me Sir, on any other account  
I would not ask, but this is most important.

*President.*—Important Sir?

*Lieut. Sharpshins.*—Yes truly, Sir, a letter

From my near relative the Adjutant General,  
Enclosing too a most particular message,  
Which modesty forbids my making public,  
From my most valued friend, the C.-in-C.

*Lieut. and Qr. Mr. Muggins, (aside.)*—His friend.

*Lieut. and Qr. Mr. O'Crane, (aside.)*—His valued friend!!

*President (aside.)*—The C.-in-C.!!!

Oh take your time Lieutenant Sharpshins pray,

(*Aside to Members.*) It strikes me gentlemen 'tween you and I

We've rather been too hasty. Don't you think,

Now *honestly* I mean, for far from me

Be it to try to influence your votes,

That we perhaps *might* pass Lieutenant Sharpshins?

*Both Members unanimously.*—Oh certainly!!!

*President.*—Then my dear Sharpshins, listen;

These gentlemen maintain that you should pass,

And as the faults I spoke of are not vital,

I with great pleasure join with the majority.

Only I beg you as a personal favour,

Henceforth do strive to gutturalize your Ghains

And be particular about your Toeys.

[*Exeunt Committee.*]

*Lieut. Sharpshins, solus.*—To pass, or not to pass, that was the question.

A question now no more! This letter did it,  
Which they, thank goodness, never asked to see!  
Thus can good wit make good come out of evil,  
And I have gained the red H. with this letter,  
Which is, in its integrity—A WIGG!!!



FANCY PORTRAIT OF OUR BE-KNIGHTED  
COMMISSIONER—A Bogle.

## CAPTAIN BOOSEY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh would I were only a nigger ;  
 For I cut a deplorable figure,  
 My debts every day getting bigger !  
 Every month my net balance more small !!  
 I get up in the morning to drill  
 Feeling most wretchedly ill !  
 From my side my acquaintance are shrinking !  
 I fear to perdition I'm sinking !  
 For alas I have taken to drinking !!  
 And that is the cause of it all !!

When down my misfortunes I jot all  
 And sigh at the terrible tottle  
 I find 'tis that beast of a Bottle  
 At the root of the whole of them lies !  
 Even down to my losing a few  
 Front teeth falling off a tattoo ?  
 Not to mention the Blues and the Liver,  
 The hands that like aspen leaves quiver,  
 And that awfully ominous shiver  
 That runs through my back when I rise !

Then there was that staff situation  
 'T was mine upon one stipulation,  
 "Strong drink," said the General, "pray shun,  
 And yours the appointment shall be."  
 With vows of good conduct to come  
 How joyfully hastened I home !  
 But there stood the bottle of brandy  
 So dreadfully tempting and handy !!  
 And when wholly unable to stand, I  
 Saw the General scowling at me !!!

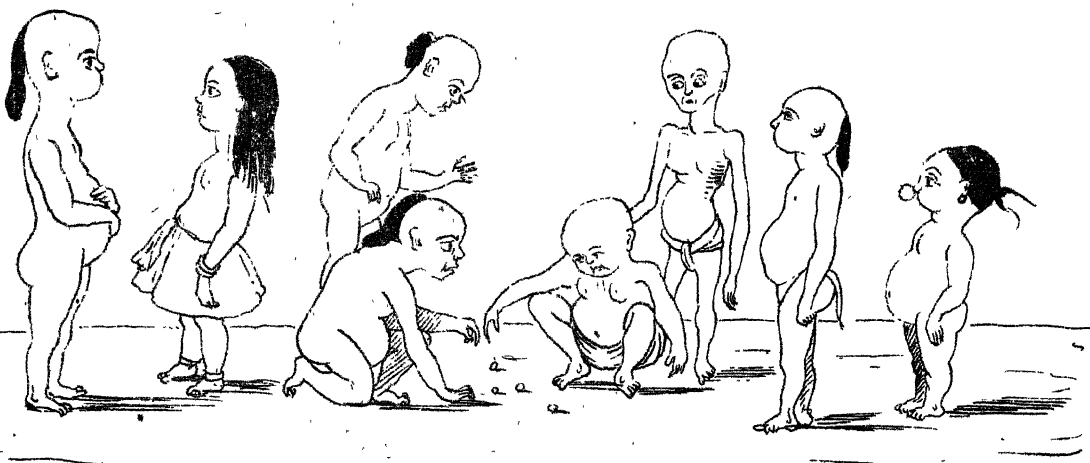
Then there was my row with the Cornet  
 His spicy new jacket I'd torn it,  
 But I'm sure he'd have quietly borne it  
 If I had but atoned on the spot ;  
 But I thought (being frightfully drunk,)   
 That apology savoured of funk,  
 So the words I made use of were harsh all,  
 Say "Blackguardly" not to be partial,  
 And then came of course a Court Martial,  
 And six months suspension I got !!

Then the Colonel's angelical daughter  
 With ardent affection I sought her,  
 But she heard of the brandy and water  
 And of course all my hopes were no go !  
 Her Father, judicious no doubt,  
 Coincided in kicking me out,  
 Says he "no occasion to bicker  
 "To settle the matter the quicker,  
 "The being addicted to liquor  
 "Is a thing so infernally low !!!"

It's absurd every day to be making  
 Resolutions good only for breaking ;  
 A step I've resolved upon taking,  
 In fact it's no use to be proud ;  
 Half measures are useless I know,  
 The whole hog I'm determined to go,  
 So a furlough I'll get to *Austrayler*,  
 And in the disguise of a sailor,  
 I'll seek the South Pole in a Whaler,  
 Where nothing but Coffee's allowed !!!

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our readers will be happy to hear that Capt. B's. remedy was completely successful; we beg to recommend his very energetic plan for imitation wherever required.

## FANCY PORTRAITS.



THAT BELLIPOTENT BODY—THE NATIVE INFANTRY.

## A PUZZLE.

Which letters have the most affinity to taxation ?  
 X, iiii (excise.)

## TOO BAD.

When I caution Richard to avoid Henry, what book do I name ?  
 Dick shun Harry (Dictionary.)



## THE MODERN KING CANUTE.

1st Courtier.—LET THEM BLUSTER AND SWELL, THEY'LL NEVER DARE APPROACH YOUR MAJESTY.



## SOME MORE RANDOM WRITINGS.

By JETA.—(*A Mystery.*)

It is a maxim in life that if you drink too much over night, you will suffer for it next morning.

If the sky is cloudless, you may safely calculate upon fine weather, but if on the other hand the sky is overcast, and it begins to drizzle, it will be as well not to hang out the clothes to dry.

Ambition is the spur at every man's heel; if he does not turn it to the right purpose, he is to blame.

Murder will out. The moth that flutters round your midnight lamp was once a grub.

Never say die!—the whiskers that grow gray have the experience of years to recommend them.

War is the curse of the world. Soldiers were meant for ornament not use.

It has often been remarked that birds of similar plumage are fond of one another's society: rogues are therefore to be found where thieves congregate.

Virtue adds to the zest of beauty as butter does to that of bread, or as brandy does to that of water.

He that is never idle will not often be vicious. This does not however apply to carpenters who turn their vices to the best account.

Wit and humour should not always be taken as proofs of good sense. Wise men are seldom fools.

True valour protects the strong. The weak may go to the wall.

A well fixed mind makes a cheerful face, hence the beaming smiles of he who has a balance at his banker's.

The man who survives the prime of life is in danger of growing old.

Friendship is the wine of life. Love is therefore the brandy and water of existence.

When all men say you're an ass, it is high time to bray.

A warm heart requires a cool head. Sheep's head and pluck should not therefore go together.

As starch is to a shirt collar, so is dignified bearing to a gentleman.

A glass of brandy and soda water in the morning is a peg on which might be hung many moral remarks.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart. India the bane of the liver.

Because plain dealing is called a jewel, we must not suppose that a *plain dealer* is a jeweller, he is rather a carpenter.

If you don't preserve your reputation, you'll lose it.

Live well, and die never, die well and live ever. (This apothegm applies particularly to dyers.)

Calamities which cannot be avoided had better be put up with.

## EXAMINATION PAPER—JUDICIAL.

- 1.—What is a Terrier ?
- 2.—In whose custody are Terriers generally kept ?
- 3.—Is a Terrier admissable in evidence ?
- 4.—What is presumption ?
- 5.—What is a private conveyance ?
- 6.—Are Promissory Notes and admissable declarations identical ?
- 7.—What is an Instrument ?
- 8.—What is proper Custody ?
- 9.—What is a Roll ?
- 10.—What is a Term ?
- 11.—Has Interest any connection with a good Appointment in Law ?
- 12.—State your own notions of a good Title ?
- 13.—What is a Patent ambiguity ?
- 14.—What are Divers uses ?
- 15.—What is livers ?
- 16.—What is an Easement ?
- 17.—What are declarations of Intention !
- 18.—What is a Discharge ?
- 19.—How is the meaning of the words "in turn to deliver" ascertained ?
- 20.—What is the best evidence of usage ?
- 21.—Are Bills convincing evidence of Custom ?

## HIBERNIA FOR EVER.

AN Irish artist writes from the seat of war, that the "only neutral tint he knows of now are the tints of the Austrians and Prussians." We have reason to believe that he is an Indian Officer and one of the gentlemen engaged as a correspondent by the European Press.

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Why are two young babies like the walls of the city of Delhi ?  
Because they are parapets—(*pair 6 pets !*) We add the explanation in mercy to the reader.

## THE EX-KING OF GREECE.

It was said the other day that King Otho had run away from Greece : upon which a lisping young lady of our acquaintance remarked *O tho he hath !*

## CLERICAL.

What was the motive that induced the Vicar of Bray to change his religion ?  
A post I see (apostacy.)

## NOT TO BE ENDURED.

Why should a mess of dhol and atta tend to harden a man ?  
Because it's a Hindoe ration (induration.)

## TO CLOUD COMPELLERS.

What are the things most to be dreaded in a Magistrate ?  
His funk shuns (functions.)

## LITERAL TRANSLATION;

OR

## THE ASTONISHED MOONSHEE.

I WAS reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when my Moonshee asked me, "Ea kon kitab hai?" Being posed for an answer, I said, "Chucha Tom ka kotree." He could not imagine how one could read a "kotree," and enquired "Kâân hai kotree?" To make myself understood if possible, I said, "Ek to nuffur ka dhook

is mai likka hai; aur kitab ka nâm sirif Chucha Tom ka kotree hai."

He was not satisfied, and took up a book near me, which happened to be "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Wough kitab, says I, Chucha Tom ka kotree ka châbee hai."

He looked "disbelief."

"Kia ukkil ka bât hai."

(Exit Moonshee.)

## THE SIGHTS OF DELHI.



VISITOR, *loqr.*—"I say Serjeant, what is that vewy clewical looking building over the hill yonder?"

SERJEANT.—"That Sir, that's the noo Magazine "where we keeps the powder."

VISITOR.—"Oh! and I suppose those spires are the Conductors."

SERJEANT.—"Oh no, ye'r honor, it's only a storekeeper we have there, but he's a mighty smart man!"

## INSANITY.

WHAT adjective would best characterize a man standing on his head in a gig?

Gig antic.

## ALPHABETICAL.

WHY is a capital S likely to benefit poor people?  
Because it is *largess* (large S.)

## AN EMPTY FUN.

WHAT artizan surpasses a man full of learning?  
A Fuller.

## HEAVEN BORN.

THE *Kurds* claim to be descended from Heaven?  
Certainly, they came from the *Milky whey*.

# THE RUSSIANS IN INDIA. (A LITTLE PREMATURE PERHAPS.)



*Captain Knockemoff, in a neat and appropriate speech (which is much applauded by his Subalterns) proposes.—THE EMPEROR'S HEALTH—AND THE COOKING OF THE COMPANY'S GOOSE!*





## FROM MISS ELIZA STAYLACE TO HER FRIEND MISS SUSAN SCRUBBINS.

DEER SUZY.—In pursuance of my promise I takes up the stump of one of Missis's pens wick is all I can ackewmulate at present for to give you if sich be possivel, a faithful and peaticler account of our watery passidge from the marrytime arbour of Sowthampton to that part of Ingee with the undollycat and unmenhunable name where they tells me the Ducks is found, and afterwards of Our Father periwig-nations from Calcutter up to Lawhore wick is for the present to be our Head quarters, as Missis calls it, though why it aint to be our Hind quarters too I can't tell, unless like the celebrated little Bopeep, (who was own brother to Dolceep) wick we read of in ainsunt history, we are eggspected to leave our tails behind us wick considering how they was shook to pieces in their Dark-carriages wouldnt be at all sirprizeing.

O my effectionate friend, however, shall I poortray the inward emotions of my infernal organ — I — say — si un as the nasty wessel in wick we sailed heaved in onions with the heavings of my art, indeed I may say of my hole infernal constituency! Truly our organs was all out of tune for some days, and was wound up to sich a pitch that we wished the cord as bound us, as Missis pathetically called it, to the deck of this earthly tableknuckle would snap and let us flea away and be at rest! Talking of fleas, my deer there aint no conception of how they 'atches! Our cabbin was lippin alive it was, and though we scratched ourselves into holes it wasnt no use at all it wasnt. Then they was so insulent you can't think, Suzy; that is not the fleas, my deer, but the marryners (pretty marryners indeed! I'd rayther by 'alf remain a spinster to my Weddinday, I would, than marry one on 'em!) for while I was a leaning over the side and expectorating dreadfully from the nasty emotions of the wessel, one of them says to me says he—"Now young ooman, if you've done heaving your cargo overboard you'd be better in your *birth* says he, for there's a squall comin' on and you're in the way!" My birth indeed! O my adhorrible friend, if you had but a seed it you'd a thought as I did that it was liker to be my death than any birth, for there it was like a coughing without a lid to it, and another one jist above it and a lady's gentlewoman in haggravating disembellishment leaning over the side with her head in a pewter utensil enjoying the most dreadfullest maritime convulsions likewise! And then my deer about 3 o'clock the indelhicat feller of a Steward called out quite loud in our earring, "you ladies and gentlemen wots done throwing away your Breakfasties will be pleased to come down to dinner." As if sich a nasty hallooshun to our predickyments wasnt enough to spile all our happy-tights! O Suzy deer friend of my art, if you sets any value on the internal constituency of your sects, never go to See until you have got over the seasickness! O how shall I transcribe my sinsations! Where find Frasers sufficiently eggsalted to do justice to the perturbation of my felines! O Suzy, I felt as if all my abominable wiscera as the Doctors

term it, was mixed up together and floating about in the most aggsersuating confusion jist like the dirty close in our big kitchen biler on a washing day, and was a dancing no end of a Polecat in the infernal regions of my sarcophagus.

Would you believe it deer, whilst I was thus vomicking forth my felines and eggspeckting some dreadful catastrophe to terminate my sufferings, the wretch of a Steward says to me with a coarse laugh, says he—"There's nothing like the seasickness, my love, for bringing to light the hidden things of the inward man;—better make a clean breast of it, says he, for you can't keep nothing secret at this rate, and if you've been a priggig of your missis's tea and sugar she'll be sure to see it now!—Shall I send for a priest to confess you, says he, for you seem very bad?"—"O I wish I was in Heaven, says I;"—"You'd be better *below*, says the profane wretch!" Now did you ever Suzy deer, hear anything so horrible—and yet sich is the depravity of the world that the feller calls himself a Christyun!

I turned from the monster with a piehouse eggscclamation of dishgust at his coarseness, and went down stairs through a hole in the deck wick reminded me of the bunghole of a big cask, but which the imperent feller called a *Hatchway*, because he said it would lead me to my *Birth*!

Soon after we went on board there was sich a terrible noise up stairs that we was quite alarmed we was, but the she Steward said it was only the marryners a turning round the Captain to make him weigh his ankle. I didn't see the scales in wick he weighed it, but they must have been very large ones as the ankle was much bigger than any fish hook you ever set eyes on, and must have weighed several bushels! We had a dreadful hurricane too in the Bag o' Biscuits which carried away the Mizzle topmast and broke the affidavits wick bound the Boats to the wessel. I heard something too about the ship's-miss-in-stays, and natrally thought she must be the Captain's daughter, and how very undollycate of her to go among the men at sich a time, and O Suzy, only think, with nothing but her *Stays* on! But the Cuddy servants only laughed at me and said it was some naughty-gal fraser which meant that the wind being aft the ship had outsailed the rudder and so prevented the wessel from spinning round on her taffrail! But soon afterwards hearing somebody call out 'How's her head now?'—I felt sure some accident must have happened and in the benecference of my art I was about to rush on deck to the poor young thing's assistance when,—losing my balance from the boystirus emotions of the wess-I I fell down and rolled over against the cabin, when would you believe it,—the brutes only laughed at me and talked of my heeling over on my Beem-ends! Of coarse I don't portend to eggsplain these marrytime Frasers, but I give them to you as I eared 'em! I eared afterwards that we had thieves on board, as one of the cadets (a nice little boy who *would* be always a kissing of me behind the mizzle-mast, because he said it reminded him of his sister) said that during the storm the ship's ear-rings was lost and the Glue Garnets was pulled clean out of the Jewel-box.

Well my deer, as the saying is, everything has a end es-  
sept a sermon and a weddin ring, and so in the progress of  
thyme we came to the conclusion of our travails and escaped  
from the confinement of our births ;—and o the prospex of  
setting foot once more on terrier-firmer as Missis said, was  
almost too eggscrushiatingly delicious for this bestial frame ?  
They say if we had sailed overland there would not have  
been so much danger of being drowned, but how the ship  
could go across country I can't think ! As we comed by  
the Cape we missed seeing the sites in the Muddyte-  
raining sea, one of which was the Eyeland where the  
Moll-teaze-nights used to live, and which was so call-  
ed Missis thinks, because they was always a think-  
ing of the ladies, but could'nt marry none on 'em, be-  
cause poor fellers they was condemned to Silly-Bessy and  
obliged to live all alone on a petrified rock with no other fe-  
male society than a figure of the Virgin Mary, from whom  
they were called Mollteaze. That nice little boy Cadet said  
it was'nt no such a thing, but that they was called Malt-ease-  
nights because they so often provided people with their *beer*  
(bier). We also missed seeing the famous rock of Ginger-  
bread-altar and passed the Eyeland of Mydearie during the

night when we was fast asleep wich satisfaxorily accounts  
for our not seeing it either.

Well deer, as we neared the shores of Ingee we entered  
a river wich is called the Ugly, and indeed it is very well  
named too, for it is both ugly and dangerous as one can't  
bathe in it for fear of a *leg-eater* or a *Crack-a-tile* ; besides  
as our young lady said the flavourality of pootrification from  
the dead Injew Caucasus in the river, rendered it necessary  
to poorify the hair and keep off affection by burning ever so  
many postilions in the cabin, though I aint no ways sure for  
sartin that the smell of their ashes was more better than the  
rotten eggshalashuns of the discomposing corpuscules in the  
river ! However it didn't last long for we soon got up to  
the dwarf where the wessels are encored, and there we found  
a carriage waiting for us with the head Baboon of missises  
Agents, Messrs. Runamuck and Co., who took us to our  
lodgings,—so now a Jew deer Susan, till the next male departs  
for your antipodes,—when perhaps you may hear again from

Your effectionate frend,

ELIZA STAYLACE.

N. B.—*Post Scratch*.—Give my remembrifications to  
Jeames and Cook and all disconsulate frends.



THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER AS SEEN AT ST. PETERSBURG.



THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER AS FOUND ON THE DANUBE.

#### RUSSIAN EDICTS.

WHY is an Imperial Edict from the Czar like a novel law suit ?  
Because it is an Ukase (*New Case*) !

#### TO ARTISTS.

WHEN does our pipe assist us most ?  
When it *draws* well.

#### A WIPER.

WHY is a snake erect, like an imprisoned Baronet ?  
Because he is a *Serpent up*, (Sir pent up.)

#### TO MILLINERS.

WHY is the measure of a lady's head dangerous to take ?  
Because it is a *cap size*.

## DAME DAL'S LAST BABBY.



*1st Member of Council.*—A VERY FINE CHILD INDEED!"

*2nd Member.*—"VERY! WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO CALL HER?"

*Dame Dal.*—"WHAT? WHY *Anna* TO BE SURE?"

*Dame Gomm*—(*3rd Member!*)—IT IS REALLY A FINE LITTLE THING, BUT I FEAR IT WILL INTERFERE A LITTLE WITH MY *Frank*."



## RAM RAM.

"OUR contemporary," the *Lahore Chronicle*, in a recent "issue," has a paragraph in his local columns concerning some ship-wrecked Maisoor Rams. "*They are the remnant*," says our contemporary, "of six and twenty, sent by direction of the Governor General, by General Cubbon from Bangalore for the Agri-Horticultural Society of the Punjaub."

Whatever the object of the Most Noble the Governor General may have been in directing these Maisoor (Mysore we presume) rams to the Agri-Horticultural Society of the Punjaub, we are sure it must have benevolence for the ground work. But it is such a very odd order to execute that we can easily imagine Col. Cubbon (Mark Cubbon we believe,) racking his brain to discover how on earth Maisoor Rams could prove of any use to the members of the Punjaub Agri-Horticultural Society, unless in the shape of Mutton.

It is a difficult matter to investigate, and we think the head of the Government of India must have been "wool gathering" at the time his Lordship "directed" this arrangement: or at least that he had somehow confounded the cotton growing question, with the wool growing question, or he would not in his kindness of heart have thought of sending animal produce to a society so purely vegetable as the Agri-Horticultural Society of the Punjaub.

We hope in the event of the *remnant* of rams reaching Lahore in safety, that the learned Secretary of the Society will favour the world with a dissertation upon rams' tails, and his views in regard to the applicability of the wool for spinning long "articles."

## THE ANATOMIE OF THE LAWYER.

BY BURTON JUNIOR.

THE Lawyer is but a sort of Publican, for he belongeth to an *Inn*, and getteth his living at the *Bar*. There he draweth it very mild to beguile his customers, but chalketh up a terrible score against them at the same time, so that the man who thinketh to escape scot free out of his clutches, reckoneth sorely without his host. The Lawyer is nevertheless a polite man, for he setteth up the *Civil* law for his guide, and he is assuredly courteous, for he goeth daily to Court, and is not even excluded from sittings in the Queen's Bench.

Yet is he a humble man, for he pleadeth continually. He remembereth how he *first* tried his *hand* in *former* *paw* peris, and sticketh not to advocate the *cause* of the poor, if by any *crow* he can hope to *rook* the wealthy old *chough* his adversary, so to obtain the profit for which he *raveneth*.

He strongly resembleth a bird, especially those of the Vulture or Harpy tribe, for he hath ever a terrible long *bill*, whereat many a poor devil trembleth when before the *Beak* even more than at the *claws* in the Act whereby he is being pulled to pieces; being a *downy bird* he *feathereth* his *nest* from any *goose* that he can *pluck*, particularly if he find him *duck* tile or *chicken* hearted, for he never conceiveth a *guinea fowl* whatever be the means whereby it hath been acquired. So he goeth on to *pigeon* people, and if they call it *robin*, he bringeth his action of Scan. Mag.

He marketh with a *black stone* those days of his probation and study when he consumeth the *little ton* of *coke* which inflameth his desire to *sack* the *cole*. This is during his embryo or *grub* state, while he *eateth* his *commons*, digesting *mutton* as a preparation for digesting many a tough *sheepskin* thereafter. Then goeth he on to *fleece* many a *yeo* man, in hopes to obtain the *woolsack* at last, for his greatest ambition is to become a *chance seller*, and therefore studieth he *Fearne* on *Contingent Remainders*. He hath a delicate optic for peering into secrets, which he calleth *nice eye pryous*!! Thus when his client is on the high road to ruin, he is often enabled to discover an *alley by*; through which he may escape, or else to get him out of any particular scrape he pleadeth the general issue. He is an inconsistent man, for in short he *longs* for a *brief*, and is always *set a going* by a *retainer*; his love of *fees* is far from *feeble*; he never feeleth himself more at liberty than when he is included in a *case*, and when he getteth employment in the *common pleas*, most *uncommon pleased* is he!!

He weareth a dark *suit* of *clothes*, because darkness best *suiteth* his *close* designs. His gown is black, because it is *fitting* that he who hath a *habit* of blackening the characters of others, should have a black *habit* to characterize his own profession.

He always weareth a wig, and sometimes getteth another from the Judge, which though he getteth it a free gift, as the reward of his deservings, yet he liketh not so well as his own. He adopteth not this *barberous* fashion till he hath been called to the *Bar*, when the wig being made of *horse hair*, forms the *mane* distinction between the *hack* omplished barrister and the mere *asspirant*.

This is why he weareth the wig, whereby hangeth a tale, or rather he hath three tails depending from his wig, whereof one typifyeth the law of *entail*, the second, the *detail* of conveyancing, (that is, carrying off or plundering a proceeding easily shown to be dependent on an *old scratch*), and the third the *lex tailionis*. The three together are called in lawyer's latin, tales

quales, that is, not *tails of quails* but, Such tales!!! videlicet, fibs or stories. They may also very frequently be designated tales of a *tub*, because if he be, as he is often considered, a great *boar*, his tails most undeniably hang from a *hogshead*.

Thus being a *triple tailor* the lawyer is equivalent to *one-third* of a man, which is probably the reason why he so often comes in *thirdsman* in cases of disputed possession, such as the well known recorded precedent of the Oyster.

KAPNOS.

## YE CHOKEDAR.

A Song to the Dar, the brave Chokedar,  
That beareth the thieves no spite,  
To his hubble hubble rare, he doth repair,  
And smoketh away all night.  
When a thief i'the dark stealeth out for a lark,  
Oh brave Chokedar where is he?  
He hath fled at the sight, like a naughty little sprite,  
And the thief's coast is clear for a spree.  
Then sing to the Dar, the brave Chokedar,  
Who beareth a thief no spite,  
And his hubble bubble rare, oh let him prepare  
And smoke it away all night.

## CALCUTTA SCHOOL FOR STATESMEN.



*Spooney, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, 8th Grade.*—"DEMMIT, IN THIS CLIMATE YOU KNOW EUROPEAN LABOUR'S NOT CHEAP, I'LL PLAY YOU LEVEL FOR 8 GOLD MOHURS."

*Weaklad, Esq., B. C. S. (who has not obtained a medal for high proficiency in Hindustani and Oordoo at the College of Fort William.)*—"ALL SERENE."

## QUESTIONABLE HOSPITALITY.

If you give a grand dinner to a Baronet, why is he like a stuffed Baby?

Because he is Sir feted.

## WANTS KYANIZING.

THE latest case of Dry Rot is the *Mofussilite's* deadly lively articles against the *Sketch Book*.

## WRETCHED.

WHY was the first steamer that ran from Kurrachee to Tatta like the Crystal Palace?

Because it was an *Indus trial* exhibition.

## TO AGRICULTURISTS.

WHEN are Mallees most likely to bear fruit?

When they're plantin' (plantain) trees.







EMPEROR.—“ *Nesselrode, it is a long time since we have had a Te Deum.*”

NESSOLRODE.—*Yes Sire, actually four and twenty hours. If I might venture to speak further, I would inform your Majesty that our ever victorious troops have thought it advisable to vacate Bomarsund to give up as a strategic measure the Aland Islands, as also to retire across the Pruth after having severely punished the Infidels at Silistria and without the loss of a man.*

EMPEROR.—*Well done, then we will have Te Deums twice a day till further orders.*

THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

OCTOBER 1, 1854.

[NO. X.

THE SIGHTS OF DELHI.

It having been brought to our notice that the little work bearing the above name, has gone the way of all papers, viz. is out of print; we cannot do better than make the *Delhi Sketch Book* useful as well as ornamental, and supply the want we have no doubt many have felt in visiting the Imperial City. It is a thankless office—like a Bank, or a Book Club or a Mutton Club Secretaryship, and it is likely to call down upon our devoted head the sneers and jeers of the envious, who will doubtless endeavour to sift out something “indelicate” from our faithful description, especially the “authority” on these matters not a hundred miles from Lahore, but as we do not mean to go beyond the Chandnee Chowk in this direction, we cannot well wander.

To commence then, the first and real site of Delhi is on the west bank of the river Jumna, a stream issuing from some fissure in the far off Himalaya mountains, forming a source of profit to numerous fishers in human form. The appearance of Delhi from the opposite shore is on a clear morning highly interesting—especially when the mist rising from the water veils its imperfections and filth, and the houses, domes and tall minarets seem, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in mid air. It is a sight which should not be miss'd, and those who view it through that light veil will not consider their visit to Delhi unavailing. Nearing the edge of the river, a bridge of masonry, serving for a viaduct in dry weather and an aqueduct in wet, presents itself, and leads directly to a steep causeway, a journey over which has the effect of waking up the traveller, who is forthwith expected to “fork out” or pay toll. If he be a wise man, he will not fail to have six annas ready for the toll-keeper—if he be a careless one he will give eight—if he be sleepy, he will order the coachman to drive on without paying at all, and swear at the people for having woke him up, but he will be very verdant if he gives a rupee or an eight anna bit, and asks for change; the Moonshee being seldom awake at night, and if his deputy “carries coppers,” he is ashamed to own the soft impeachment, so that what with delay in searching for change or attempting to wake up the Moonshee, who seems to have an instinctive knowledge of what they want him

for—and what with the shouting and chattering, frightening a timid jaded horse, the traveller dreading to find himself acting the part of a duck in the Jumna, generally gets tired first, and tells Jehu to drive on regardless of the expense, and leaves his “change” in the hands of somebody who goes snags with the Moonshee when that functionary condescends to wake up, which is soon after the departure of the weary traveller, who consoles himself with the reflection that the money paid in excess will go towards repairing the bridge, and may therefore be considered as charitably bestowed after all!

Crossing the bridge of boats, the traveller is struck by the appearance of the tall minarets of the Jumma Musjid and the Fort Gates. He is also struck by the sides of his conveyance, for the bridge of boats is by no means a level bridge, and if the traveller be not very careful, he will find his head softer than even a cushioned carriage. After going at a walk, lest he should come down with a run, the traveller approaches another causeway, with a metalled road beyond, generally undergoing repair, and when not undergoing repair, very full of holes. Crossing a pukka bridge, a perpendicular slice of masonry reminding the traveller of the shield employed in building the Thames Tunnel, presents itself; in this there are two arched doorways, one of which is generally closed, and a glance upwards in the centre of the two doorways will discover a tablet let into the masonry, informing the reader in English and native character that it is the “Calcutta gate,” the clever architect having with fox-like cunning, placed the tablet between the entrances and left the reader to decide which is the Calcutta gate, and wonder whether the other is the Delhi gate, at the same time marvelling at the work having been delegated to such “an executive!”

The first building the traveller nears after crossing the bridge of boats, is the Old Fort, a grim grey Ali Baba looking wall, seeming to have a story of rapine and murder in every stone of it. The high red sandstone wall of the Palace then comes in view, and well may the spectator find himself speculating on what may possibly lie hidden behind it besides a captive king.

The Chandney Chowk faces the principal gate of this building; it may be looked upon as one of the best sights of Delhi, especially when viewed on a fine Sun-

day evening, when all its gayest inhabitants are either sitting in their open verandahs, or turning out in their gayest attire for a drive in their bullock carts, with their horns—the bullocks not the gay inhabitants—polished, gilded or painted according to the taste of their owners. This is the fashionable drive or native “Mall” of Delhi, and is far more interesting to most sightseers than that on which the European inhabitants sport their figures!

In the middle of the Chandney Chowk stands a white marble mosque with gilded domes, known as Roshun-ood-dowla's mosque; from the top of which Nadir Shah the bloody minded is said to have beheld the massacre of no less than 120,000 people of all sizes, shapes, and sexes. Perhaps for this reason the locality has ever since been favoured with the presence of most of the Delhi butchers.

The next sight of Delhi worthy of note is the Jumma Musjid, called by some *Jumna* Musjid in virtue of its being near the river of that name, but probably called “Jumma” from the fact of a view from its minarets showing such a vast number of dirty houses and huts *Jummakerr'd* together. It is surrounded by four high walls, and the interior buildings are devoted entirely to Mahomedan worship (musulman we might have said, but the uninitiated reader would in that case have probably connected it with a fish market.) It is approached by four high flights of steps, where visitors not accustomed to high flights will find themselves in the midst of a low set, vending pigeons, goats, tattoos, cloth, trinkets,—and selling those who purchase anything without the slightest compunction. Here may be seen money changers, the itinerant bankers of the Temple, and if the traveller feel hungry has a cast iron throat and no objection to garlic, he may regale himself on a highly spiced *kabob*.

On entering the quadrangle at the summit of the steps, the curious visitor expects to see summat curious: and, utterly winded, looks round him to take breath. If he takes it, it will be well for him that his visit is paid on any but a Mahomedan festival, at which time the air around is anything but fresh, savoury, or wholesome. In the centre of the court however, the constructors of the building have, very considerably, placed a tank of tolerably clean looking water, in which, if he requires a refresher, he may take a dip, and with this view if he wishes to divest himself of his boots, the Mahomedans will not prevent him. Indeed they rather look upon it as a mark of respect, but the custom is seldom observed, very few visitors finding such a ceremony congenial to their soles.

In each of the four corners of the quadrangle there

is a minaret, from the top of which a very fair view of a very foul city may be obtained, and if the spectator be not surprised at the manner in which the houses are all jumbled together, he is no mason. It is as well however to warn visitors that the steps inside the minarets are steep and the passage narrow and winding, consequently when stout gentlemen get to the top, they find themselves wound up and their tops spinning round at a fearful humming rate, and if they be extra double stout, they had better take our advice and not venture up at all, or like the Scotch flea they may be let “stick by the wa.”

Perhaps the most remarkable sight of Delhi is the quantity of black mud collected in all the bye-ways of the city where the “authorities” are never supposed to go. Whether this is in accordance with the native taste we do not take upon ourselves to say, but we can answer for the smell being very disagreeable. It may be set down as certain that in a city where sanitary measures are adopted and strictly enforced, such a mass of filth would not be left without some beneficial effect, and we must therefore conclude that the natives find the neighbourhood a trifle more wholesome, and that the deeper they get in the mud the less likely are they to get under the *muttee*. This “Sight of Delhi” is difficult to be got at without an elephant, inasmuch as that any respectable two, four, or even six-wheeled conveyance would be lost in the mire, whilst its occupants were lost in admiration of the slushy scene.

The Magazine of Delhi (not *Saunders'*) may be recognized by its high walls and mimic ramparts “pierced,” for nobody knows what purpose under the sun. It has two entrances from the high road, and over each doorway there is a mortar, from which the architects of the new Dispensary might take a hint, and by adding a pestle, create a significant ornament for their own gateway. Formerly there was a large quantity of gunpowder stored within the walls of the magazine, but when another magazine was started (*Saunders'* to wit) the authorities not to be outdone, started another too, near the river side towards cantonments, to which they removed all their combustibles. This was too much for *Saunders*, who forthwith gave in, and now the only Magazines of which Delhi can boast, belong to government. A strange custom prevailed during the time the gunpowder was stored in the old Magazine, every traveller on foot, on horseback, in a palanquin or a carriage, was compelled to put out his pipe, in other words, no one was allowed to smoke whilst passing the Magazine. Links were extinguished, all



STRANGE CASES OF ATTACHMENT.

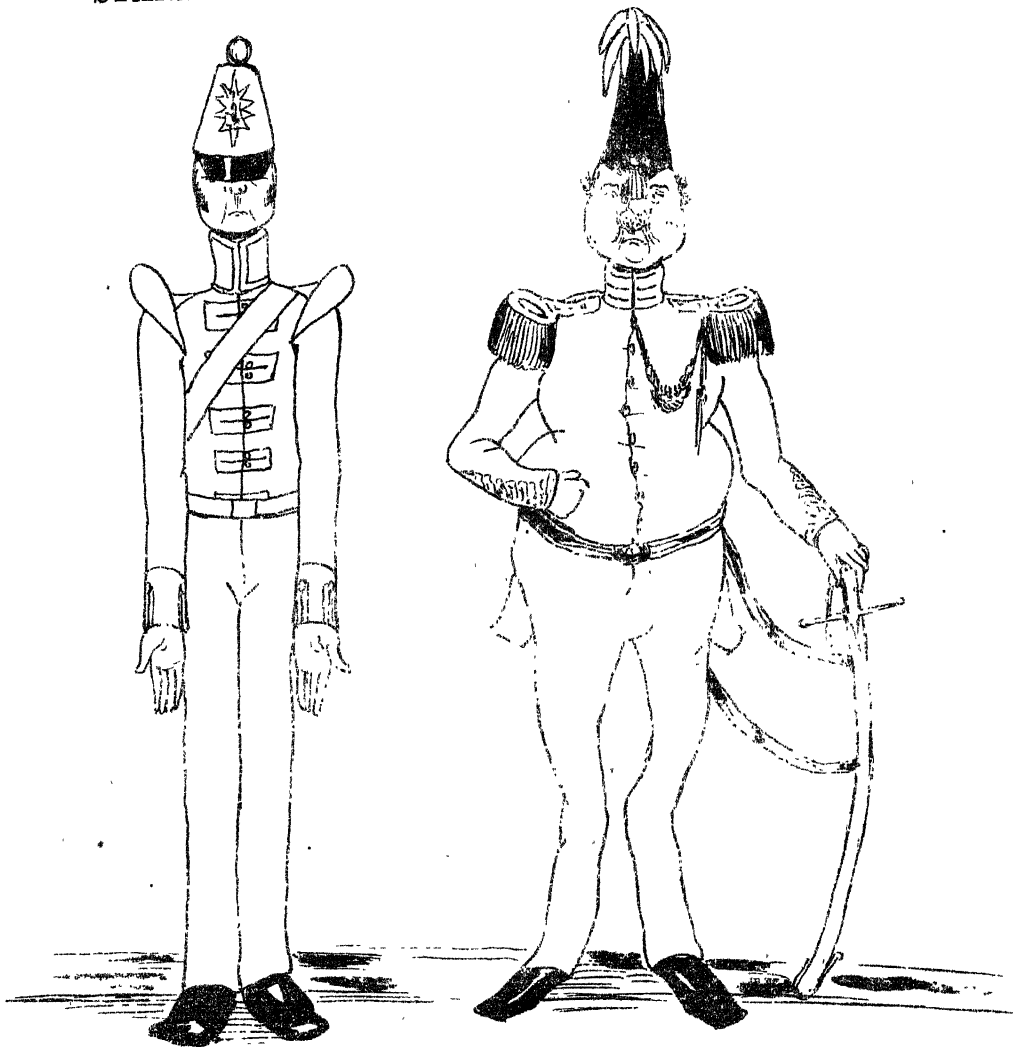


flames subdued, nothing in the shape of a light was permitted to pass, even love flames have been known to be summarily extinguished when nearing this dreaded spot, and many a match has been there "broken off" instead of "coming off" The absurdity of this rule was made manifest we believe by one of the sepoys on guard at the gate, who on receiving his orders not to permit any smoking near the Magazine,

took into custody an unfortunate horse in a Dawk carriage, who came galloping smoking along, and was thus kept twelve hours from his gram till released by the Officer of the week! We do not vouch for the truth of this tale, but it is highly probable.

The next sight of Delhi is the Palace, but of this we hope to treat in our next number.

## STANDING ORDERS AND GENERAL REGULATIONS.



### A QUEER QUESTION.

A MAD doctor writes to enquire if the drops, said to escape from ladies' hearts when they sigh, compose the famous Dil water, so prized by young mothers. We leave the solution to the "faculty."

### MUSICAL.

WHEN is a musical box, not a musical box?  
When it's made out of *toon*!

### BOTANICAL.

WHY is a swell with a nose-gay in his button hole, like the Reverend\* Mr. Wallis?

Because he's a *Bouquet Gent* (book agent.)

### QUERY FOR CARPENTERS.

WAS not dove tailing first used for making pigeon holes?

\* Vide letters in the Newspapers *passim*.

## SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF "INDIAN LIFE."

*The Court of Honour. President and Members assembled. Ensign O'Callaghan and Lieutenant Mivins parties to the case for adjustment.*

*President.*—The Spirit of the Age being oppose d  
To Barbarism in general, and to Duelling  
As the most barbarous barbarism in particular;  
We are assembled, gentlemen, this day,  
Under the title of a Court of Honour,  
To settle peaceably a nice punctilio  
Between Lieut. Mivins, who is plaintiff,  
And Ensign T. O'Callaghan, defendant.

*Ensign O' C.*—Bedad old boy, you've made a mighty blunder,  
The plaintiff happening to be, I myself.

*President.*—It's unimportant, in a Court like this  
Each is at once both plaintiff and defendant.

*Ensign O' C.*—Then hold your jaw, and let me state my case :  
That rascal——

*President.*——— Order, order !

*Ensign O' C.*——— Well that fellow,  
Mivins in short, did of aforethought malice,  
Tread on my Spaniel's unoffending tail  
And then refused to ask the creature's pardon !  
Replying, when I called on him to do so,  
In language plain "he'd see the spaniel——"

*President (interrupting indignantly).*—Silence !  
The dignity of this high Court forbids  
The use of terms profane. Lieutenant Mivins,  
What do you say to this grave accusation ?

*Lieut. Mivins.*—Impenitent and unabashed I own  
All I am charged with, and I also add  
That neither to that puppy or any other,  
Even if it be O'Callaghan himself,  
Will I apologize, unless the dog  
Shall in plain speech apologize to me  
For getting in the way.

*Ensign O' C.*——— Oh, you spalpeen,  
When you say "Dog," sure it's myself you mean.

*President.*—The Court upon the evidence before it  
Doth finally decree that both the parties  
Shall make reciprocal apologies,  
The one for taking undesigned offence,  
And one for undesignedly giving it.

*Ensign O' C.*—The Court's a humbug, and I won't submit  
To its decision.

*President.*——— Did you not agree,  
The case should be referred to arbitration ?

*Ensign O' C.*—Yes, but I only gave consent provided  
The arbitrators arbitrated right !

*President.*—The arbitrators in their arbitration  
Must arbitrate, in fact have arbitrated  
Unto the best of their arbitrement,  
And you must look upon yourselves as bound  
By the decision of the Court of Honour.

*Ensign O' C.*—The Court of Honour are a set of snobs !  
And if they don't revise their finding sharp,  
And make me an apology ; then I,  
Terence Cornelius Rourke O'Callaghan,  
Shall feel the stern necessity of kicking

This Court of Honor's seats of same all round !!!  
*Frightful row and ignominious exit of the Court of Honour, the two  
disputants gaze upon each other with awakened interest.*

*Ensign O' C.*—Mivins !

*Lieut. M.*——— O'Callaghan !

*Ensign O' C.*——— Do you agree

With me, that for adjusting of disputes

A Court of Honour is a shocking humbug ?

*Lieut. M.*—Most fervently, with all my heart and soul !!!

*Ensign O' C.*—Come to my arms ! in that agreement dearer

Than thou wast hateful to my soul before !!!

*They rush into a fraternal embrace, scene closes on this involuntary  
success of the experiment.*

## NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.



*Fastidious party loqr.*—"THERE JACK ! IF I COULD ONLY  
FIND A WOMAN AS WELL BUILT AS THAT ! BY JOVE I'D  
MARRY HER !"

## KEEP HIM DOWN.

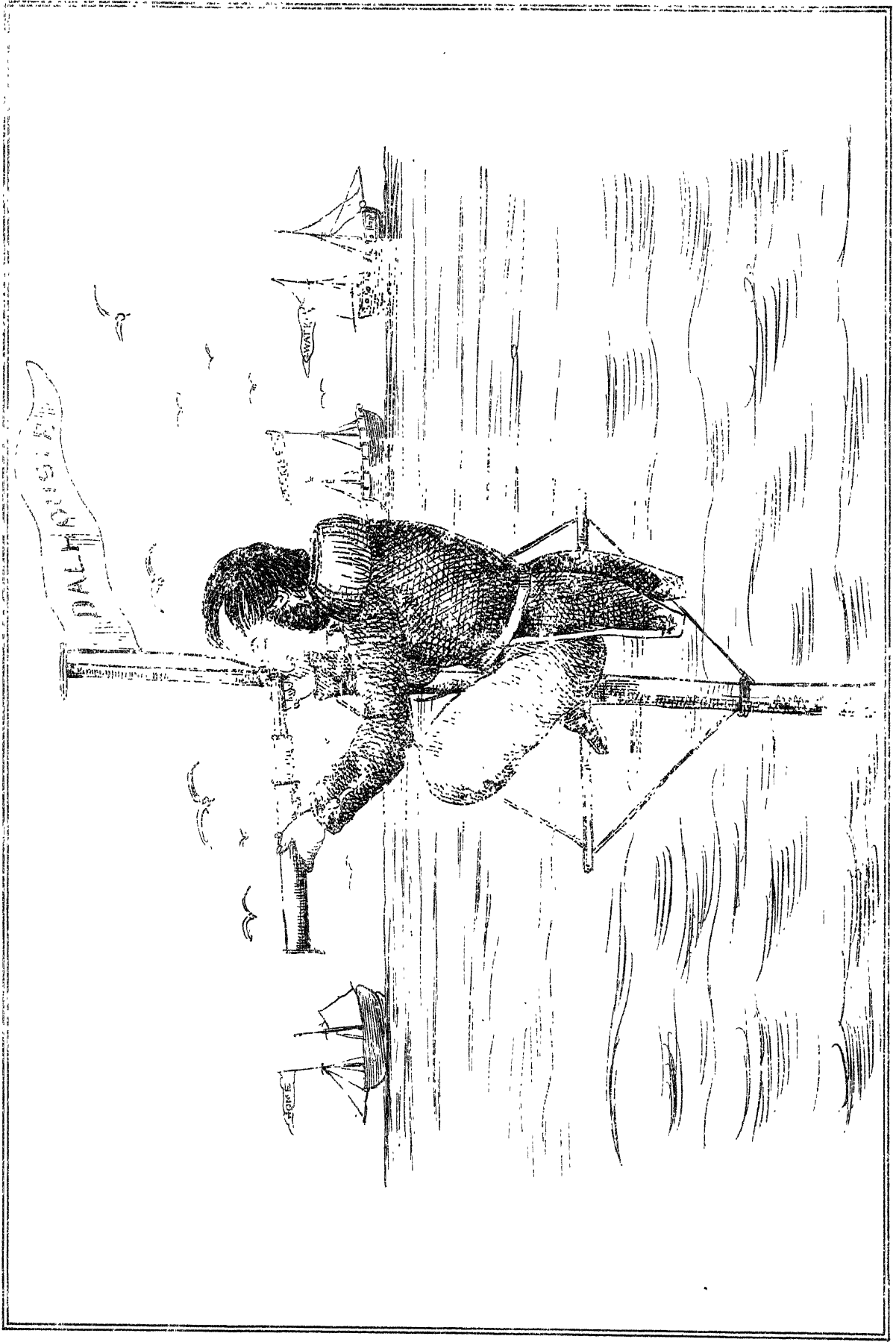
LIKE the American paper, which says of the anthra-  
cite coal lately found in Missouri, "it looks like coal,  
feels like coal, and smells like coal ; all the difference is  
that coal burns, and that will not !"——so a friend said the  
other day of the *Lahore Chronicle*.—"It looks like a  
newspaper, feels like a newspaper, and smells like one,  
but a newspaper can be read with profit, and the *Lahore  
Chronicle* cannot !"

## EDUCATIONAL.

WHY is the training of young ladies generally a bungling busi-  
ness ?

Because it is mis-management.

## A SEA PIECE.



THE ADMIRAL, AT THE MAST HEAD, ON THE LOOK OUT FOR DISABLED BRIGS.





## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

YES you see, here I am again in my garden. All among the pots; Love among the roses I was going to say, only I'm not much like a cupid now if ever I was. Good show of geraniums eh? and there's a *Clarkia Elegans*! raised it myself sir! There's not such another in the station! Yes, I've been tolerably successful, very nearly got a blue *Dahlia* last year, and just step this way, and I'll show you perhaps the sweetest thing of a *Portulaca* ever seen! Ah, you are laughing, thinking of *Tulipomania* and the Dutchman, well you are not far wrong, my garden is my hobby, my maggot as you call it. Sir, it is a good thing to have a maggot, keeps a man out of mischief, prevents ennui, constant source of amusement and all that sort of thing. I knew a man whose life was once saved by a maggot, or rather by the happy co-operation of two maggots, his own and another's.

His name was Manton, Captain Manton of the Rifles, Political Agent at the Court of the Rajah of Kookereepauk. Well Sir, his maggot was sporting, a regular mania for tigers, bears, elephants, elks and all the rest, and the Rajah had a similar fancy, perfectly mad after shooting, and never respected any man who was not a good shot. Well Sir, the Rajah had been amusing himself with a little bit of cruelty, capital fun in the eyes of an Eastern despot, poking out the eyes of one of his brothers, and my friend Manton had remonstrated with him rather warmly, so much so in fact, that the Rajah was disgusted, and only waited for a safe opportunity to take his life.

So not very long afterwards, he got up a grand batue, and invited Manton to join the sport, so that he might get killed *accidentally* by mistake for a tiger. Well Sir, the beaters were sent into the jungle and the Rajah and Manton took their stations where the game might be expected to break cover. Manton a little in advance, the Rajah a little in the rear.

The noise of the beaters drew near, sundry rustlings and crashings were heard among the bushes, Manton was too eagerly intent on the expected game to think of looking behind him, and the Rajah raised his gun!

He took a deliberate aim at Manton, only waiting the moment of the burst to send him to kingdom come. Just at the nick Sir, a magnificent elk came bounding out of the jungle, he was a hundred and eighty yards off Sir, if he was an inch, and running like mad!

Manton, Sir, quietly raised his gun, and down came the elk as dead as a herring! There never was such a splendid shot!

The Rajah was overcome! Admiration for such

wondrous skill in his favourite art, overpowered all his angry feelings, he threw down his gun, leapt from his station, and rushing up to my friend, embraced him with such ardour that Manton thought he had gone crazy!

That's a positive fact Sir, so you see a maggot may be a useful thing sometimes. It's a provision of nature in short, every man has his maggot, more or less, gardening or shooting or books or going to parties, and terrible sacrifices he makes to it sometimes.

Yes, every faith has its martyrs. If you were only to hear the confessions of some of the devotees of "pleasure" concerning the pains and penalties they have undergone in the service, you would stare a few!

Confessions did I say? By Jove Sir, they are not confessions but boasts, brags, triumphant demands for your admiration! Any one would fancy there was something really praiseworthy in seeking after one's own pleasure to hear the boasts people make, especially women, of the hardships they have undergone in pursuit thereof. Only listen to the confessions of *fast* young men, their terrible *Nuts* in the morning, the frequently distressing state of their stomachs, terminating not seldom in an inevitable *cat*astrophe! Or to the tales of thrilling interest told to each other in confidence by delicate young ladies. How they *did* fear they would *never* have been able to go to that party. They *were* feeling so ill, and so knocked up by recent *pleasures*, and how they *did* manage to screw up strength enough to *go at last*, with the help of a little dram drinking in the shape of sal volatile or eau de cologne "and water." Zooks Sir, you would reverence them as martyrs if the *cause* was only a shade more respectable!

There was young Fillagry of the 80th, was a perfect victim to sociability, hectic sickly young chap was he, long and lanky, with lungs evilly disposed and a mania for flute playing to make matters worse. Well, he was agreeable enough in his manners and came of a good family, so he got no end of invitations. He knew he could not stand it, he never went any where to dinner, or was out late at night without being laid up for a week afterwards, and as soon as he recovered, or sometimes sooner, out he went again! The Doctor warned him, the Colonel wigged him, for he was constantly unfit for duty with his sick headaches and that sort of thing, though no one could ever say he was drunk. He acknowledged that the style of life did not suit him, but he could not help it, if people were so kind as to ask him, he must go, it would be so rude to decline.

Well Sir, he had got into a very bad state of health, when luckily for him he was sent on detachment duty to a lonely station. There was nobody living at or near the

place, but a German Missionary and a serious Collector; Sir, they converted my friend Fillagry between them, he became what you young chaps call a New Light!

I won't pretend to say what good his *soul* may have derived from the change, but it was wonderfully beneficial to his *body*. He took of course to quiet life and regular hours, and by Jove Sir, he got so fat and comfortable looking that when he rejoined Head-quarters, nobody recognized him! He was all the better for it too, in his worldly prospects, for having now nothing to occupy his time or distract his attention, he took to study with a will, and soon *passed*, for he was quick and clever enough when he chose to exert himself.

And now Sir, he holds a capital appointment in the Shoogranbutta Commission, where he enjoys capital health and a handsome salary, is an active Magistrate, the father of a fine family, and an out-and-out staunch friend of the Missionaries, for which last, let us say, in the name of common gratitude, small blame to him!

### SKETCHES ON OUR INDIAN RAIL.



*Native a little too late.*—"HAI HAI GHARRYWAN, AMI JAIBO, HAI! Ho—o—o—o—o!"

#### SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

WHY does a Cannibal prefer an Irishman to boil down for soup?  
Because he likes a broth of a boy.

#### ARTISTIC.

THE only animal the celebrated Landseer has not succeeded in drawing is a Badger!

#### OPERATIC.

WHAT glass do ladies raise most frequently?  
The Opera glass.

### LACKADAISICAL LYRICS.

#### SCENE IN A DAWK BUNGALOW.

WITH a terrific scowl upon his brow  
He sat uneasy in a broken chair,  
And she the Lady of his love was there,  
Whom but last year with many a faithless vow  
He had at Hackney wooed, and wooing won  
With dazzling tales of Indian luxury;  
And very much disgusted now was she,  
Feeling perhaps she had been slightly *done*,  
Comparing the assertions with the facts;  
For comfort where she was, was very small,  
And for amusement there was nought at all,  
Except a score or two of dreary tracts.  
Bare were the walls and dirty, and the rain  
Came through the roof and puddled all the floor,  
And from a native village near the door  
There was a smell as of an ancient drain.  
There were three crazy chairs, a table cracked,  
Two cots designed for any thing but ease,  
And garrisoned with regiments of fleas,  
The chut hung from the rafters torn and blacked,  
And on the table was a skinny fowl,  
The "*sub cheez hye sahib*" of the grinning cook,  
What marvel then the Lady's sullen look,  
Or the vexed gentleman's terrific scowl.

KAFNOS.

WE borrow the following, which has gone the rounds of the English papers, from the "*Editorial columns*" of the *Indian Standard*, a paper published at Delhi:—

"THE CRIMEA.—In cruises along the coast of the Crimea in this summer weather, the officers can see ladies sitting on the beach in front of their villas reading, with the children picking up shells beside them. There are *cases* and reading-rooms within the reach of a sixty-eight pounder; and everything seems to go on as if in time of profound peace. The Crimea is the Isle of Wight of the Muscovite empire, and the fashionable visitors seem determined that the Western Powers shall not deprive them of their season."

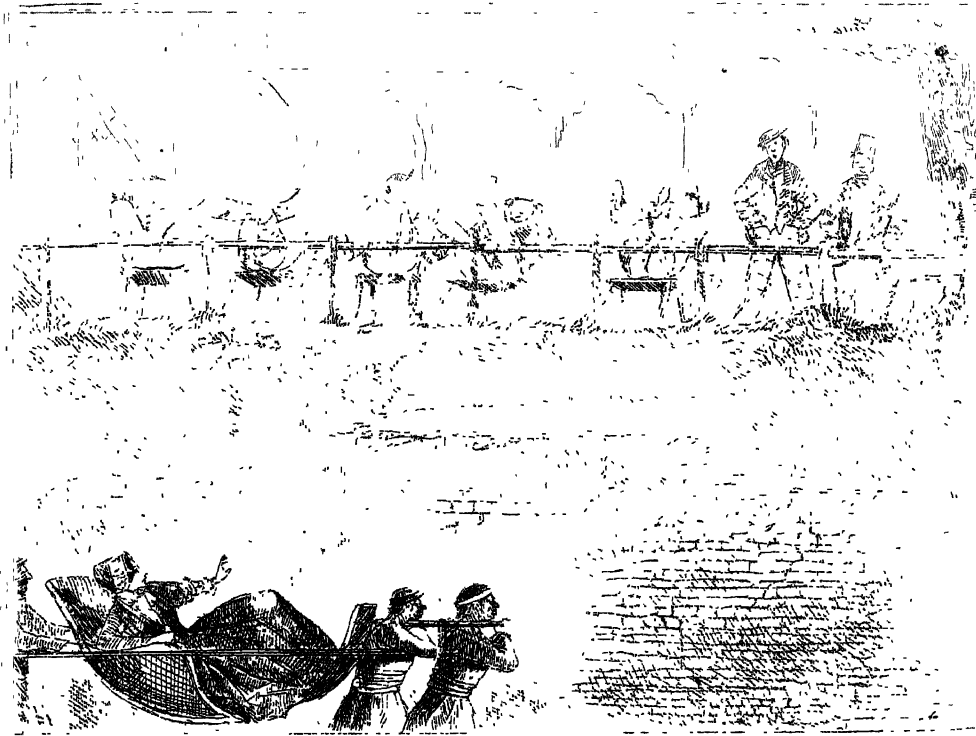
This is "startling"! We were not even aware that any shells had yet been fired on the coast of the Crimea, and yet we read of Lucas like children picking them up as if they were pins! The "ladies sitting on the beach in front of their villas reading" were of course intently engaged with the *Invalide Russe*. What the *cases* are we do not pretend to know unless they mean empty shells.

#### NAUTICAL.

WHY is a man looking through a telescope like a ship's crew boarding a frigate?  
Because he's taking a *deck*!

#### GIBBET HIM.

WHEN a carpenter is going to make a gallows, why is he never sober?  
Because he's always got a drop in his eye.



*The Glorious fun we had at Simla.      (Season 54).*





"FOUNDED ON FACT."

SCENE.—*Interior of the Electric Telegraph office at Kummerbund, distant 463½ miles from the Coast. The Electric wire, after having been cut and broken fifty times, is announced as fit for service (for a few minutes, at all events), and operations having commenced, information is received that the long expected Steamer anchored 3 minutes ago. The office is crowded with Officers of all sorts, sizes and ranks, a sprinkling of Gentlemen and Civilians—a few shopkeepers—one or two Peons, and three or four Clerks all neck tie and importance. Great excitement in consequence of the prevailing epidemic—War. Time (it is as well to be particular) 7 A. M.*

*An Ensign, (not dismissed Drill, to the Clerk.)*—"Isay, my fine fellow! Can't you find out anything about the Russians? Eh?"

*Clerk (with eye intently fixed on Needle)*—"Waiting for an answer to Capt. Andrew Softe Sawder's message."

*Impatient Civilian, (who has ridden 15 miles on purpose to hear the news, and has to ride back to a cock-fight at 10)*—"And who the Deuce is Capt. Andrew Softe Sawder, that he's to have it all to himself?"

*Clerk (with dignity.)*—"He's the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of the Army!"

*Civilian (exceedingly irate)*—"Then damn the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of the Army."

*(Clerk takes no notice.)*

*A meek Missionary, in spectacles, (to Clerk.)*—"How long does it take to send a message did you say Sir?"

*Clerk, (rather impatiently, having answered the same question a hundred times during the previous ¼ of an hour.)*—"That depends on the length of the message."

*Missionary, (soothingly.)*—"O—but a short message!"

*Clerk (evasively.)*—"No time at all."  
*(The Missionary who ought to have lived in Queen Ann's time, subsides—firmly convinced that the Millennium is at hand.)*

*Enter Captain A. Softe Sawder.*

*Capt. A. S. S. (to clerk, in a patronizing way.)*—"Well Mr. Brown,—any answer yet?"

*Clerk.*—"None Sir."

*Capt. A. S. S. (looking intently at the needle through his glass as if he knew all about it, then gazing complacently round at the assembled hats—and addressing them*

*all collectively.)*—"Ah, we shall know soon—that's all right."

*(Rubbing his hands.)*

*The assembled hats supposing that Capt. A. S. S. has sent to know about news of the War (what else could he or any one else have sent to know about?) think him a decent sort of fellow. Popularity of Capt. A. S. S.)*

*Clerk.*—"Now Sir—they're answering."

*(A general rush at the Electric Battery, and twenty voices immediately wish to know what it says.)*

*Clerk, (spelling out slowly.)*—"Tell Capt. Andrew Softe Sawder."

*(Signs of impatience among the crowd.)*

*Clerk proceeds with his spelling.*—"D. E."

*A Voice*—"Defeat of the Russians, I'll bet."

*Clerk.*—"P."

*A positive voice.*—"DEP? O? Departure of the Troops from Malta or some place—Well, go on!"

*Clerk.*—"U. T."

*Some wag in the rear.*—"Deputation from all the old Ladies of Europe to the Czar."

*(Cries of "Hush, will you?")*

*(Clerk pronounces—"Y" amid a general groan, the groan being often repeated whilst the needle continues to inform the public that Capt. A. S. S. is Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of the Army.)*

*(Scowls on all sides at Capt. A. S. S.)*

*Clerk.*—"N."

*An inoffensive voice.*—"N. stands for Nicholas."

*A rude ditto*—"He be blowed!"

*Clerk.*—"O."

*The wag again.*—"Novgorod invested by the Hottentots—good Hottentots!"

*Clerk.*—"L. I. N. E."

*(Great doubts entertained as to what "no line" means.*

*A few think it is a mistake, others that it has reference to a line of Battle Ship but cannot imagine how.)*

*Clerk.*—"S"

*(Impatient Civilian suggests that the Line is screwed, and that he himself is a Dutchman. No one caring however, the Clerk proceeds (with execrations on all sides) to tell the crowd that there is "no Line Step for them.")*

*Capt. A. S. S.*—"No Line Step! good Heavens! Fancy that! Let me pass—please"—*(Imagination not being able to conceive, nor pen to describe the effect of this announcement on the Public, our readers must take it for granted that unpleasant things were said in Capt. A. S. S.'s hearing. Capt. A. S. S. rushes out overwhelmed with popular execration.*

*(A Pause.)*

*(Impatient Civilian, having exhausted his stock of po-*

*lite epithets in more languages than one*)—"Well, go ahead? better late than never?"

*Clerk (after waiting a minute or two.)*—"Please Sir, they've stopped."

*Every body.*—"Ask them if they've any news of the War"

*Clerk (after making vain efforts to attract the notice of his Brother Clerks at 463½ miles distance.)*—"Some one else has got hold of them now. I think the stoppage is at Cursipore."

*A Voice.*—"That's that confounded old Brigadier, blast him!"

*(Several then ask the Devil what they are to do, and not receiving satisfactory answers, become exceedingly anxious that the same Gentleman should take Capt. A. S. S. to himself.)*

*(After lingering some time in vain, for some recognition on the part of the needle, they depart, each one, including even the meek Missionary, desirous of applying his boot to a certain part of Capt. A. S. S.'s trowsers.)*

*To the Editor of the Delhi Sketch Book.*

DEAR SIR,—As you may not see "*The Coleraine Chronicle*," the following advertisement may be amusing to you and your readers:—

MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, HANOVER-PLACE, COLERAINE.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform the Public that all connection between him and Mr. Magowan has ceased, and that he will devote his time to the business, and his chief study will be to give the best value possible to all who may honour him with their Orders. That was the principle which succeeded so well with him formerly. He never felt happier than when he was roused from dinner three or four times to attend to Business.

The Subscriber intends to start for London next week for Goods.

His son will attend to business during his absence.

A. HURLEY.

1st July, 1854.

The fact of Mr. Hurley being happy when "roused from dinner three or four times to attend to business," is uncommonly humorous, and if by any means he could find some friend to "rouse him up" two or three times a night in addition, I suppose his happiness would be complete.

Yours,  
POGEE.

RAM RAM.

How many pipes of baccy will it take to make a Ram pugnacious? Two, because two pipes make *one butt*!

TO NATURALISTS.

What insect reminds one of "God save the Queen?"  
An *ant*, hem!

## LITERAL.



C. O.—"YES SIR, THE CAPS ARE A LITTLE SHABBY, BUT THEY MUST BE WORN OUT."

*Facetious Brig.*—"WELL, I DON'T KNOW, IF THEY MUST BE WORN AT ALL, I THINK THEY HAD BETTER BE WORN AT HOME."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

IN a recent issue of Military Orders by the most noble the Governor General, we observed that "Lieut. E. J. D.'O. Money has been permitted to resign the service. His vacancy has effect from the 9th of Sept. 1853."

We know right well that the Commander-in-Chief is addressed as "His Excellency," but we never before knew that "His vacancy" was the title of a Lieutenant of artillery.

A GOOD DODGE.

A FASHIONABLE Calcutta firm are in the habit of putting P. P. C. in the corners of their documents when "waiting on" a customer with their goods. The initial letters stand, we understand, for "Please Pay Coolie."

TO ASTRONOMERS.

IN what end of the Zodiac do Schirrus (cirrus) clouds appear  
In *Cancer*!

THE GREATEST RIDDLE OF THE DAY.

THE Inspector General of Post Offices!

MR. JONES GOES BEAR SHOOTING.







## IN THE MOST HORRIBLE MANNER.

"You put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brain."

SHAKESPEARE.

A FRIEND of mine told me a story of the Baron Von Polouski, (we will call him) who had a habit of describing everything as done in the "most horrible manner." On relating an anecdote of himself in action in this country, he said, "I went up to a Seikh, I told him to put down his arms. He wouldn't, so I draw'd my sword and cut off his leg "in the most horrible manner." I put this dream in his style of describing a story—

## A DREAM.

I was in my own country sleeping in my bed "in the most horrible manner," when all of a sudden a blaze of light illuminated my room. Starting out of my sleep, I called out and asked what was the matter. No answer was returned, but in one corner of my room I heard a slight groan, and a noise of suppressed weeping. The supernatural light was still burning, so jumping out of my bed, I put on my slippers determined to investigate this matter "in the most horrible manner."

I had no sooner placed my foot upon the ground than the light went out, and being determined not to remain longer than necessary in the cold, I commenced my search at once.

I proceeded to the corner where I had heard the noise, but could not discover any thing. I now remembered that I had some lucifers, and turning to my table I found the box. Striking a light I again repaired to the corner, but could see nothing. I examined the spot but could neither see nor hear any thing. After some time expended in a fruitless search I turned into bed again, but could not sleep—not that I was afraid—such an idea I scorned, but I lay wide awake for about an hour, when I was again visited by this supernatural light, but now it streamed in from a window facing my bed. I thought I heard some one singing underneath the casement—I listened attentively and heard a song—

"Oh meet me love—this summer night  
Hath charms for minstrelsy:  
Shake off thy sleep, and watch the light—  
T'll lead thee, love, to me."

It was very strange I thought to be serenaded in this way—so I determined not to be outdone—I opened my window saying—

"I'll watch the light—  
I'll come to night—  
And I will follow thee."

Well, thought I, here is a pretty adventure—I am evidently mistaken for some one else—taken for a young lady "in the most horrible manner." I sup-

pose I must dress and go out—I struck a light, dressed, and went out. The cold air refreshed me, and I am bound to say I had taken too much maraschino over night, and been drunk "in the most horrible manner," and this had been a dream—and the voice was sweet from its unreality, but sweet "in the most horrible manner."

\* \* \*

WHEN every body calls you an ass, it is high time to bray. We are glad to find this sage sentiment, which was propounded in our pages only the other day, so soon acted upon by a Nedditor at Lahore. The *Chronicle* of that ilk having long been written down an ass by the common consent of the public, now vigorously sets to work to prove himself one. He says that the *Sketch Book* is vulgar, indecent, obscene, licentious, and profligate—that it shocks his delicacy and corrupts his morals, that he dare not show it to his wife nor leave it within reach of his marriageable daughters, that Holywell Street would be ashamed of it, and that the paternal Government of India ought to suppress it. These we believe (for we write from memory) are the opinions expressed by the *Lahore Chronicle* regarding this publication.

If we were disposed to report, as we are not, we might tell this fastidious Editor that he is in reality no Editor at all, that he is a discarded newspaper hack, to whom even Grub Street would not afford grub, a mere pilferer of paragraphs, a dealer in thrice cooked-cabbage,\* who "treats ether men's thoughts as Gypsies do their stolen children; disfigures them that they may pass for his own." We might say all this of the *Lahore Chronicle*, and say it truly, but we don't mean to say it; first, because it wouldn't be polite; and secondly, because it would not do him any good since he knows it already and can't help it.

We might also say of the *Chronicle* that his malignant heart would render him dangerous to society, were it not for a brain so barren that he cannot even give utterance to his own malice, but has to employ a "contributor" to translate his crude calumnies into English. That the very article in which we are accused of indecency, was not written by him, but written for him. But we shall not say this, because we do not like strong language, and besides it is known to everybody.

We might go still further and ask the *Chronicle* to show that he has any claim to belong to the newspaper fraternity at all, since his stupidity is quite matched by his servility, since he fawned upon the Great Napier when he was living, and defiled his grave when he was dead; since he has surrendered his independence in expectation of the crumbs which fall from the table of the Punjab Board (Crumbs we may add by way of parenthesis, for the *Chronicle* is fond of parentheses, which he seldom gets). We might tell him that not content with glossing over the faults of his masters, he has the singular baseness to adopt their enmities, lending his columns at their bidding, whether it be for the vilification of an unfortunate native Prince, whom "the Board" wishes to depose, or a brave British Soldier whom "the Board" wishes to "put down." We might say all this, but we shall not, for something much to the same purpose has been said already by Brigadier Hodgson (who by the way is not so easily put down) and what is more, it has not been thought worthy of a reply. For, be it known, this Editor does not attempt replies when his honor is attacked. He sneaks away to his horticultural pur-

\* No doubt the *Chronicle* may say that *this* is vulgar, but we can assure him that we found it in the classics.



HOW THE SWELLS OF A CERTAIN ROYAL REGIMENT NOT 100 MILES FROM UMBAL-LAH APPEAR ON THE COURSE.

suits as Smith O'Brien to his cabbage garden, and with a snivel tortured into a smile, pretends to doubt the sanity of the man who arraigns him; thinking and perhaps justly, that the man must be mad indeed who attempts to kindle a spark of generous shame in that besotted breast of his.

These are a few of the thoughts which might possibly occur to us if we took pen in hand to describe the *Lahore Chronicle*; to assign him as it were his status in the animal creation. And with such a label on his back we will, if the *Chronicle* particularly wishes it, hand him down to posterity like the hero of another Dunciad. But at present it is our especial wish to abstain from saying anything that should hurt the *Chronicle's* feelings. Yet for fear of accidents, we recommend the *Chronicle* to shew especial caution in handling the present number of the Sketch Book, as its contents, whether indecent or not, are dangerous to meddle with. And we beg him by no means to show it to his wife or leave it within reach of his marriageable daughters. The Sketch Book aspires to no place on his drawing room Table, and we may be pretty sure that it will never find one there if his family is at all well regulated.

The *Chronicle* does not like us to make fun of his Mysore Rams. How does he like *my sore knuckles*?

A CERTAIN poetaster, one Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, in a late "poem" termed GOOD FOR GOOD, introduces the following verse:—

Ay,—well will we trust that the cause of good feeling  
Greatly shall prosper and grow evermore.

When thus a new friendship old enmities healing  
Unites and rejoices each neighbourly shore;  
For England and France  
Shall nobly advance  
And lead on Humanity's happier Van,—  
Shall mutually thrive,  
Keep kindness alive

And help in each other the Progress of Man.

We have often heard of Respectability keeping  
a gig, but we never before read of Humanity's Van!  
Mr. Tupper cannot surely refer to the Police Van!  
or an *Omnibus*!!

#### QUEER EPITAPHS.

ON JOHN MUTCH.

HERE lies John Mutch who never lied before,  
Mutch was he all his life and now's no more.

BY A DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER.

HERE doth my wife Joanna lie,  
She's quiet now, and so am I.

#### EPIGRAM.

A Father laughing at his son!  
It's really quite a shame of him!!  
Nay friend, he would preserve his heir,  
And therefore maketh game of him.



LORD D—'S RETURN TO LEADENHALL STREET.  
THE JOY OF HIS "AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS" AT SEEING HIM.



## FROM OLD SKELETON TO MR. JUSTICE WAG.

MY DEAR SIR,—It having been brought to my notice that *you*,—a man *bound* to keep the peace—have aided and abetted *one* styling himself “CRANIUM,” and my nephew—(a relationship which I utterly disclaim)—in his endeavours to discover the whereabouts of young “Scull,” my sister’s son, no doubt with the intention of sponging on the youth, I feel it to be my bounden duty to remonstrate, and to request you will bind over this Jackanapes Cranium to keep the peace, as he fears my stout “crab stick” should we ever meet.

It is surely very annoying that young Scull cannot be employed in the *Mofussil*—by Government, on a secret service, but what a host of idle young men, who have more leisure than wits, make a dead set at him, and try to scrape an acquaintance, and thus engage his attention with frivolities, which have not even the merit of being harmless; but I have every confidence in my nephew’s good sense and *grave* and temperate disposition.

I have no objection to young Scull associating with his equals, for he requires a little brushing up. He does not, I admit, sufficiently cultivate “*the graces*,” but at any rate he is an honest lad, and has none of the pedantic airs and pretensions of such fellows as Mr. Cranium.

Let me assure you that Mr. Cranium does not belong to our family—True: he may be one of the “*Gost-Seers*” or connected with the *Knight* of the “*Pampas*,”\* but that the absurd adventurer should claim affinity with the Sculls and Skeletons is preposterous!

Should Mr. C. persist in his present practices of endeavouring to entice my nephew into his speculation of raising a company, who should undertake “*to break eggs with hatchets*,” as I noticed, in a document, emanating from him, I give you timely warning, not to implicate yourself, as I have been consulting Mr. Periwig, my legal adviser, who informs me that this is an actionable case—“Mr. Cranium,” he assures me, is obnoxious to the penalties of the “*vagrant act*,” and he quotes the cases of “*Simnel*,” and “*Perkin Warbeck*,” who were—though I knew nothing of them personally—no doubt very unprincipled young men.

Mr. Pericranium also figures in this unpleasant affair, but as I understand that he is connected with my good friend Captain Crossbones, I shall refrain at present from any comment on his conduct.

\* Sir F. B. Head.

Mrs. Skeleton’s health, I am sorry to inform you, has been much affected by the designs of this impostor “Cranium” on her nephew—for you know, what a proud woman she is, and would rather go without her dinner for a month than wear cotton velvet, as I know to my cost.

We have written to our worthy neighbours Drs. Gall and Spurzheim (who know something about Mr. Cranium) to expose the imposture, and thus scare away this ill-advised young man, before we should be compelled to seek protection in the law.

You are aware that we adopted my brother’s son, young Scull, in consequence of having been denied one of our own, and as we are very anxious about his success in life, as the intended inheritor of the honor of the family, you can easily imagine the state of mind we are in.

I did not fail to notice that Mr. Cranium is a verbose man, to judge from his writing, but you may tell him from me that he will find some *knotty points* in my good crab stick, which will give him ample employment.

Mrs. Skeleton and the “Tombs,” who are on a visit, join me in subscribing myself with the greatest respect,

My dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

McBRAINS SKELETON.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that Young Scull wrote me about a fellow he saw in the grave yard at L—e, who might have been Cranium—He seeing the grave demeanour of my nephew, thought it doubtless imprudent to accost him then and there.

P. S.—I have a severe cold and am (*coffin*) coughing all day. Will you kindly forward me a box of “*Old Jacob Townsend’s*” pills or ointment” for the same by Government Bullock Train or the Golden † Dak, and I shall doubtless receive the parcel before next cold season.

I have requested Scull to write to you himself.

I am sorry to add that young Barebones has been refused an appointment in the Commissariat. It is a great blow to his poor mother, who counted on her own share of the loaves and the fishes, but we ought to be resigned, for, my dear Sir, these men receive their good things in this life, but who can tell what will become of their poor souls hereafter. The Revd. Dr. Homily and Mrs. Skeleton were weeping about these poor fellows only yesterday. It is an awful consideration, my dear Sir, and Mrs. Barebones’ disappointment has no doubt been for her own good as well as for that of her son.

McB. S.

## THE HEIGHT OF FAVOR. A TRUE BILL.

### Dramatis Personæ.

Boatswain..... *Hardcase.*

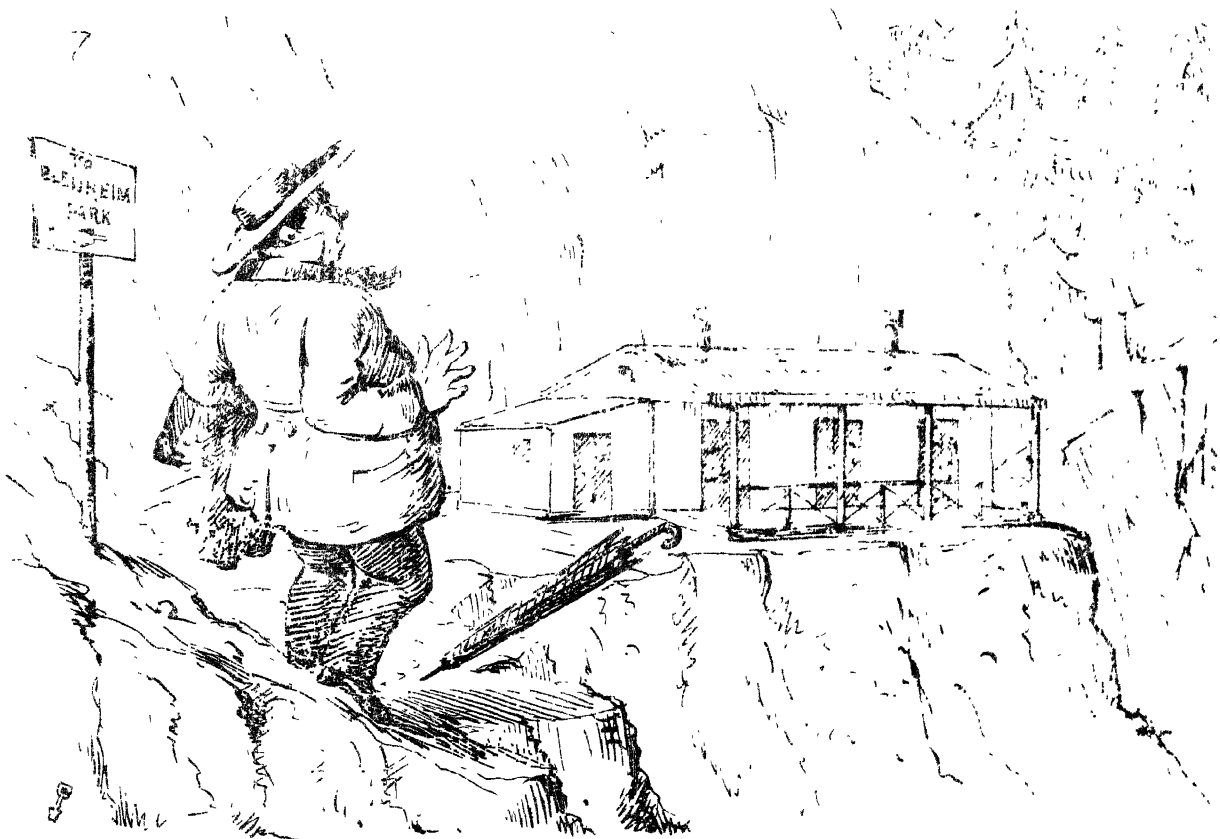
Carpenter..... *Sawyer.*

*Sawyer, (log.)*—Well the Cap'n is a reg'lar trump I will say, Bill, such another I knows not, between this ere line, and North *Americke*.

*Hardcase*—You're just right there mate, he bees a regular out and outer.

*Sawyer*—Ah, and he bees uncommon fond of me Bill. He bees very kind.

*Hardcase*—Kindness, why he is the softest hearted old Cap'n I ever knowed, and his kindness to me is magnificent. Ah mate, just let him catch me *a eating anything but the Liver wings of fowls*,—that's all! \* \* \*



MR. FIGGS HAVING SECURED FOR THE SEASON AT A RENTAL OF 1600 Rs. "THE BEAUTIFUL ESTATE CALLED BLENHEIM PARK, WITH EVERY ACCOMMODATION FOR A LARGE FAMILY, ELEGANTLY FURNISHED, ON A COMMANDING SITE," AND SO FORTH, ARRIVES AT SIMLA, AND ON BEHOLDING IT IS — GALVANIZED.

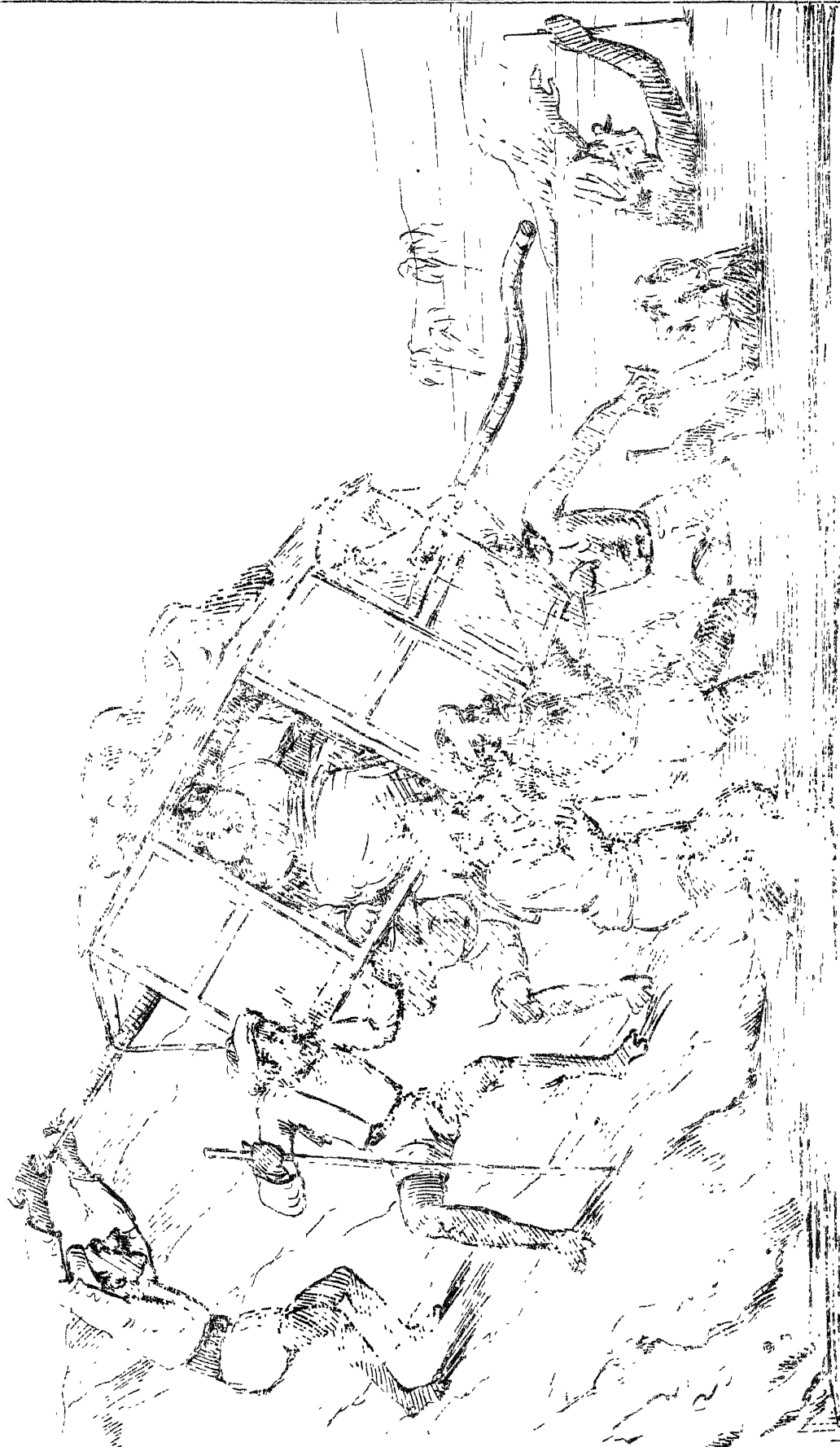
### NO CHICKEN.

BAILLIE FRASER complained that when he called his novel "the Kuzzilbash," everybody mistook it for a Cookery Book. The dawk Bungalow Consamah at Bewah (an intelligent Mussulman educated at the Delhi College) requests us to state that he has fallen into a similar mistake regarding a work called "Sudden Death," which is now going the rounds of the advertise-

ments. He thought it was a treatise on grilled fowls, and was fool enough to buy it. He says his copy may be had cheap on application to Mr. Ledlie, Curator, Agra.

### A SAILOR'S NOTION OF LUXURY.—A TRUE BILL.

I was listening to two sailors one afternoon, as they sat chaffing each other. At last one fellow said to the other, I say Bill, thank goodness it's near Calcutta we are. Oh, won't we have a drink neither. Just a week of it, *lying down to it*. \* \* \*



HOW MRS. FIGGS TRAVELLED ON THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD ABOVE KURNAL.





## RUSSIAN INTRIGUES AT KHIVA.

## OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OUR Khiva correspondent sends us the following interesting communication, which will, we think, startle the Indian public, as well as the eminent firm whom it more closely concerns :—

“ I have for some time been wishing to send you some news from this savage place, but it is extremely difficult to send letters just now, owing to some bad blood between the Khan's people, and the Cabulees, on account of a caravan which the Khán intercepted, and I am told that he beheaded the merchants. The Khan himself has done everything to pacify them, as he sent three sacks full of heads to the Dost with a Khureeta and some Persian slaves. The Dost is quite satisfied, but his subjects are not so forgiving and all our dawks get cut off in the passes.

The reports about Russian intriguing here are quite true, and you had better look out for squalls. There are five Russian troops of the line under Field Marshall Hoffmanoff, and levies of Cossacks are pouring in every day. Rumour says that Paskievitch has been degraded to a Colour Sergeant, and is ordered to the Catherinsky Alexandrovitch Regiment, now marching to Samarkand. The ex-Governor of Odessa is already here, and keeps a canteen.

I don't think that the Shah of Persia is to be gained over, though the Sheea Mollahs have been pitching it into him very strong, and effigies of Abdul Medjid and Lord Dalhousie are being prepared for incrimination on the approaching Mohurum. He is afraid of the Electric Telegraph I believe, and has a wholesome terror of the Bombay packets, the rapidity of which has become proverbial from Bushire to Balkh. There was an Eurasian billiard-maker who gained a great deal of influence over his Majesty, and represented our resources in their very worst light. But he has since been put to death, (grilled over a slow fire with a squib in each nostril,) because he neglected some formalities in blowing his nose before the Presence : I believe that using a pocket handkerchief was one of them.

As Russia cannot get to the Punjaub without Persia, and there is this confounded business about the caravan, Hoffmanoff contemplates coming down through *Nepaul*. He is waiting the Imperial sanction and supplies, as he is out of pocket from bribing all the chiefs between the Ural and the Hindoo Koosh. Jung Bahadoor has been gained over by the prospect of an universal massacre of Mahomedans, and an annual present to himself of fifty English ladies of rank, always including the belle of the season. I recommend Government to remove their stud from Ghazeepoor to Patna, or you will have Cossacks on good mounts looting all the Duhseelees in the Doab.

Your only chance of escape, supposing the Czar approves Hoffmanoff's plan of operations, is to buy up the Khan, or get the Dost to break up the entente cordiale which is now existing here. There are rows, too ; for instance a Lieutenant of Kirghiz Cossacks, cut the throat of the Diwan's nephew,

about some question of precedence three days ago. Yesterday *his* head was found over the gate of the principal mosque in the city : upon which Hoffmanoff (to appease the Commandant of the Corps, who is very savage,) had ten Mollahs knouted in the Cossack lines last night. The Khan has made no remark as yet, but I believe he contemplates poisoning the Hetmann, which won't be of much use, as I believe Cossacks are too tough to be poisoned.

The most extraordinary man that way that I have ever met, is Count Pffusky, who has been poisoned three times. Once at Madrid in a jealous fit, by a royal personage whose charms I believe are now *passée*, whom he always speaks of as “ *cette bonne Chretienne*.” The second time by himself on being ruined and then jilted by a young lady, whose acquaintance had led to the first catastrophe : she afterwards created some notoriety in Munich, but has I believe retired into private life : your Calcutta friends may recollect her. The third time was by his wife, whose jewels he lost at play. He is now serving as a private in the Holy Moses Battalion, his malachite mines in the Ural having been confiscated by the Emperor, ostensibly for political reasons, but really on account of the attentions paid by the Count to Madame R——. He has still a distinguished air about him, although when I first saw him he was eating raw meat off the rib.

I am very reserved here, as the Khivites are very treacherous, and the Russians are such deep dogs. I am known as Aga Mahommed Beg, and am Head Physician and Astrologer of the Court. I got my place by curing one of his dogs of a sore, with Holloway's ointment. The Khan has ordered me to send to the proprietors for ten pots, and a gross of pills. It was through the secret influence I have that I discovered that the durveish who brought some snakes and a dancing goat for the entertainment of the Court, three weeks ago, was a Russian diplomatist of high standing. Do you think I don't know who Yakoub Kabobchee is ? His real name is Ivan Jacobovitch, and he has been instrumental to more trips to Siberia than the Invalide Russe will openly allow. And here the scoundrel is keeping a cook-shop, and spying on the high diplomatist himself (the durveish I mean) who keeps a smart look-out after Marshall Hoffmanoff. I cannot get much out of Yakoub, though I have pumped several most important facts out of the durveish. He tells me that Moriz Stiebel and Sons are the Czar's agents in Frankfort. Upwards of a million roubles have been carried across the frontier by old clothesmen. The Jews are to have a perfect immunity, and a Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, with subordinate councils at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. The Rothschilds hang back as yet, as they are speculating on buying up the war, and making it a private speculation to uproot Islam. Moses and Son have been offered the fur-trade and clothing of the Imperial army, and Sir Moses Montefiore has been gained over by a perpetual grant of Lebanon, which he will sublet to the cedar-pencil trade. As to the Baltic, the durveish tells me that a Yankee firm have contracted to block up the fleet with a gigantic freezing apparatus, but the Czar has not got the ready money, and they will

not take his "parole de gentleman." Perhaps Moses will be able to let him have the money, as soon as the Emperor of China pays his bill. But then the Emperor is up a tree, and the insurgents have placarded the employment of Moses, as heterodox and damnable, because he is a Jew. So I think that the freezing apparatus will lie by.

You will be sorry to hear that "our Mr. D. Wilson" is a prisoner at St. Petersburg. That enterprising man after visiting all the vintages of Europe, happened to be in Westphalia selecting hams, when he heard a Bavarian student in an inn, boasting of the excellence of his meerschaum pipe, and declaring that all the pipes sold in Europe are mere shams. With characteristic promptitude our Indian benefactor started that night for the Caspian, that he might judge for himself. He was recognised at a little place called Vrszx by a Cossack, with whom he drove a bargain for hoofs three years ago. (His calves foot jelly is justly recommended by the faculty.) The Governor of Vrszx used him shamefully, but directly the intelligence reached St. Petersburg, a special drosschky and a police sleigh were despatched to Vrszx; the former conveyed the illustrious D. W. to St. Petersburg, and the latter carried the Governor to the quick-silver mines. I think, myself, that all this attention is more a stroke of policy on the part of the Czar than a kindness to the individual. The Invalide Russe denies that an offer was made to Mr. Wilson, of the Custom of the Imperial family the Army victualling contract and the monopoly of the Canton tea trade, if he would consent to poison most of the messes of India, and a great portion of the Civil Service. The durveish swore to me that the offer was made, and that the Czar put it in the most friendly manner, addressing his prisoner as "notre Wilson." He would not tell me what answer was made to the base proposal, but there could have been only one answer from one whose whole life has been spent in a course of unwearying philanthropy. If the Czar can make nothing else of him, he will make an entire cessation of hostilities, or at least, an Armistice of seven years, the only condition of his release. Meanwhile he is very comfortable, though under strict surveillance. He is waited upon by two Aides-de-Camp, in full dress, who bring him champagne of his own highest brand, and selected by himself during a tour on the grape countries last year, whenever he calls for it.

I have run out my budget of news. My Jummadar has just reported a scrimmage between the Kirghirzees, and the Khan's Nujeebs. It appears that Kureem-ool-lah, the head eunuch, a dreadfully fat old fellow, disappeared last night: and no trace has been found of him, except of his ring which was found in a jeweller's shop this morning. The jeweller swears that it was sold to him early in the morning by a Cossack, and the general impression is that the Cossacks have waylaid and eaten him. There will be a jolly row if that is the case.

A private letter, in cypher, from Pffusky, who complains of a pain in his stomach. He says that he must have been seen getting over the garden-wall of the Khan's Rungmuahall, last

night. Perhaps it was Pffusky who eat the eunuch! But I have no time to write more, good bye!

Yours,

SUB NUBE ET ROSA, MOHAMMED BEG.

P. S.—The Khan issued an order to search Yakoub Kabobchee's premises, as a barber, who breakfasted there this morning, swears he found a tooth in his pilau. Yakoub immediately went to the Khan, and in a quarter of an hour, the order was reversed. Would any one but a Russian diplomatist (or an American Captain) turn the Khan of Khiva in that time? The fact speaks volumes of Russian influence in this quarter.—Verbum Sap.

M. B."

## A FRIEND INKNEED.



### MATRIMONIAL.

Why is a man when taking a woman to wife, a seafaring character?

Because he is a marryin her (mariner.)

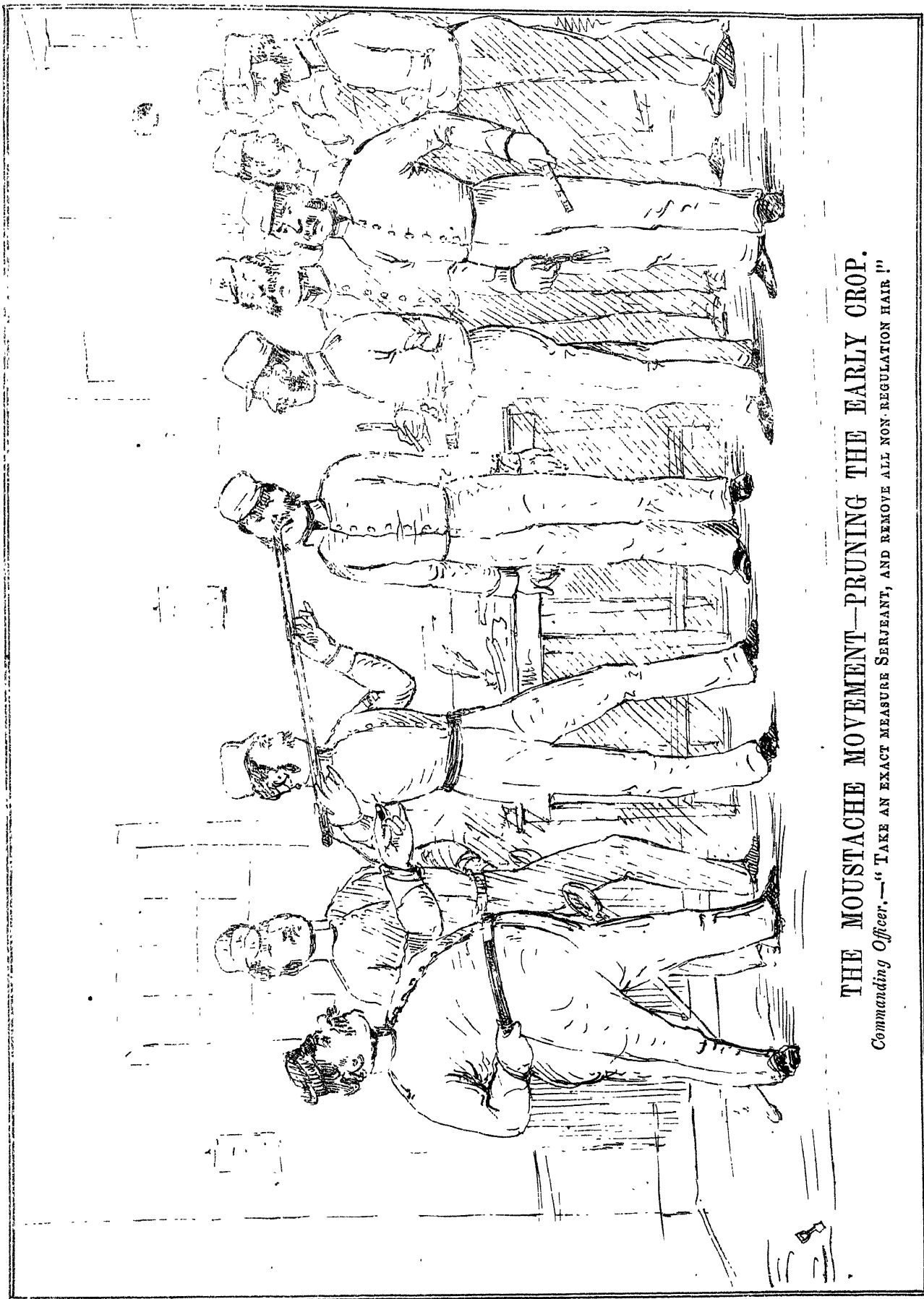
### HISTORICAL.

What does the German Nation still require before it becomes a great fact?

An alteration, it is only a germination now.

### THEODORE HOOK.

How would you describe Theodore Hook's principles?  
As Merry Toryous (meritorious.)



**THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT—PRUNING THE EARLY CROP.**

*Commanding Officer.*—"TAKE AN EXACT MEASURE SERJEANT, AND REMOVE ALL NON-REGULATION HAIR!"



## MYSTERIES OF CALCUTTA: A ROMANCE.

By Mons. E—S—

N B. The original Romance. *Epaulets and Elopements* or the *Stolen Ring*—was written by our Mad Contributor, but was so dreadfully mad that we could not accept it. The M. C. was induced by pecuniary embarrassment to offer it as a leading article to a London journal. It was quoted by the Hon'ble Mr. Stump in the H—of C—: and worked into its present forms by Mons. S—:—It was subsequently translated without permission, and printed at a reduced price, together with Mr. Stump's speech, (also without permission,) by Chawker Brothers of Square Street, Philadelphia. Considering the history of the Romance, we have no hesitation in spoiling the spoilers in our turn. In justice to Mons. S— we must say that he has greatly enhanced the value of the story by the truthfulness of his details.

The scene of *Epaulets and Elopements* was, we believe, laid at Agra: which accounts for Mons. S— laying his Romance in Calcutta. Also for its being dramatised by Mons. A—D— as "*Le Nabob et le Griffin*," or *Modes de Madras*, adapted to the English Stage, as "*Sinla Vagaries*," by Mr. C—M—: and worked up into that entertaining nouvelette "*La Burra Beebe ou les Bloomers de Bombay*" by Mons. P—de K—

It is evening in Calcutta:—the city of Palaces is hushed. The gay frequenters of China Bazar and the Garden of Eden have returned to their homes in Tank-Square and Chowringhee. The excitement of the drive, the Band, and the "Petite verre de flash" are exchanged for the stately Burra Khana and the exciting Nautch. All without is still and peaceful: save at times the loud roar of the Sunderbunds tiger, or the lugubrious yell of the Chinsurah jackal, or the boisterous song of some mariner at Kedgerie, breaks the heavenly calm, and reminds us of this sordid priest-ridden earth. Ah my Brother! High-souled, trampled proletary, dost thou not often feel.\* .. .. .

In the house of Mr. Sm—h, one of the most stately of the Chowringhee Palaces, all the rank and fashion of Calcutta, Big-wigs and burra beebees, Griffins and taza-bulats, were assembled at a Burra Khana (Large Dinner.) Mr. Sm—h was one of the richest Nabobs in the E. I. Company's Civil Service. This body has gained its name of *writers* from their skill in counterfeiting signatures, and interpolating passages in public documents. Mr. Sm—h had first gained the patronage of Lord Warren Hastings by the skill with which he wrote the words "over the left" (which has a nullifying effect in public documents) with a preparation of onions, in a treaty with a certain Raja. The interpolated passage was not evident at the time when the Raja's signature was obtained to the document: it afterwards appeared, the Rajah was ousted of his possessions and the Company gained three krores of rupees (a sum almost beyond computation) by a stroke of the pen. The Raja died in great indigence and his grandson sweeps a crossing near the Polytechnique in Regent Street to this day. Sm—h afterwards made lucky speculations in Indigo, which combined with his skill at *ecarté* had raised him to his present high position; and had also considerably enhanced his reputation.

\* Mons. S— often breaks off from the thread of his narrative to indulge in social, moral, and political reflections. As they do not bear on the story, we omit these passages without apology.

Society in Calcutta is not based on the same footing as in our Western capitals. There forgery is spoken of as knuckle-kuring, from the English word knuckle, part of the hand: as we say, that a person writes a good hand. Embezzlement is always known as "Appropriation of Funds for charitable purposes," and fraud in general is called "Adroitness." The terms current in Europe are considered offensive, and are never used in polite circles.

It may be thought that the Nabob, with his large wealth and social status, was happy, but also he was old, this poor Nabob; his liver also was diseased, and his wife, the Burra Beebe (or Large Lady) was of a social turn. Infamous customs of society, that bound the young, gay, and blooming Jemima J—nes to the old, crabbed, and withered Nabob Sm—h. She wanted a home:—she found a counting house. Her partner was sordid, snubby! She looked round, she saw the young, the gallant, the fascinating. Duty restrained, but she was all soul, she sought relief from this loathed companionship. Can we condemn her?

Ah! methinks I form in a far land some sweet Utopia, where these iron ties, these crushing yokes. . . . . Bah! it is impracticable, this Utopia. Let us return to our subject.

I have said that Jemima was young, but the giddiness of her youth passed away: she wished to form a lasting attachment: she sickened at the hollow professions of habitual roués. Hers was a mind which clings to virtue in the abstract, while it spurns conventional trammels and hollow creeds. . . . . She found a youth, fresh and artless, high souled yet modest. Full of the joyous effervescence of an ardent spirit: acute yet not sordidly calculating. The hot simoom of passion, the frozen blast of disappointment, had not scared the heart or frozen the affections of young Augustus Gr—n.

"Ah mon cher Griffin," said the yet lovely and fascinating hostess, as she relinquished the arm of a brown-cheeked, white moustachioed Brigadier, to accost the boy, "how do you do!" The old Brigadier had seen service: he had been shot at Plassey, knocked off a rampart at Seringapatam: crippled with rheumatism at Cabul: and cut down and ridden over at Chillianwallah: yet she left the old soldier to accost the almost unknown boy. Graceful condescension!

"How do you do? Good morning," said the delighted Griffin, (newly arrived Cadet). "I have brought you this rose: it is all I can give you." "What more?" said Jemima, artlessly putting the flower in her breast. She was said to be the Nabob's medium for receiving presents from the surrounding Rajahs, elephants, palankeens, kincob scarves, and dishes of fruit or flower were received with the same grace by this amiable lady.

"Mind your eye! Augustus," she said playfully, but dropping her voice so as to escape observation. "My husband hears that your Governor has stumped up: he will ask you to whist: he will cheat horribly."

"N'importe," said the 'insouciant' youth—"My name is Green: but my eye:—c'est une autre chose par de tout."

"Petit drole!" said the lady, "you will be imprudent."

Their colloquy was interrupted by Captain Johnson, of the 100th Heavies.

The huge Dragoon had watched them for some time, the torments of jealousy wracking his mind. He strode up: with ghastly composure he claimed her hand for the dance.

"Mon cher Johnson," said Augustus with great composure, as he extricated his elegant foot from beneath the heavy heel of the Dragoon—"it strikes me you are very rude."

"You are a little impertinent," said the Captain fiercely.

"Bah! you are a large insolent," said Augustus contemptuously. "Old cock! I will make you sing small to-morrow."

"Indeed you will not," said the lady significantly:—"To-morrow!"

"Point d'honneur," muttered Augustus, as he turned away. "Kitmacar! a glass of pale ale."

"How are you Green?" said the Nabob, courteously addressing his guest. "Drinking beer, eh? Render yourself at home, I beseech you, come and make a hand at whist; Mrs. McFiddle and Mr. Sn—ks are in the card room." "I am agreeable," said Augustus, slapping his entertainer on the back.

"Qui Hy?" (who waits?) cried the Nabob: an obsequious Bengalee appeared as if by magic, in a still submissive attitude, and uttered the single word, "Kodawund!" (Lord.)

"Ticquette ka mez le ao!" (Bring the card table) said the Nabob. "Cut for partners: ah! Mrs. McFiddle, the ladies always come to me. Sn—oks you side with Green."

The card table was brought, Brandee pawnee, betel, hookhas, cheeroots, and ices were put upon a side table, and a tray bearing a dozen small glasses of cherry brandy put on a morah, or stool, by the side of Mrs. McFiddle.

Let us not judge harshly of this lady. Her husband, Dr. McFiddle, had turned Mussulman and squandered his fortune in getting up *Taxas*, *Tomashas* and *Nobinous*. It was a feeling akin to gratitude yet stronger than devotion which she felt for the merchant Sn—ks. Is it not strange that the institution of marriage, ordained for the highest economical purposes, should have become such a form ..... But these reflections are unpleasant.

Meanwhile the dance continued with no other contretemps than a *hookha* stem of silvered wire, (the property of the rich Indigo merchant Br—n) falling from beneath the dress of a Captain's lady during La Trenise. By the tact of the hostess this little incident was turned off as a jeu d'esprit on the part of the lady, who was known to be of a volatile turn. The dance over, the Burra Beebee followed by a throng of twenty-two admirers panting for the distinction of gaining her glove or handkerchief, drew near the card table as Augustus dashed down his last thousand rupee note.

"What's the odds," said the young improvident, draining off a tumbler of *Flash*, "the Governor will stump up: if he does not, the Baboos will do a bit of stiff."

"Mrs. McFiddle, it is your deal," said the imperturbable Nabob, as he transferred the note to his snuff box after a careful perusal of the water mark.

"Your snuff is out dear," said the Burra Beebee, "shall I fill it from your canister?"

"Abdool will do it, love," said the Nabob, anxious to appear complaisant.

"Bah! Abdool is a *bewakoff*: he is not up to snuff," said the jocose fair as she tripped off with the box.

"Goddam! what a woman that is!" said the delighted Nabob to his guests. "Splendid creachaw!" said the ten of the twenty-two admirers in a breath: the other twelve had pursued the Burra Beebee to her husband's dressing room, but she eluded their vigilance by slipping down the backstairs.

During this parenthesis the skilful Mrs. McFiddle had dealt out a billet doux, and the three first trumps to her admirer. Impartial creature to deal trumps to the other side.

"Hearts is trumps!" cried Augustus, as he threw down the knave, "can you cut out the knave of hearts Governor?"

The Nabob for once looked annoyed, and felt nervously behind his jacket for an ace. A glance at the merchant's hand however (who was absorbed in his billet doux) shewed him that he had that card. He accordingly laid down a small card.

"Fire away Soudagur," (merchant) cried Augustus. Sn—ks started and played a spade. Mrs. McFiddle trembled, and wondered where she could have dealt the trumps, as she had retained none in her own hand. She played a club, as a hint to Sn—ks that she trusted solely on him.

"We have no chance," said the Nabob:—"Green has got all the trumps."

"Sold again," cried our hero, throwing down the deuce of hearts; "there goes my last."

"Very strange play," muttered the Nabob, again eyeing Sn—ks' hand.

"I don't think you have a chance," said Sn—ks, as he triumphantly laid ten trumps upon the table.

"Ah!" said the Nabob complacently: "a fine hand; what a pity you revoked."

"Ten million damnations!" cried the merchant in an affected frenzy, and he rushed headlong out of the room.

"Hookaburdar!" cried the Nabob to the nearest attendant, "run after that gentleman, and get an I. O. U. for a lakh and five thousand rupees."

"I shan't play any more," said Augustus rising: "ta, ta, old boy. I'm sleepy."

"Shall we divide our winnings, or play for the whole at *écarté*?" said the Nabob to his fair partner.

"I'm up to you," she said as she finished her cherry brandee, and passed a pawn into her mouth, "I want my half."

"Then get it from Sn—ks," said the Nabob drily, "I'm down upon you."

"In tremulous haste she ran to the verandah, where Sn—ks was waiting, having eluded the Hookaburdar. In a burst of tears she told him that the Nabob had outwitted her: she had not a farthing, except twelve tea spoons, as she had artfully called for one with each glass of cherry brandy.

"What signifies," said Sn—ks, "I have five million about my person now, besides six chests of plate in my cabin:

CLOSE OF THE SIMLA SEASON 1854.



*"THE TUNNEL."*

*PERHAPS A LITTLE DAMP BUT A NICE PLACE FOR—WALKING.*





there will be a crash to-morrow : somebody will suffer : why should you and I be put out. Come, love, to my ocean isle : the Mauritius packet starts in half an hour.

The Nabob having finished his night's work, abandoned himself to opium and brandy pawnee. Meanwhile a storm occurred in the drawing-room. It was Augustus who had gone up deliberately to Captain Johnson and said to him before all the company—

"Captain Johnson—you are a great pig!"

The scene was indescribable : Johnson made a cut at Augustus, who lightly leapt aside, and struck the huge Captain in his stomach, bringing him to the ground. This was resented by the Chaplain's lady of the 150th, who for reasons of her own defended the prostrate Johnson, and struck Augustus on the head with a massive peck-daun. Augustus bowed and retired. A crowd gathered round the Captain, who was speechless : it was strange that such a stripling should have felled such a *pulwan*. On unbuttoning his coat, however, it was discovered, that he had scouted the lid of a butter cooler, richly chased, under it : the knob of which had been driven into his stomach by the blow. The general consternation was increased by a Kitmacar running in to say that the Nabob had fallen into a fit. The Doctor, who could scarcely stand, gave a general solution of his state by saying that he was drunk : as the Nabob's symptoms were alarming, however, it was deemed advisable to bleed him in the nape of the neck, during which operation he cut off the lobe of his ear. Where is Mrs. Sm—h, cried a hundred voices. Just what we want to know, said the disappointed twenty two ...

During this confusion two palkees had glided noiselessly out of the compound (lawn) and were making way across the maidawn to Garden Reach. The blood ran to Jemima's heart as she heard through the stillness of the night, the ominous words Aga Burrao !

This was the name of a notorious desperado, who had joined a band of Phanseegars or Stranglers. He attended wherever there was a crowd, and such was the dread of his name that the loitering coachman urged on his horses, and breathed a prayer at the sound.

Not so now. Curry ho ! cried Augustus leaping from his palankeen, crack-crack : six flashes of his revolver, and three cuts of his sword : nine bodies strewed the plain. The Aga himself was still unhurt : he closed with Augustus, who dealt him a tremendous back-handed blow between the eyes, and felled him like an ox. . .

"I learnt that from the Tipton," he said quietly, as he entered his palkee. "Chully jao you coolies,"—go along.

The ghaut was gained : the pass-word given : the muffled oars glided through the water ; they reached a red light : it was the opium clipper.

"Got the blunt," said a deep voice from the deck, Jemima pointed to a large bundle, which two men hoisted up.

"Real silver ?" Asked the skipper from above.

"Stabble your whids," said Augustus, as he sprung up and gave his hand to Jemima : "do you think we don't know how to behave ?" "You're the right sort," said the Captain.

"Weigh anchor my boys : box the cable and run out the weather hawser hard a port."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the prompt seamen.

"Have you got the ring ?" asked Jemima when they had gained their cabin. "All right," replied Augustus. "I put the handkerchief over his mouth, and he tumbled down like a sack of coals."

The ring was one which Lord Warren Hastings had given to the Nabob in acknowledgement of his diplomatic services : it was of a single diamond, and valued at fifteen thousand rupees.

"I have got his snuff box with your notes," said Jemima triumphantly. "You need not have bothered yourself," said Augustus yawning, "they are all flash : the real flimsies are in my left foot boot."

\* \* \* \* \*

"They are gaining on us," said the Skipper uneasily, as he eyed the Pootlinautch, River Police Frigate, bearing down on them from Saugor. They were now in the open Bay of Bengal.

"Give me a thirty-two pounder," said Augustus carelessly. "My love, how sweet this southern gale smells : it is laden with the cinnamon."

"D. the southern gale," said the Skipper, "it is right in our teeth."

"Making ready for action," roared the man at the mast head : at this minute a terrific crash shook the vessel, and her head spun round from due South to N. W. by W.

"Ram Ram," cried the affrighted lascar, as he fell from the top gallant mast upon deck, smashing a rabbit hutch in his descent.

"Goddam ! Go to the devil ;" cried the excited Captain, as he knocked him into the water with a marlinspike.

"Jemima," said Augustus in a loud voice, "we must not be taken : we must die."

\* \* \* \* \*

The fumes of the charcoal speedily filled the cabin :—from the same cup (a racing cup of the Nabob's) did they drain off the rich wine, flavored with the dust of the diamond ring. Then with arms locked round each other they sank upon their self-raised pyre : in their last moment's love :—ardent, thrilling, consuming, tumultuous, upheaving, transcendental love was their only thought : their souls passed languidly away like the strains of dying swans.

Augustus !!

Jemima ! ! ! !

#### THE ROYALS (Extraordinary.)

OLD Mr. Rapid, who was formerly in H. M.'s onety-oneth as a full private, is now well known as a prosperous Soudagur. It is recorded of him that, having an undutiful son, he lately threatened, if he did not reform, to get him a Cadetship in the Company's army, and wash his hands of him.

# COPY OF A LETTER FROM FRANK FID TO HIS CHUM JACK MARLINSPIKE.

Deer Jak.—Heer we is in Kalkutter all a roastin and a Broilin, and some a Boil in. This is the numiest place wat is, hand they kauls it Sitey of Palaces, I belongs at prejernt to the "Senobier" (smoke Jack) our skiper is a first rait young feller, full of merth and full of glee (just like W. Taylor.)

We as lots of libertey ash, here, so I hintends to tell yer all about Kalkutter: "did you ever heer of balbriggen in Hireland, were the ouses is built of pankakes hand the streets is payved with gould hand the geeses fly starn foremost."

"Well this arnt xactley like Ballbrigen but sumat like en. Hin this ere place the ouses are hall as flat has a pankake o purpose to keep the coves nice hand wharm hinside hand has the sun shines hon the roofs all day it makes it very ple'zont has Joney Crop O says; they makes the pankakes in the streets hand i have aktually seed em plaster'd on the sideses of the ouses, but the heet of the sun turns em very Black just like the Breed the Joney Dobrees as:—hand as for goeing starn foremost I am blowed if you kant, they as marchines wat they kalls pollkeys hi got inter one tother day hand blow me titer hif didnt ship hend for hend, I put my starn were my ed ourt hav ben: they has such lots of servernts here, one feller puts on yer shert hand another kove your trowsers, there then is another feller what piks your teeth hand keeps your to nails in order, "hand if you was to ax the feller what puts on your shert, to pik your teeth, hed tell yer heed sea you d—d first, they his the most indiapendant indiaviduals wat his. The chap wot gets the grub his kall'd a kon soomeer cas has hou you konsumes hall he gets: ("hisernt it rum Jack?") The Doby's here his men. You kant eate em tho sum of em does get eated they says. I shouldernt like to takle em tho they his hall kover'd with Greece hand some of hem smels d—d strong:—some of the koves his kall'd Beastley Whallers—just bee kaus they karreys water bout hin a sort of a kind of a lether thing just like a ded Pigg hand they says has how has the Musserlmens, never looks at one of em, "the Pigg I means," cause has how as one of their greet men heat so much pork, that he bursted. And they kan never ashame to look a Pigg hin the face ever sin. Then their his one feller kalled a Doorwhan, kaus as how as he is a sort of Kaptain over the dour keeps the nocker in order hand greeces the engees—(just like the Kaptin of a top.) Then ther his a Punker waller he is a Kaptin of the Bellers hand attends to the Blowin of em, he his a sort of wind marster another kove his kall'd a kitmergur, I kant make out wat he doos, withought hit it is to help tother chaps what his doing knothink hand to sea that they dos it ship shape. "Hurray;" we has just got horders for Wrangoon so I must bring hup with a round turn hand pipe belay, but wen we kums back

I will send yer another yarn about Kalkytter, give my reespects to Poll hand tell Nance I never forgets her hand remember me to Old Allgate pump wen you passses that ere whey. Beshure you writes by next Male, hoping you is first rait.

I reemains your old Chum,

FRANK FID.

*Direkt to me Kaptain of Missen Top aboard of Onerable Kompany's smoke frigate "Senobier."*



HOW AN A. D. C. OF MY ACQUAINTANCE TAKES A DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL WITH HIS MALIK.

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

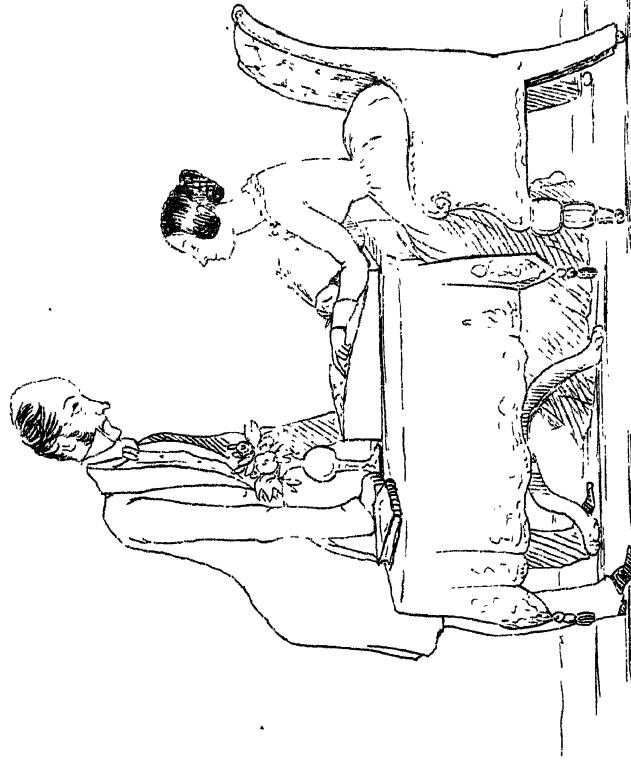
A sporting friend of ours recently took up a Virgil (by mistake for a Vol. of the Racing Calendar.) It opened of itself at the line

*"Non procul a stabulis audet secedere."*

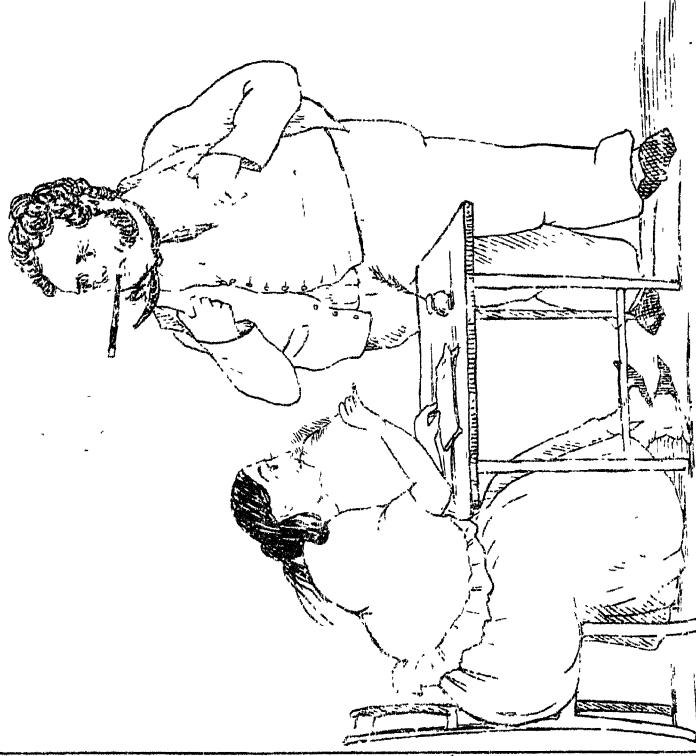
WHAT Scripture character does the timber-traffic in the Doon remind you of?

Sal among the profits.

# CONVENTIONAL FALLACIES.



"I'm afraid we must ask THAT Lt. Wiggins and his vulgar wife, as he is your assistant."  
Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpiopville request the pleasure of Capt. and Mrs. Wiggins' company, &c. &c. &c.



"I do hate that fellow Fitzpiopville and his stuck up parties."  
Infernal bore, but I suppose we must go (oaths ad libitum.)  
Capt. and Mrs. Wiggins have great pleasure in accepting the very kind invitation, &c. &c. &c.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

If I ever had the luck to have a son, the first and most earnest wish I would make for him, should be that he might not turn out a "good natured" fellow! "a mere penny trumpet for every body to play upon. Not that I mean to disparage good-nature, but I would not have it the *only* rule of action; a man *without* a heart is an unmitigated beast, but what is a man wholly *domineered over* by his heart, with no justice, no wisdom, nothing, but a lump of good-nature, partial and silly? He is a fruitful source of misery to all who love him!

My poor brother-in-law, Spooner of ours, was just such a sort of chap, he would do any thing for any body, right or wrong. Of course he was a "general favourite" in the usual meaning of the word, that is, every body was always glad to make use of him, and when he got into trouble, every body said, "it was only to be expected, and that it was hopeless to think of giving him any assistance."

He married my poor sister while he was at home on furlough, greatly to my annoyance. I hoped however it might turn out for the best. I trusted she might have brains enough for the pair of them, but I was disappointed, she was a sensible girl enough, but timid and irresolute, one of those gentle and devoted creatures whom some people fancy the perfection of women. Sir I think it's a mistake, such a woman, tame and feeble, is unsuited either to be the companion of a wise man or the guide of a fool; if the domestic experiment is to be a successful one, the wife must be either the one or the other, so whenever you marry, select a woman with good sense and good principles and energy enough to use them when required.

Poor Mary was devotedly fond of her husband, who was indeed very kind to her; she could see no fault in him, she was even angry with me for quizzing his personal appearance, she looked upon his face (and an uncommonly plain style of mug it was) through love's spectacles, and his little punchy figure was to her a form of more grace than the Apollo himself.

Well, if that had been all, it would have been very well, but she was as blind to his faults of character as to his faults of person, his extravagance was liberality, his dishonesty (the word will out) was a noble disregard of conventional forms, for he would set every thing right in the end. So I got no backing up from her when I tried to caution him. I *did* give him some good wholesome advice, disgustingly wholesome, as the little boy said of his plain bread pudding, but I might as well have held my tongue. Well sir, at last matters came to a head, we had had a very slack commanding officer for

several years, another of your "good natured" fellows, and a very idle one withal, who took notice of nothing, and during the whole period Spooner had been Secretary to the Mess.

Unluckily for him an uncommonly *teek* Colonel was appointed to our corps, and the very first thing he did was to examine all the accounts! There was a pretty kettle of fish! Perhaps the very sweetest mess that ever man set eyes on! Accounts! there were properly speaking no accounts at all, every thing had been neglected, debts of all sorts were unpaid, strong letters from desperate creditors were found unopened! I am afraid to say how much the liabilities amounted to, and there was not a crowy in the cash chest to meet them! Even that was not the worst, the Quarter Master proved the payment of sums after sums into the hands of the Mess Secretary, and Spooner was called on to account for them. Well sir, he had not appropriated much of it to himself, there *was* a small balance which I suppose *must* have gone that way, as he could not otherwise account for it, bad enough certainly, but better than I had expected, for extravagance and dishonesty are almost inevitably connected, and recollecting how he had been going on in the spending line, I had feared that he might have helped himself to the whole, not so however, he had been making "advances" to his friends, some in, some out of the Regiment, and he produced a string of I. O. U. S., which made up the deficiency to within a few hundreds, made it up *on paper* I mean, for much of the cash was irrecoverably gone, some of his borrowing friends were dead, some had been dismissed, for they were all of them of the *Fast* School of young gentlemen, whose lives and commissions are not very safe to insure, and one infernal blackguard gifted with a *twenty-nigger* power of lying that was a disgrace to his white face, managed to get possession of his I. O. U. and then steadily denied the debt. It would not do to push matters too hard with these borrowing gentlemen, for our object was to save the credit of the Regiment and not ruin poor Spooner with his large family. The Colonel Sir, behaved like a trump, he gave him a month to (as he said) make up his accounts, with a hint that if the coin was forthcoming the affair should be hushed up. So a loan was to be got from the Agra, and if the mess business had been the only one, it would have been done easy enough, but somehow or other the matter got wind, and claims poured in upon Spooner from every side. The tradesmen's bills, Sir, were bad enough, but worse still he had been security for about a score of different loans, and several of them had fallen wholly or partially upon his shoulders. However we manag-

ed the matter at last, we got him a loan of 20,000, the Colonel and I and two of his friends being the securities. He had saved his bacon this time, and might have done very well if he had tried, for he was close upon his majority, and moreover came into a little money by the death of an uncle; but he went on still in the old way, did not pay his instalments to the Bank, and as for the tradesmen, he was soon just as deep in their books as before.

By the way, young man, just let me caution you against that very plausible notion, which gentlemen in debt so frequently beguile their souls withal, namely, "*concentration*," a fellow says to himself "I will bring all my debts into one focus, I will get a loan from the Agra, pay off all my bills, and then I shall have only one debt to attend to, which I can liquidate by degrees." Do you know what is the *practical* meaning of all this? Why sir, *it is just to open a fresh tick with the tradesmen*, and so in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the concentrating gentleman is speedily far worse off than he was before!! Such was of course the case with Spooner.

Being unable, too, to say No to any body, he became a member of a Card Club, which may probably account for the galloping consumption of his legacy. I was afraid he would ere long be getting into another scrape, but he escaped that poor fellow, for he died of cholera during a march of the Regiment, he and the Colonel both died the same day.

His wife was in a very delicate state at the time, and his last thoughts were almost exclusively taken up with her. He made me swear (though God knows there was no occasion) to take care of her and the children and never to lose sight of them till I had seen them safe with her mother in England. I would have done it at any rate, but there was soon a sadder reason for my doing so than I had expected. My poor sister became prematurely a mother in her distress at her husband's death, she had a very severe illness, and although almost miraculously her life was preserved, it was at the expense of her reason, she was insane from that time, and the medical men tell me she can never recover.

I took her and the children, eight in number, including that unfortunate baby, down to the presidency, and set to work to make arrangements for taking them home. I got my furlough, but then came a difficulty which stupidly enough I had not foreseen. I was called on to make good his debt to the Bank. I was the only security they could come down upon, for the Colonel was dead, the third man had been killed in Burmah, and the fourth had gone home sick from the same delightful country, and was

never expected back again. I remonstrated, I entreated for time, no, the sum was too great, I could not leave the country till I had either paid it, or taken the debt upon my own shoulders with fresh securities. Securities! I shuddered at the word! No no, I had had enough of securities, I had experienced the evil of suretyship myself, and I would not that any man should incur a similar risk for me.

Time pressed, and the necessity to go was urgent, harassed and worried on every side I could see but one way of arranging matters; I proposed to the Regiment to buy me out, they responded to my offer in a most liberal spirit, and I was enabled, thank God, to discharge that abominable bond, and escort my poor sister and her young ones safely home. And that is how it was I got into the Invalids.

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### TYPES—NO. I.

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#### THE SLOW GRIFF.

He goeth on board ship at Gravesend with a rather inconvenient number of trunks for his outfit, besides several packing cases and baskets containing creature comforts for the inner man, thoughtfully provided by his Grandmother and Aunts, lest by any chance the ship might run short of provisions.

He hath a letter of introduction to the Captain and has been personally entrusted to the especial care of the ship's Doctor, whom his Father asked to dinner for that very purpose.

He associates not much with the other cadets on board with whom he hath but few topics of sympathy, his education having been mostly domestic and his pursuits sedentary and feminine. His constitution is far from robust, not so much from any fault of nature as the result of an elaborate system of coddling, and he timidly shrinks from the boisterous good fellowship of the other griffs who play him practical jokes and laugh at his innocence. He however findeth patrons among the elderly civilians of a serious turn, whose wives take a vast liking to the "nice, quiet, well behaved young lad."

When he landeth in India, he indulgeth in no sprees, abstaineth from larks, shunneth flares, but quietly abideth with one of his board ship patrons till ordered to join his corps.

In his Regiment he is much liked by the senior officers, being docile, quiet and respectful to all superiors whether in age or rank. He implicitly believeth in the Adjutant and well nigh worshippeth the commandant, should he condescend to take any notice of him. He is considered a muff by the juniors, who, if they can, will play him sundry tricks, but still he







PASSING THE STRAITS UNDER FULL SAIL.

THE  
DELHI SKETCH BOOK.

VOL. V.]

DECEMBER 1, 1854.

[NO. XII.

THE SIGHTS OF DELHI

*(Continued from last number.)*

WE have heard of an Irish gentleman who came to Delhi for the express purpose of seeing "the lions," and who went away saying that there was nothing of the kind to be seen there, and that "with the exception of a baste of a Tiger caged on the Maharajah Hindoo Rao's hill and a few miserable Jackals, devil a wild animal was there to be seen." We do not mean to select our Irish friend as a specimen of Oriental travellers in general, but we know of several only a trifle more civilized, inasmuch as that after seeing the Palace and Jumna Musjid, they left the Imperial city fully impressed with the idea that they had seen all that was to be seen. It is to be hoped however that there are few who depart without paying the Kootub and Toglukabad a visit, for an hour's drive and a rough ride on an elephant will enable them to see both.

The Kootub, or Qutub, Kotub, Cutub, or Cutteb Minar, as it is variously spelt, stands out a conspicuous landmark about 11 miles from Delhi. There are as many ways of pronouncing and spelling its name as there are traditions regarding its origin, and the correct one and the other seem to be equally obscure. For some years past the most learned of all Oriental Scholars have been at issue on the subject, until at length, two parties have been formed, the one declaring the pillar to be of Mahomedan, the other of Hindoo origin. Of course there are numerous proofs brought forward in support of both arguments, and as both parties are fully persuaded of the soundness of their own, it would be not only unwise, but unkind, to deprive them of the pleasure they experience from indulging the same. Consequently the question has been permitted to rest, and it will not in all probability be mooted again, until some newly fledged Archæologist takes the field, when there will be the same ponderous discussions brought forward, and as neither party is likely to be convinced of the error of their ways, we may expect precisely the same results. The Archæological Society of Delhi is the only learned body capable of enlightening the world on the subject, and to it we have long looked for some lucid explanation of the mystery; but like all learned Societies, the Delhi

Archæologicals are silent and reserved when they are not quite sure, and so we still wait patiently.

The tomb of Sufter Jung or Sufdur Jung is situated about 5 miles from Delhi on the road to the Kootub, to which it forms a sort of half-way house for travellers. No signboard signifies that there is to be had "good accommodation for man and beast," but that the biped may find rest there, the well arranged rooms testify, whilst the fact of herds of cats and dogs paying the weary traveller nocturnal visits proves beyond a doubt that quadrupeds are equally at home. The tomb is erected over the remains of an oriental Poet, whose verses have oft charmed the ear of dead and gone nobles, but of whose re-verses we hear nothing. The style of Architecture observed in the building is strictly oriental and bears a great resemblance to the surrounding mausoleums, but it is by far the most extensive one near Delhi; and is curious to Europeans inasmuch as that no Poet in our own country has ever been honoured with such an exclusive abiding place for his old bones.

People resort hither for change of air and scene after severe indisposition, and seem to regain health and strength from their visit; perhaps their feelings are refreshed by a knowledge of the fact that a Poet sleeps below them, or they may be kept alive by the novelty of sleeping in a tomb themselves and yet be able to wake up at gunfire.

In the neighbourhood of Sufter Jung's tomb there are several others of lesser note, indeed the country round about here is studded with them, the majority being mere ruins and comfortable habitations for bats and owls.

It is hereabouts that the Kootub first shows itself in its proper colours, for from a distance it looks a mere *lath* (and plaster) affair not worth running after. It now improves in appearance at every step of your proud steed, and before long the visitor becomes aware of his own insignificance in comparison with the wonderful proportions of the pillar. At the same time he endeavours to discover what could have induced any person in his senses to build such a monument over nothing; for, unlike our "acquaintance of long standing" on Fish street Hill, there are no records to show that this oriental affair stands to mark the spot where any great fire went out; but as it is the last thing in that neighbourhood on which the summer's sun sheds his rays, there

may be some affinity between the two, especially in the months of June and July, when the Indian Sun is near akin to a furnace.

The Kootub Minar (as we choose to spell it) is built of red granite, and is a polygon of twenty-seven sides. It is two hundred and twenty-six feet high (old measurement) and as it is said to have been built by Kootub-ood-deen, should be about twice that number of years old. Inscriptions in gigantic characters surround it, but nobody has yet been able to decipher them, and they are therefore, if for nothing else, remarkable for having puzzled everybody who couldn't read them, and they are not the only characters hard to make out after all. The column is said to consist of five stories (they must be short ones to be got into one column), but as we have heard many more than five traditions concerning this pillar, we think there must be some error in the calculation.

As a proof of the enormous height of the Kootub, we may mention that an Engineer Officer rejoicing in the uncommon cognomen of Smith, having been directed to put a top to it, as a sort of finish we suppose, he contrived one of very graceful proportions, which may still be seen on a small eminence in the vicinity. After considerable difficulty he had it raised and placed on the summit of the pillar, but alas! the effect was anything but picturesque, the Kootub Minar was made so closely to resemble a muffineer, that the designers brethren, the silver "Smiths" of Delhi, immediately took the hint and made several sets after the pattern; they may be procured at the present day, for a consideration.

Many people think when they have seen the outside of the Kootub that they have seen all. Such is not the case, for a staircase within leads to the top, whence a fine view of a flat country may be obtained. But the ascent is not always agreeable, except to cricketers, for a colony of bats and crickets keep up such an incessant game within, that visitors not of their habits, are apt to object to their attentions.

As before mentioned, the question as to the origin of the pillar being Hindoo or Mahomedan, is not yet decided. Some think it the former, some the latter, while others affirm that the conquerors of the country were barefaced enough to efface the original facing, and encase it in a new one to suit their own base purposes. We abstain from offering an opinion on the subject, and content ourselves with the self-evident fact, that the architecture, whether Mahomedan or Hindoo, is of the *highest* order, at any rate on this side of India: and we leave it to all learned societies that ever sat, to lower it in our estimation, tho' as it is said to be out of

the perpendicular, it may some day shut up like a telescope and be no more seen except as a heap of ruins.

The several other "Sights of Delhi" in the neighbourhood of the Kootub deserve a Chapter at least to themselves, and they shall have it in our January number.



GRAM BEING DEAR, OUR ECCENTRIC COLONEL REDUCES HIS STUD, AND PROCEEDS TO CHURCH PER COOLIE.

### WANTED A SCULLION.

OUR friend at Lahore, in his "issue" of the 18th ultimo, says with reference to the expected treaty between Dost Mahomed Khan and the British:—"The present we also look upon as a favorable moment to cause the remains of those who fell in the memorable retreat from Kabul in 1841-2 to be collected, and *if the bones of Europeans can be distinguished from those of natives*, to give them respectively that sepulture, they have been denied so many long years, and thus no longer permit these ghastly mementos of Britain's misfortune to encumber the passes of the north."

This is a very laudable proposal, but with reference to the italics, which are ours, we fear the selection of the European from native bones, now that the distinguishing mark of skin is gone, would entail considerable trouble on those appointed to the office; unless indeed all Europeans are blessed with skulls as thick as some people we could name, in which case the difficulty would be in a great measure overcome. We believe there are some fossil remains of the camel, horse, ass and bullock in the "passes of the north," but we do not anticipate any difficulty in distinguishing them from the remains of humanity.

## ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.—NO. II.

DORA.

SAY dear Clarinda, did I understand  
Correctly from young Tomkins at the Band,  
That you these three days had but been so so?  
I heard as much and just looked in to know.

CLARINDA.

Thanks dearest friend. Alas! myself I find  
Not so much ill in body as in mind;  
But lo, with kind enquiries just the same,  
Cordelia here stepped in before you came,  
So Dora dear, I hope both you and she  
Will stay and have a chat and cup of tea.

CORDELIA.

Agreed, but as the evening's rather hot,  
And close the chambers of your humble cot,  
In the Verandah let a teapoy stand,  
And call a kitmutgar our cups to hand.

CLARINDA.

Sad are the trials that wear out the life  
Of absent, Regimental Captain's wife,  
Condemned to deem a buggy not amiss,  
And rent a wretched little house like this!

DORA.

All have their trials, even I can say,  
Though Mr. Mugglestone draws handsome pay,  
Yet me his wife he keeps uncommon short,  
And don't by no means do the thing he ought!

CORDELIA.

Ah what are trivial woes like these to mine!  
Alas! in helpless envy doomed to pine.  
But yesternight, in Church there struck my view,  
A lovely bonnet elegant and new,  
From Paris fresh! I've searched the station round,  
There's not another like it to be found!!!

CLARINDA.

Not much do I my humble lot regret,  
Your pleasant converse helps me to forget;  
But darling Wilkins, still I sigh for you,  
Forced from my arms to that vile hole Pegu!!

DORA.

My mind, I own, would be almost serene,  
Though Mr. Mugglestone's so shocking mean,  
If at dustooree he would wink, or say,  
He'd not object to stopping servants' pay;  
Or shut his eyes when with consummate skill;  
I scrib a little something off a bill.

CORDELIA.

Nor at the bonnet should I so repine,  
Hard though it be to think it is not mine,  
Did not my husband laugh at all I say,  
And growl out "Bosh" in his unfeeling way!

DORA.

Tell me what recreation shall we try  
To make dull time more pleasantly pass by?  
Shall we abuse our servants, wrong or right?  
Or in sweet scandal shall we spend the night?

CLARINDA.

Ah! while my Wilkins is beyond the Sea,  
Even sweet scandal hath no charms for me!!!

CORDELIA.

I've an idea! young Tomkins as you know,  
Has got a loan!! three thousand dibs or so!!!  
To pay his creditors! the Harpy set!!  
I can't think how young men can get in debt!!!  
Now if we only pre-arrange the plan,  
We shall succeed, I'm certain sure we can,  
(Knowing the inducement that will do the trick)  
To make him give the Ladies a Pic-nic!!!  
'Twill form a subject for our talk to-night!!  
When it takes place 'twill give us vast delight!!  
'Twill save the coin which from the Bank he gets,  
From being wasted in defraying debts!!!

MOHESCHUNDER.

Why, Cullaca Doss, are ye building that Mundup?  
Why make ye this Pooja, oh Cullaca Doss?  
Has fate, or some trick, brought the Union Bank fund up?  
Or the horse racing Major repaid you his loss?

CULLUCA DOSS.

Moheschunder, d'ye think that I'm gone in the attics?  
The Bank and the Major are not worth a damn!  
No, 'tis to the Deo that has cured my rheumatics,  
I'm raising this temple of mud and chunam.

MOHESCHUNDER.

Oh was it Vishnoo or Ganesa or Seeva?  
Balarama perhaps was the chap to succeed?  
I've heard that Bawannee is famous for fever,  
But to cure the rheumatics, is wondrous indeed!!

CULLUCA DOSS.

Now don't allow Bramins to humbug and cram ye,  
Not one of all these has the requisite skill;  
No, the Bugwan I mean is great Holloway Samy,  
And his Owtar he made in the form of a Pill!!

## KISSING.

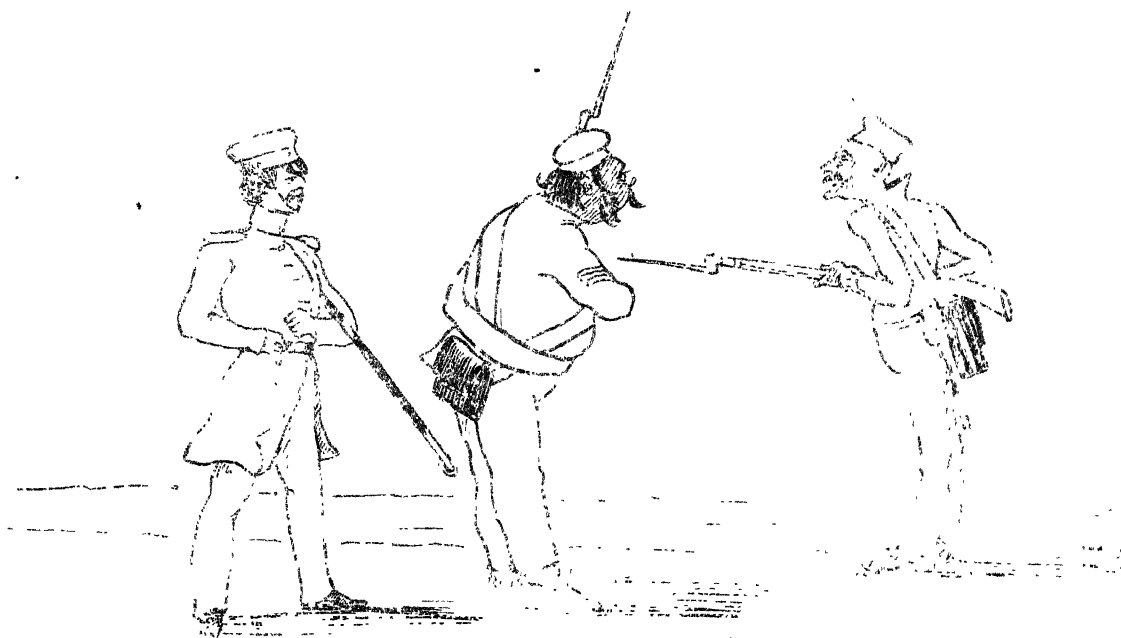
WE met with the following in one of the papers.  
It was written in America. It may either "point a  
moral," or "adorn a tale," and for this purpose we  
republish it:—

*What will not woman kiss?*—From the first caress of her mother  
to the monstrosity exhibiting, she kisses everything, everybody.  
It is her signet to every bond, her acceptance of all engagements.  
When at fault, a kiss hides her embarrassment; when deeply  
moved it expresses her feeling; when confused, it stops observa-  
tion; when pitying, it conveys sympathy; when loving, it be-  
speaks affection; when betraying, it conceals her treachery; when  
hating, it hides her coldness; when outwitted, it stops argument;  
when overcome, it recognises victory; and when erring, it secures  
her forgiveness. It is the truest, or the falsest; the most eloquent  
or the most perjured; the holiest, or the most debased; the weakest,  
or the most powerful, the sweetest and most bitter; the most sig-  
nificant, or meaningless of human expressions. Kissing should  
be the exclusive language of love; too frequently it is prostituted  
to do lip-service to worldly interests.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

A TALL man presuming to stretch himself.

## INDO-ENGLISH—SPECIMEN II.



*Sentry.*—ALL, TOOKEM DARE !

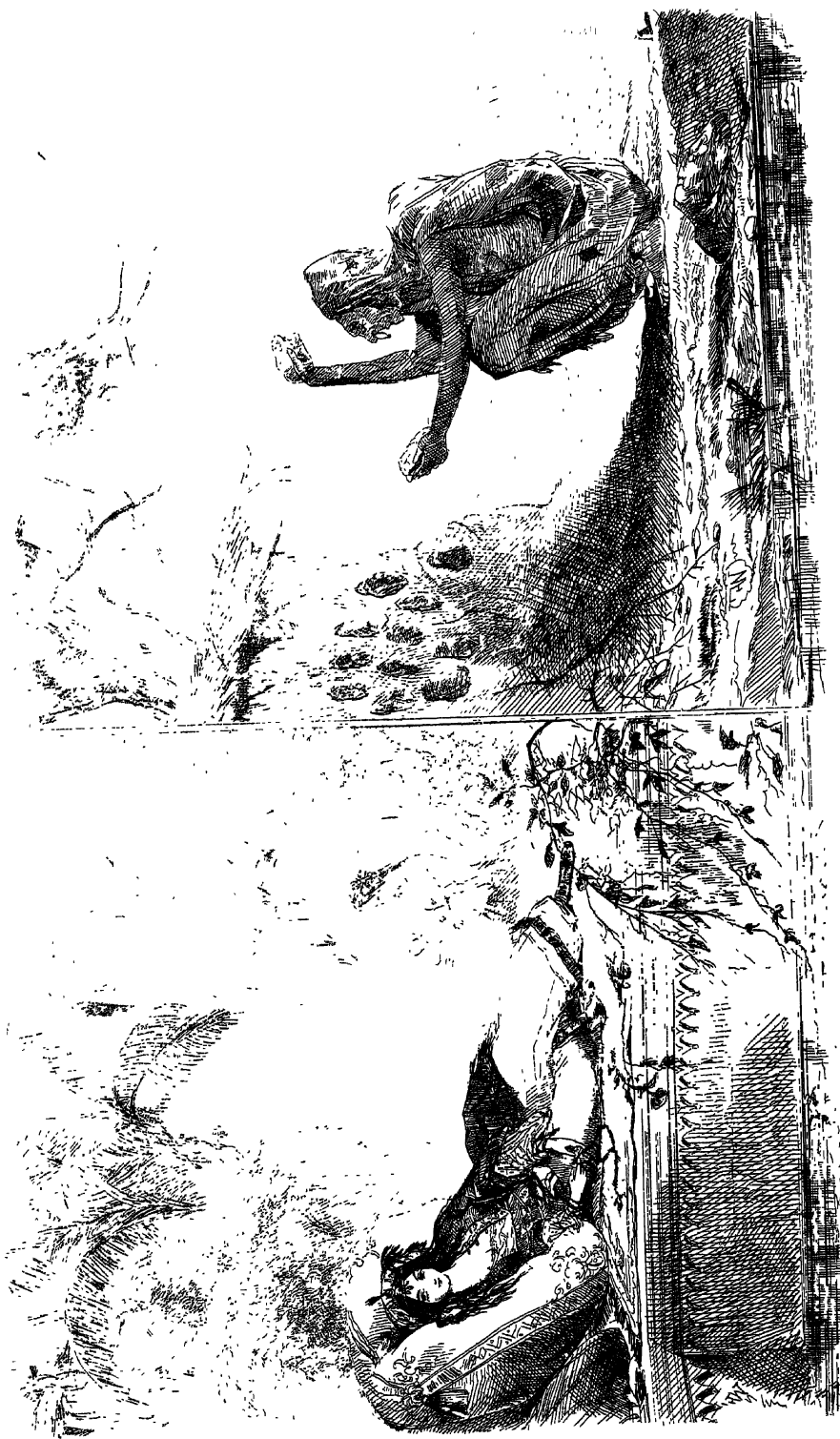
*Havildar.*—GAN DROWN !

*Sentry.*—EESTAN GAN DROWN, DANCE FUN ! GRIFF POLE !! (*Recently Imported Queen's Officer is fairly mystified.*)

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FOGY.

"You are obliged," you say, "to keep up appearances during Courtship, but when the knot is once tied, you'll soon put all that to rights;" why sir, do you know what you are saying? That you are deliberately inveigling a girl into committing her whole future to your keeping under false pretences? Don't talk to me about the customs of society and the rights accorded by law to a husband, if the laws and the customs are such, they are rotten Sir; rotten throughout; and there is a higher law and a more imperative custom that will break through them and you will be the well deserving victim. That system of hypocrisy that makes both girl and lover play an artificial part before marriage is the deadliest enemy of wedded life. I heard a young lady say the other day—"Oh yes, I must humour him now, but as soon as we are married, I will take care to have my own way." I heard a young man say—"She is certainly very exigeante, but as soon as we are married you know, all that will be at an end." I heard another girl, the most incomparable idiot of the lot, absolutely say of her fiancé, "I suppose he will expect to have his own way after marriage, but he has no right to interfere with my likes or dislikes beforehand." Here was a girl absolutely craving to be deceived, looking on it as her very due and right

to be imposed upon, even disgusted with her lover for being honest enough to show his teeth before legally empowered to bite with impunity. What on earth people can expect from such conduct I cannot conceive. Is there any magic in marriage that what was unendurable before, should become pleasant after it? Or is it merely the Coward's plea of the helplessness of the victim that inspires you? Be honest sir, be honest, let the girl see you in your real self, as you intend to continue, before the indissoluble knot is tied, if she consents to tie it then, you may confide in her as your own for ever; if she refuses, you will have escaped a fearful danger. Urge her by all that is holy, to act the same open honest part by you, plainly and honestly tell her your reasons, and if you like, tell her also this short story, which I avow to you on my honor is a simple fact. A young lady of my acquaintance, I will call her Adeline, it was not of course her real name, married a young man to whom she was much attached. He was a person of remarkably fascinating manners, good looking, well off, every body thought it a splendid match. The young man I should add was a clergyman. He was most polite and deferential before marriage, and Adeline, who was a girl of warm feelings and quite enthusiastic in whatever she took a fancy to, absolutely worshipped him; she had a deep sense of Religion, he was her saint; she had an artist's eye for the Beautiful,



INDIA IN THEORY.

INDIA IN PRACTICE.

A LAMENT BY ONE OF THE DELUDED.



he was her ideal; a true woman's love for the Chivalrous, he was her Preux Chevalier, nothing that was not absolutely Christian, graceful, and honourable, existed in him for her. They were married, and all the world applauded the match, it fulfilled every one of the world's stipulations, it was a marriage that necessarily *must* be happy.

Well Sir, I am not a good hand at spinning out descriptions of misery, so I'll just tell you in brief that it was *not* so. In a very short time Adeline found out that her husband was a humbug, his high souled Chivalry mere affectation. He was selfish, mean, uncharitable, his taste was conventional, he had no real appreciation of the Beautiful in any thing, his religion was.....what you may imagine from the rest of his character, and his only talent was the art of *seeming*. Well sir, I don't pretend to excuse or explain, or any thing of the sort, all I can say is, that the woman had believed him one man and found him another. It was an

error personæ of which human laws take no cognizance, but there was a law in the poor girl's heart which recognized it but too surely. Her very earnestness, her enthusiasm for good, now told against her; she had been deceived, she was now disenchanted, and with that delusion all faith passed away. She became recklessly extravagant, mocked at all entreaties and reproofs; with bitter sarcasm, retorting all he could say. She left him soon after, she went to France and accepted the protection of an old Savan, under whose auspices she has recently edited several works of the old French literature. I believe myself that her acquaintance with Monsieur ———, a man old enough to be her grandfather, is as innocent as innocent can be, but as morals go in England now-a-days, nobody believes it but myself, and Adeline the victim, is universally held up to reprobation, while the reverend scoundrel, whose hypocrisy rendered her miserable, has all the friends that wealth and *respectability* can buy to support him.



*Fresh imported Civilian*—HA-AYE YOU ANY FEMALE HAIR MR. DANDRIFF—I WEQUIRE SOME OF A WICH BWOWN COLOR TO MAKE A CHOWWIE.

*Mr. Dandriff*.—YES SIR, BUT LADIES HAIR, SIR, IS VERY EXPENSIVE.

*Fresh Importation*.—DEM THE EXPENSE—MAKE ME A CHOWWIE OF A WICH BWOWN COLOR.



## TYPES—No. II.

## THE FAST GRIFF.

He goeth on board the steamer at Southampton, (after a tough but unsuccessful struggle with the "Governor" for the "route via Trieste," rather deficient in outfit, having left two or three of his trunks behind him in his hurry, but decidedly flush of cash, all of which disappears before he reacheth Suez. He is however the life and soul of the steamer on both sides of the Isthmus, perhaps more particularly so after he has lost all his money. He getteth up theatricals on board and acteth most of the "parts" himself. He flirteth horribly with all the ladies, but his heart findeth safety in the very multitude of its idols, so that he groweth not "spoony" upon any one in particular. He's the admiration of the other griffs, the pet of the ladies, and a bitter grievance to serious old gentlemen, who groan in spirit over his recklessness and levity.

He hath sundry invitations awaiting him in India, whereof he accepteth the one which promises the most fun, and enjoyeth life jollily in every shape of amusement until the Adjutant General peremptorily ordereth him off to his corps.

His appearance in his Regiment is the signal for a radical revolution, he stirreth up the juniors to rebellion against the Right Divine of three o'clock dinners, he awakeneth a spirit of discontent with the venerable crockery and glass ware of the Mess, he introduceth the newest of new fashions, and though never rude or offensive in his manners, he boldly questioneth the infallibility of senior officers, he pooch pooheth their venerable prejudices, objecteth to fageyism in general, addresseth the Adjutant without the monosyllable "Sir," and is even suspected of believing the very Brigadier to be a man like himself, only in the receipt of so much more pay!!

His presence consequently is a great influence either for good or evil. If the old fogies obstinately refuse to move on, party spirit is engendered and all comfort goeth to the deuce. If they yield implicitly to the invasion of the new ideas, then will overfastness often outrun the constable. But if they have the wit to make a happy compromise, and gracefully yielding to the modern system, infuse thereinto their own sterling old spirit of steadiness, then does the change become a real improvement, and our friend the Fast Griff, a benefactor to his kind. But alas, it is not often so, it is a difficult thing to curb a high spirited colt, and our Fast Griff often perisheth in his experiences before he hath had time to profit thereby. He is usually short lived, for he runneth more risks than

most. He accepteth literally the precept to "prove all things," and well is it for him if he holdeth to that which is good. He maketh many friends, but soon tireth out the most of them, he getteth golden opportunities, but often loseth them by his carelessness. Brilliant, energetic, and daring he is of the right stuff to make a hero, and the varied experiences he goeth through are the surest course of education for bringing out whatever there may be in him; yet it is after all a perilous process, and for one man who gets through it with eclat and reaps the triumph of ultimate success, there are a thousand who break down on the way, without even the credit of a respectable failure.

## DISTINGUISHED MEMORANDUM.

DEAR SIR,—One of England's heroes declared that "England expects every man to do his duty."

Acting up to this most approved of aphorisms, we beg to denounce the following as a conspiracy dangerous to the cause of English polite letter writing:—

*Memo. by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, regarding the affair at Annandale, Simla.*

"I am of opinion that the body of officers so signing, and so addressing Captain Goad, surrendered *the high ground* which they, up to that moment, had in the matter, when they proceeded to offer gratuitous insult and most palpably so, as the mode of conveying to Captain Goad their sense of the indecorum of his own behaviour." Whoever is the *Doer* of Memos, for His Excellency should be immediately ejected from his office.

It does not appear on the face of the proceedings in this uproar, whether the ground of Annandale was *high*, or *low*, but it does appear that it was not *public* ground.

As for the Memo. itself, the only commendation we can give it, is that it should be recalled by His Excellency.

Yours truly,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

October, 1854.

## CURIOUS SIGN.

"THE following is a true copy of a sign upon an Academy for teaching in one of the Western States:—

"Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers."

"Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

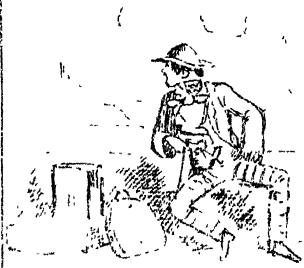
This is not quite such a curious one as this!

"A tradesman at Luton, Bedfordshire, has the following notice stuck up in his window:—

"Good ladies 1s.; Lasting ditto 1s.-6d. per pair."

SUBJUNTA.

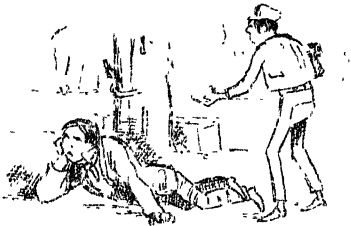
# THE EASTERN TOUR OF MR. SMITH.



*Smith bids adieu to the shores of Albion.*



*He enjoys the agonies of his fellow passengers.*



*Subsequently however, he does not think the subject one adapted for joking.*



*Being in Egypt he hires a Donkey.*



*He meets a damsel whom he invests with a large stock of hidden charms.*



*And obtains, as a great favour, a sight of the hidden charms aforesaid.*



## SONG OF THE PHILHARMONIC.

(WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.)

AIR.—“ *I cannot dance to-night.*”  
 My valued friends pray be dot huff'd—  
 My voice is dot in tude,  
 My throat is sore, my head is stuff'd,  
 And I must leave you sood,  
 For tho' I'd dot by bite refuse—  
 'Gaidst fate 'tis hard to fight—  
 I've got a cold and 'tis no use,  
 I caddot sig to-dight.

The “ *Red Cross Dight*” you bust obit,  
 I caddot take the first,  
 Ad “ *Shepherd's tell be*” I bust sit,  
 Ad hear you sig each verse—  
 “ *Dowd id a vale,*” bust be left out,  
 Also the “ *Ocean sprite,*”

Oh dear I've got a sdeezing bout,  
 I caddot sig to-di, ht.

“ *I do a Bak*” we bust defer,  
 Udless kiid Bister B.  
 To tak by part will dot debur,  
 Like a good Secretary.  
 Ad as for solas, pod by word,  
 I'b overwhelmed quite,  
 With by apologies for theb,  
 I caddot sig to-dight.

Ad dow good frieds I bust retire,  
 I'b sorry I can't sig,  
 But let us hope a good warb fire  
 A better state bay brig.  
 Udless the voice is clear in tode,  
 Ad respiration right,  
 The sog is betw' left alode,  
 I caddot sig to-dight.

## FEMALE ESPRIT DE CORPS OR SHOP WITH A VENGEANCE.



*Capt. of a Line Regt.*—“ HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW COLONEL MRS. YELP.”

*Mrs. Yelp.*—OH—P .. PRETTY WELL, BUT YOU KNOW HE IS NOT ONE OF US. THE LIGHTS AND RIFLES YOU KNOW LOOK DOWN UPON THE LINE.

*Captain (offended.)*—WELL, MRS. YELP, I'LL BET THAT OUR COLONEL WILL WALK OUR REGIMENT ROUND YOURS ANY DAY.

*Mrs. Yelp.*—O—O—H—(Screams and faints.)

## RUSSIAN POLITENESS.

*To the Editor of the Delhi Sketch Book.*

MY very DEAR SIR,—As Julia and I were reading the “fashionable and domestic intelligence” this morning, we were suddenly aroused from our most interesting occupation, by a dreadfully piercing scream that seemed to emanate (Charles will make me use this word) from the adjoining apartment. The paper fell from our hands, and rushing thither we found poor dear mama, fainting most beautifully on the crimson velvet sofa. (Such were the words of the letter.—*Ed. D. S. B.*)

We found a paper opened, and a tear on the following paragraph, which I have copied out for you :—

RUSSIAN POLITENESS.—About the close of last July, a very loquacious and corpulent German lady, in St. Petersburg, having quarrelled with her servants (Russian), the latter gave intimation to the Prefecture of Police that the former had spoken of the Russian Government in terms of reproach and disrespect. The lady received a summons to appear before the Prefecture, to whom she repaired accordingly, vowing revenge on the whole tribe of servants. On her arrival at the office, the Prefecture most politely received her, and ushering her into a small box-looking apartment, commenced reading over sundry charges against her, which he had scarcely finished when down sunk the corpulent lady through a trap in the treacherous floor, above which nothing of her portly figure was to be seen but her head, arms, and crumpled habiliments—and, shocking to relate, thirty blows from an unseen hand were administered, where, however, they were unlikely to cause permanent injury, except to the feelings of the sufferer. On the completion of the sentence, the stout lady's person re-appeared again above ground, almost as suddenly as it had disappeared, and the Prefecture, in the most courteous and polite manner, bowed her out of the office.—*Scottish Press.*

I need only add that you are welcome to make any use of my communication, and that I shall in all probability write again.

Yours very faithfully,  
AMELIA HARRIETT.

*Love Cottage, ½ past 12 A. M.*

## QUEER EPITAPHS.

The following was told me by a friend :—

“Under this stone, aged three score and ten,  
Lie the remains of William Woodhen.

N. B.—For *hen* read *cock*, *cock* would not come in rhyme.”

Also this which may, or may not have appeared before :—

“Sacred to the name of Martha Lynn,  
Who was so very pure within—  
Who broke the outer shell of sin—  
And hatched herself a Cherubin.”

The following extracted either from *Household Words* or *Notes and Queries*, deserves a more extended

notice. It was copied from a stone in Pewsey Church, Wiltshire :—

“Here lies the body of Lady O’Looney, great neice of Burke commonly called the sublime. She was bland, passionate and deeply religious; also she painted in water colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

We were aware that there was only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—but after this we think *the ridiculous* is truly sublime.

Yours truly  
ARCHIPELAGO.

N. B.—I could think of no *longer* name.

## A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR,—The following epigram, in the *Sketch Book* of October, is a plagiarism :—

“A Father laughing at his son!  
It’s really quite a shame of him!!  
Nay friend, *he would preserve his heir*  
And therefore maketh game of him.”

If you turn to a cracker bon-bon, a brochure by Robert Brough, you will find this dialogue in William Tell :—

“Albert.—Nay pa; I’m game.  
Tell.— Could I make game of thee  
I would preserve, not shoot thee.”

Yours truly,  
SUBJUNTA.

## CANDOUR.



Mr. Tomkins.—“ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU MY ARM.”

Miss Candour.—“NO, THANK YOU SIR, ONE MUFF IS ENOUGH AT A TIME.”

# THE JOYS OF THE RIDING SCHOOL.



*Riding Master*,—HOLLOA—WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR BRIDLE HAND MR. BUMPS? DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR PROPER POSITION SIR?  
*Insubordinate Sub.*—WISH TO G..... GOODNESS I C—COULD KEEP IN A — ANY POSITION.



## A GREAT FEAST.

*To the Editor of the Delhi Sketch Book.*

SIR,—I was returning from Cawnpore to this place two days ago, in one of Brandon's Dāk carriages, with one of his very lamest and most used up tats in the shafts. Being wearied of abusing the coachman, and of wishing the spirited proprietor himself in every most hot and uncomfortable place I could imagine, in a better frame of mind, I hunted all over the carriage to see whether by any accident some previous passenger might not have left a newspaper with which I could beguile the heavy hours. Virtue was rewarded! In an out of the way nook, in the extremest corner, I found a manuscript, cosely written over, but, O bitter disappointment, in an unknown character. However, puzzling over it served to distract my attention from the ill-omened animal that dragged me along at a foot-pace! But I could not make out in what language this strange document was written. It was not Sanscrit, nor Chinese, nor any Eastern language with which I was acquainted. It seemed to me to be more like what Syrian or Chaldee used to be in my youth.

Fortunately for me, and for you, (and for your readers too, for that matter,) there is "an 'Ebrew Jew" here at this moment on his way to Mesopotamia. He is seeking alms from the charitable to prosecute his journey to that region, with a view to taking up the Bishopric to which he has been nominated. I shewed the paper to him, and asked him what it meant, and what language it was written in. He replied that it was Hebrew, and appeared to be a portion of some ancient Chronicle.

Hearing this, I at once bribed him with a bottle of beer and a plate of ham Sandwiches, to execute a translation of it. This he did most readily, having first eaten and drunk with great relish.

I annex a copy of his translation, put into rather better English than the original, for if he has a weakness, poor fellow, it is making all his plural nouns agree with singular verbs; but I confess at the same time that I am still totally in the dark as to the meaning of the history which I have so strangely rescued from oblivion. The author of course is shrouded in still more impenetrable darkness. But perhaps either you or some of your correspondents could give me a clue to the mystery.

Yours sincerely,  
FACT.

*Lucknow, 7th November.*

N. B.—The paper being only a fragment, it consequently begins and ends abruptly.

## NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

26.—And in those days it happened that King Suleemaun fell sick, and gave up his kingdom, and retired into the Hills of Misree, in the land of Daira, whereof the water is sweet.

27.—And he went, and the people regarded it not, neither mourned they for his departure.

28.—For he was old, and his eye was dim, and his words were not the same to-morrow as to-day.

29.—And he had a forked tongue, and listened to the words of slanderers and evil speakers, and cared not for the people.

30.—And, through him, the name of the Great King was brought to shame, for the princes of the land of Uyud made him eat dirt, and heaped ashes on his head, and the nobles of the fenced cities round about mocked him.

31.—Neither cared he for his own people, for he loved not the sounds of mirth near his palace, inasmuch that the dulcimer was no longer heard, and the voice of the sackbut and psaltery was dumb in the land.

32.—So it came to pass that when he fell sick, the people grieved not, neither mourned they his departure.

33.—And King Aze reigned in his stead.

## CHAP. XLIX.

1.—Now King Aze was kind in speech, and had an open hand, and the people loved him.

2.—And he had wisdom and understanding exceeding much, even as the sand that is on the sea shore.

3.—And in his rule the anger of the Great King was feared, but the people loved him, for they went in to him, and saw his face, and justice was done between man and man.

4.—And it came to pass in those days that King Aze made a great feast, and bade into it all the lords and rulers of the land, and the princes, and the Captains over the thousands, and the Captains over the hundreds, and the Captains of the Companies, and all the mighty men of valor in the fenced city of Looknow.

5.—And they all came to the garden which is called the garden of Moosa, on the banks of the winding river, and stood before the King with all their little ones, their wives and their children.

6.—And King Aze brought with him his counsel-lors, Bishen of the pleasant countenance, who stood at the right hand of the King.



7.—And Feereer, also a counsellor, a wise man, and cunning in knowledge of herbs and of trees, from the teak-tree that groweth in the forests of Buremah, even unto the palm and the pea that grow in the gardens of Charr.

8.—And with him, in his dwelling-place, abode all manner of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, for he knew the ways and the speech of all, and tried on them all many experiments.

9.—And Feereer, the wise counsellor, stood on the left hand of the King.

10.—And the tables were set, and the feast was spread; great provision of fat Oxen, and of sheep, and of fallen-deer, and of fatted fowl.

11.—And the tables were filled, for the people were many, as the sand which is by the sea in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry.

12.—For they drank of the wine which is called Samkeen with excessive gladness, and their hearts were opened.

13.—And after the feast the King had prepared the fighting rams, and the hawks, and the leopard which hunteth the roebuck, and the servants came before them, and shewed them the craft, and the skill thereof.

14.—And the Captains saw it and their little ones, and they rejoiced and were glad.

15.—And lo! there came an ass, a wild ass out of the desert, and the servants stirred up strife between him and the hyena which skulketh in darkness. And, behold, the wild ass overcame the hyena, and knelt upon him, and subjected him, and the ear of the hyena was bitten grievously.

16.—And the Captains, and their wives, who beheld this, said—Shavash! verily, there be wonderful things which our eyes have seen this day.

17.—And after the games were ended, it came to pass that the voice of the trumpeters and singers were heard, and there was great sounding of cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and instruments of music.

18.—And the people, and the nobles, and the men of valor clapped their hands, and rejoiced with exceeding joy, and they and their wives danced before the King.

19.—And after the dancing was ended, the people went out, and the men of valor, and the Counsellors of the King; yea, even Bishen of the pleasant countenance who stood at his right hand, and Feereer, the wise man; they mounted the war-steeds whose necks are clothed with thunder, and rode forth among the horsemen.

20.—And they raced one with another, even Oween, who was of the youngest of the Captains of the Companies, and Ailun, the ancient of days, and Feereer, the counsellor, who speaketh of beasts and creeping things.

21.—But none came near unto Feereer, and he jeered at them, and laughed them unto scorn.

22.—And the heart of Ailun was sad, and he said unto himself: Verily, I am old, and stricken in years, therefore hath this shame come upon me.

23.—And it so happened that while the mighty men rode upon the plain, that their wives and their children made merry in the garden.

24.—And they took the bows and the arrows, and they shot hither and thither, but none went nigh unto the mark.

25.—And when the sun had gone down, and darkness had fallen on the face of the land, all the people returned into the banquet-hall.

26.—Now the name of the General of the King's Army was Oggun.

27.—And it came to pass that Oggun, the General of the army and of all the mighty men, and men of valor, rose in the midst of the assembly, and spake before the people, and said; Hearken, O ye people.

28.—Hearken, O ye valiant men, to my words. For I say unto you that this our King, even King Aze who is seated upon the throne, is a great and a generous King, who hath wisdom and understanding very much and his arm is strong in the field.

29.—And his counsellors also they be wise and pleasant, and the hand of this Government is light upon us.

30.—Is it not well then that we should do honor to the King, and praise him, and say unto him, Hail? O ye mighty men of Looknow, and O ye valiant men, I say unto you, is it well?

31.—And the princes of the tribes, and the Captains of the thousands, and of the hundreds, and of the companies, yea, all the people that thronged the Banquet-hall, rose and shouted, and with one voice exclaimed, It is well!

32.—And they turned themselves towards the King, and cried with exceeding loudness, O King, live for ever!

33.—And the wine Samkeen was plentiful, as the waters of Jordan.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HIATUS.

75.—And at the mid watch of the night all the host returned within the fenced City of Looknow.

76.—And each went to his own tent, and abode there, and the voice of the sackbut and cymbal was hushed, and silence fell upon the land of Uvud.

77.—And this thing happened in the third year of the reign of Aze, King of Looknow.



THE RESULTS OF A CHAMPAGNE DINNER BEFORE SEEING A FRIEND OFF TO GET MARRIED.  
*Best Friend, logr.*—"WELL G--GIVE US YOUR HAND OLD B....OY--C--CAPITAL FUN TO GET SPLICED,--MAY YOU SOON HAVE A Q--Q--QUIVER FULL 'EM."











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